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## ON THE PROBABLE INFLUENCE OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION ON THE CHARACTER AND SITUATION OF SEAMEN.

### No. III.

There are few anticipations more common among naval men in these times, than that the best days of their profession are at an end. Their own number, they observe, in consequence of the unusual length and feverish activity of the late war, is become so great, so disproportioned to any demand which their country can ever again have for their services, their commissions are mere honourable retirements, and scarcely one in twenty can hope to survive until the course of seniority shall bring each in succession to the top of the list. Opportunities, meanwhile, of acquiring personal distinction are become so rare, it is a matter of necessity that merit should remain in obscurity, and interest alone distribute the few prizes yet remaining in the wheel. There is no more chance of prize-money, *at least for the present;* and worse than all this, while the navy is thus a toy during a long peace, a spirit of insubordination is creeping in among its lower ranks, and of injudicious lenity among its upper, subversive of all those principles of discipline on which its efficiency has hitherto been maintained. On the other hand, a certain class of religionists on shore, when they talk of the navy, at the same time that they seem to delight in picturing its past history in the blackest imaginable colours, array the future with regard to it in unmingled brightness. The moral excesses of which its members have been hitherto currently guilty, they represent as enormous, inexcusable, scarcely illustrated, and in no degree redeemed, by a reckless bravery and profusion disguised under the specious names of skill, courage, and generosity. Now, however, these things are to disappear, and a new era is to commence. They themselves, the good people to whom we allude, are about to go forth among this people with the modification of Christianity which they profess, conquering and to conquer in its might. The wilderness is to become a fruitful field under their ministrations; and sailors, hitherto the outcasts of religious society, and still, for aught which appears in these anticipations, doomed to remain surrounded by precisely the same circumstances of temptation as before, are yet henceforth to become its ornaments, a peculiar people, the converse, as it were, of the Jews, zealous of good works and principles under every disadvantage with which frail human nature can contend. And although the chief difference between these two sets of anticipations seems at first sight to consist in the different interests and spheres of action contemplated in each; when extended to all the particulars which they severally embrace, they will be found on some points very directly to conflict, and

on all to stand in an opposition, which it would be very difficult completely to reconcile.

For our own parts, we think them both wrong, though with a cast of right in each; and as, in the order in which we have now stated them, they coincide with the distribution of our subject, which destined our concluding communications under the present head, to the consideration of the existing prospects of seamen on board and on shore, it is our intention to sift them pretty closely. The first will furnish us with more matter for this article than we shall be able to overtake; we admit its premises, but contest its conclusions; considering, on the contrary, the best prospects of the navy as identified with what it represents as its present hardships. We fear that we are still more at issue with the second, for we neither admit the past depravity of seamen, nor entertain hopes of any so great improvement in them in time to come, as it anticipates. Of this, however, in its own time and place; we now consider, first, the circumstances which, as we think, are at present working a great change in the constitution of the navy as hitherto developed, and which are generally indicated in the above tissue of complaints; and, next, the consequences of that change, with their consequences again, either as already manifested, or likely progressively to appear.

It is certainly very true, that, at no period of our history, did the naval force kept in employment bear so small a proportion to that restored to civil life as at present. In former times, a fraction has been dismissed, not more than the increased demand for seamen in the merchant service, consequent on the return of peace, rendered necessary; or than was expedient besides this, to enable all to relax the bow a little, that it might recover its elasticity. But now the fraction only has been retained, the great mass dismissed, and, from a variety of circumstances, not even any considerable demand for men created in the merchant service. The consequence is, that all ranks are daily turning their thoughts more and more into extra-professional channels; the officers, particularly, are all becoming civilians in some department or other, farming, studying, talking politics or religion; and daily acquiring new characters, which must materially influence their views and conduct whenever they return to the duties of their profession. And it is probable that the surface of the mirror, thus undercourse of polishing, will never again refuse to reflect the hue of surrounding objects; in other words, that the navy will never again be the peculiar profession which it has hitherto been, distinguished from others not less by its manners than pursuits.

It is equally certain, that opportunities of acquiring personal distinction are infinitely more rare now, than they were during the course of an active war; but this, at the same time, is generally understood somewhat more literally than the facts will bear out. It is a different kind of merit which is now in demand in the navy, from what was then required; and we think that naval officers are scarcely yet sufficiently aware of this. Several names have shot up to distinction among them since the peace; need we instance those of Tuckey, Basil Hall, and Parry; none of them, we believe, very materially supported by interest; all, certainly, upon grounds which no interest could supply. Where these have led, others may follow; a first opportunity may be wanting, but not more. Besides this, however, we noticed the other day the name of a first lieutenant, (Lieutenant Peake, of the Euryalus,) who had received a present of a sword and silver cup from the ship's company with which he had served, in acknowledgment of his judgment and attention. There can be no distinction more honourable than this at any time; but, as we shall presently shew, it never was more difficult to deserve it than now;—at the same time that we cannot help thinking that the means of doing so would be materially facilitated, were naval officers to form a matured opinion on the subjects which we are now about to bring before them: our own thoughts on which, we confess, we submit here rather for their use who can understand and appreciate them at just their value and no more, than for the amusement of general readers, to whom, with all our care, we can scarcely hope to make them uniformly interesting or intelligible.

The next topic of lamentation above adverted to, is the present lack of

prize-money; and one very desirable change produced by this means in the situation of our seamen, with regard to their discipline and morals at least, is not generally considered, viz. that they are thus rescued from that state of uncertainty respecting their future resources, which used to be a sort of warrant for every excess. They have no longer the bank of what was often a delusive hope, to draw on:—they have lost their ticket in the great lottery of plunder, which spread widely its demoralizing effects among them. But this loss is considered only as temporary in the navy, and perhaps elsewhere; another war, it is presumed, will restore it. We are not of that opinion; we think the days of prize-money, at least of its most lucrative branch, mercantile spoliation, now nearly for ever gone; and there are several reasons which concur in making us think this. We burnt our own fingers last war by the excess to which we carried the system; and there can be little doubt that many of our distresses since its close were legitimately attributable, and are at present very currently attributed, first, to the unnatural activity which we thus gave to our own capital, and next to the ruin which we thereby brought on our foreign customers. But, besides all this, the world will not now tolerate our continued exercise of a right founded on the same barbarous prescription which once sanctioned, in like manner, the ransom of prisoners of war, and sack of enemy's towns, but which has been unable to protect these outrages, and will be unable to cover this;—the truth is, we will not tolerate it much longer ourselves. It is owing, probably, to the long-continued success of French aggression and usurpation during the late war, that the tide of public opinion runs now so strong in favour of justice and equity; the nations of Europe so long groaned, with reason on their side, so long sought consolation in the midst of their calamities, from the consideration that they were *unjustly* inflicted, that now the maxims of morality have acquired a weight with them, for which it would be difficult to account on other grounds. We are under the same influence, the great majority of us at least, such as were cordially opposed to the adverse side; and, in truth, certain classes of oppositionists in this country seem in nothing more *unfortunate*, than that from the turn which their politics took during the late war, they missed this schooling; and now, accordingly, cannot even believe the great powers of Europe in earnest in their professions on this score. These professions, however, with the maxims on which they are founded, are to a point opposed to that system of mercantile spoliation to which we allude; they are, in particular, opposed to that exercise of it without warning, which, in the shape of embargo, or otherwise, has hitherto characterized every commencement of hostilities with us. This, accordingly, we venture confidently to predict, will not even be attempted by us next war, whatever time it commences; in like manner, we shall then be far more ceremonious with neutral commerce than hitherto; and ultimately the whole system will be abandoned.* And the change which we have noticed, therefore, in the situation of our seamen on this point, may thus, we think, be considered a permanent one; and we shall allude to it in this light, accordingly, in the remainder of our speculations.

The last ground of despondence, however, above quoted, is the most serious; notwithstanding which we admit also its general truth. The old system of British naval discipline is, indeed, rapidly subverting, or rather, we may say, it is almost already gone; and scarcely the ground-plan of that which seems destined to supply its place is yet laid. Still, however, there are aspects in which we can view even this fact with satisfaction; and al-

* The truth is, that if we once come to be ceremonious with respect to neutral bottoms, we shall be driven the whole length here contemplated, in mere self-defence. The carrying nations are far more deservedly the objects of our jealousy than any belligerent need ever be; and we should indeed begin to fear for Old England, were another Holland to grow up across the Atlantic. But where force cannot be used, and reason will not apply, we must employ the weapons of a deeper policy; and instead of allowing neutral colours to protect mercantile property, allow mercantile property to protect even belligerent flags. We should have no carriers then, *and no rivals.*

though we own that the mist still hangs low over the future edifice of naval rule, to our eyes it already looms large in the midst, and shews not unworthy to succeed the Gothic fortalice in which we have hitherto confided.

The old system of discipline in the navy was one of pure coercion. It was a rod of iron, roughly, although not on the whole harshly, wielded; and did its work excellently well in the state of civilization to which seamen, and without offence we may add, their officers also, had attained when it was in full force. Within the last twenty-five years, however, its maxims have been progressively, nay, even rapidly, modifying; and now many of them scarcely live but in the recollection of individuals. This took its definite rise from the great mutinies of 1797, when the grievances of the navy, as many things were called which were then quite necessary, were for the first time freely canvassed by sailors themselves. It was subsequently promoted by the long period of comparative idleness which in the navy succeeded the battle of Trafalgar. And it has never wanted the assistance of the selfish and intriguing on shore; particularly at the very beginning, and of late years again, when it has come to constitute the politics of some even of the highest ranks of British society, to identify themselves with the mob, and scruple at no topics of declamation calculated to excite their sympathy or applause. The entire change, however, thus produced, has been indeed a very remarkable one, and can only be completely understood by professional men. We could illustrate it, however, a little, in several ways; but it will suit our purpose best to attempt this by sketching superficially the modifications to which the old system of punishment alone has been subjected, and the difficulties with which naval officers have had to contend generally, in consequence, within the interval in question.

Even previous to 1797, the old punishment of "keel-hauling," for slight offences, had entirely gone out; but so fresh was it at that time in the recollection of the seamen, that a modification of it, in the shape of a very rough and unceremonious ducking, was among the punishments currently inflicted by the delegates, on such as gave them any offence, during the period of their usurped command. On the other hand, "running the gauntlet," a much more severe infliction,* was currently resorted to as late as 1803; and we ourselves saw it ordered, for the last time probably, in 1804, by one of the most humane and popular officers in the service. Down to 1806-7, nothing was more common than to hear midshipmen, particularly the day-mates, commanding the people, as they saw occasion, to be started with a cane, or rope's end,† when their offence was not considered of sufficient importance to bring them to the gang-

* When a man was to be keel-hauled, a very strong, but limber (flexible) rope was rove through blocks on the fore or main-yard arms, the bight, or middle part, passing under the ship's bottom. The culprit was strongly secured to this on one side, and such additional weight was added, as carried him, when dropt over, quite clear of the vessel, and almost immediately brought him to hang perpendicularly from the other side. He was then run up out of the water by the whole strength of the ship's company, and had thus merely a ducking and a fright; the last, we should have thought, fully shared in by the officer commanding the infliction, lest any thing should have gone wrong. When a man was sentenced to run the gauntlet, the ship's company was drawn up in two lines round the deck, every man provided with a twisted yarn, called a nettle, about equal to one tail of the common ship's cat. The criminal was then stript to the waist, and secured so as to stand on a grating, which was drawn leisurely round between the files, and every man inflicted a lash, with what will he might. The chief severity of this punishment consisted in the awkwardness with which the strokes were drawn, by which they cut in unusual places about the sides, and under the arms. It was not otherwise so severe as an ordinary punishment; and so much was this understood, that sometimes, although rarely, it was prefaced by one or two dozen at the gangway.

† A man thus served, was facetiously said "to buy goose without gravy," possibly because there was no effusion of blood under this, as under the more formal punishment at the gangway; and the expression has since come to denote any unceremonious punishment, or even reprimand. We notice this, however, to shew how freely it was originally acquiesced in by the men, and even made the subject of their mirth; which, indeed, was still further testified by its being continued during the mutiny by the delegates.

way; and the boatswain's mates, by whom these orders were executed, almost to the present day, carry, in consequence, rattan-canes or rope's-ends in their hands, as badges of their office. About the same period also, these men, whose duty on board in some degree corresponds to that of sergeants in the army ashore, familiarly struck the people when remiss in executing their orders; and long after this privilege was withdrawn from them, and every one knew that it was so withdrawn, the threat to assume it, on particular occasions, on their own responsibility, was just their common phraseology, which hurt no one's feelings, and wounded no one's ears. The great dog was chained, and could no longer bite, but to bark was still expected of him. Yet, only in 1809, we have a feeling recollection of a midshipman, then on promotion in a flag-ship abroad, who very nearly lost all his prospects in life, because his memory was better than his judgment on this score; having been formally complained of to the commander-in-chief, for thus only once *presuming*, as it was by this time called, to "take the law into his own hands." The privilege of doing so, however, still remained with the lieutenants; until about 1813, when it came to be confined, although still with grumbling, to first lieutenants only; in which state it continued till the end of the war. But this year, the captain of a ship has, with his first lieutenant, been brought to a court-martial, on the complaint of his ship's company, on a very similar subject to this, and both have been dismissed the service by its sentence;—a very hard sentence certainly, and which we hope may yet be remitted, were it but in compliment to the standard so lately hoisted in the fleet; but its full severity will be better understood when the following circumstances are further taken into consideration.

It so happened, of necessity perhaps, that when this change was first set a-going, the candle, if we may use so vulgar an image, was almost at once lit at both ends. The Board of Admiralty in commission in 1797, was, of course, very much alarmed at the lengths to which the seamen then went; and the Commissioners of every successive Board since, have had at once to meet the abstract question in Parliament, and oppose the clamours excited about it by interested individuals without. They very early, accordingly, issued instructions on the subject of lenity; to enforce which, periodical returns of the punishments inflicted were soon required; and, as the human mind always warms in the pursuit of its object, dissatisfaction has now long been freely expressed, where these have been numerous. We rather think, indeed, that we have heard of instances, although we cannot now charge our memory with them, of ships being paid off out of rotation, and recommissioned under other officers, when hints on this subject have appeared to be disregarded. The seamen, on the other hand, already prepared for change by the success of their demands in 1797, (which did not very materially point at innovation in discipline, the old system of which they did not then feel a severe yoke,) were not slow, at the same time, to open their eyes more and more, daily, to its real nature, when they found it clamoured about on one hand, and admitted to be harsh, on the other, on shore; and, as we have just seen, the oldest customs of the service came thus, in succession, to be considered intolerable severities. Placed between the two, commanding officers of the navy had first to subdue their own prejudices, which, in the beginning, as was natural, ran all in favour of the old methods, the traditions of which—the traditions of the old Western Squadron, the school in which many of them have been educated, are still favourites in their mouths. They had next, when once got under way by the spirit of the times, to resist the bias which must have inclined many of them to go to excess in acting on the new maxims;—Sailors seldom do things by halves in any case; and it takes a good deal of ballast to be able to resist the temptation to go all lengths on novel principles, which are at once favoured by inferiors and superiors, and are in themselves plausible, and even unanswerable in the abstract. Between the two extremes they had then to shape a course, each for himself; for there is not even yet a general principle of relaxation laid down; and in the beginning, the differences of system were accordingly numerous as the ships in commission, and appeared to a practised eye in

every thing—even in dress and rigging.* But all were naturally led to look about for indirect methods of punishment, such as might reconcile both parties, and perhaps evade limits too lately set to a once absolute authority, not to be irksome. Of these, however, it was soon found, that on board ship, under existing circumstances, there was but a very limited choice. No place of solitary confinement can there be spared; *extra* labour, besides that every one is, in the ordinary discharge of his duty, as much tasked as he ought to be, has been always observed to make regular work first odious, and then slovenly, for no powers of body can keep all watches. The means of dieting are necessarily few, where such is the sympathy felt for a man whose grog has been stopped, he is almost sure to get drunk on the compassion of his comrades; and unusual punishments of a different nature from any of these, were necessarily unpopular where habits were yet strong, information limited, and at least as much jealousy entertained, that the new bounds set to authority should not be evaded, as there might be desire on the other side to give them the go-by.† One thing only assisted them, which was the war with America. We are as certain as we can be of what is matter of mere opinion, that our defeats in that short struggle were quite as much owing to the sort of disorganization which thus prevailed at the time, in the navy, as to any difference of relative force which characterized each combat; we had never before found it necessary to calculate that difference so curiously as we then condescended to do; and it is remarkable, that even our naval engagements with the French were about the same period more equally contested than they used to be. But still, these very defeats, by irritating at once the seamen and their officers, suspended the operation of other agents in the cause; and, had that war continued, we are well persuaded that the tarnish which it seemed to leave on our former laurels would have been well rubbed off. With its termination, however, the assistance derived from it terminated also. Six years have since elapsed; and if the consequences are not now so evident as formerly, it is either that, in a time of profound peace, the efficiency of our ships does not require to be so minutely looked into; or that, possibly, commanding and inspecting officers are deceived, in some measure, by the reduced allowance of seamen in each ship on the present establishment, and impute those difficulties to want of men, which we are certain proceed from far deeper and more enduring causes;—or, finally, and much the most probably, that the worst period of a difficult crisis is already over—a new and vigorous system is replacing an old and worn-out one—its parts are falling imperceptibly into their places, by their own gravity, and already beginning to perform the functions for which they have been severally provided.

All this, then, we not only admit—we assert it; and we very readily appeal to every competent witness, in

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* One captain obliged his officers to wear the old-fashioned cocked hat—another tolerated an opera one—a third, a round—a fourth, a straw—a fifth, a foraging-cap, &c. Coats were cut differently—surtouts were of every pattern—side-arms became so anomalous, they were at last made subjects of official regulation. One man was content with royals, as his ship had been fitted from the dock-yard—another had sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, jolly-jumpers, royal and sky-studding-sails besides. One ship had a jigger-mast fitted to her spanker—another the like, together with a gaff, to her mizen staysail—a third, the same to her main-topmast staysail—a fourth, was gaffs to the mast-heads, and perhaps the only course she was in the habit of setting in a convoy was a cross-jack or a spritsail. These were not whims in those days; they were really traits of character, marking both individuals and the times. A good observer could then predicate of his friend's disposition literally "from the cut of his jib;" and Peter Pattieson himself, or other such like chronicler, (*O si sic ultus!*) need ask no more complicated account of the spirit of the age, than just the fact.

† In point of fact, one of the articles of charge against the officers to whose case we adverted in our last paragraph, was that they had inflicted unusual and unprecedented punishments on their people; and they were condemned specially on this count, the articles of war only authorizing officers to punish undefined offences "as in such case is usual at sea."—So dangerous is it, even in an innovating age, to innovate *against* its spirit.

support of our allegations. The bright side of the picture, however, is much more deserving of minute examination than this, its shadow; it is more gratifying at once, and more comprehensive. A few difficulties and embarrassments in the path of a limited number of men, many of whom, we can well believe, have been insensible of their accumulation; and a little temporary inefficiency, of which we cannot even say that *fortunately* it occurred in a period of comparative tranquillity; for in truth, such a season was necessary to bring it to maturity, and another active war would either again suspend, or hasten it to its final termination—these are cheap equivalents for the prospects to the whole profession with which they seem connected, and of which they are, in our eyes, the harbingers and heralds.

We have already said that the old system did its work excellently well in the time when it was in vigour; and notwithstanding the present unpopularity of such an opinion, we are much disposed to generalize the proposition, and maintain that as long as the human mind, either from infancy or want of cultivation, is, as it were, dead within, and can neither guide its actions by a long induction of reasoning, nor trace its transgressions through a series of indirect steps to their ultimate consequences, so long is it for the benefit of all parties that a despotic authority should be lodged in the hands of the chief of the community, and the connexion between crime and punishment kept direct and palpable, by means of summary corporal inflictions. It seems to us quite plain, that there is a period both of human life and human society, when the mind is accessible only to present impressions, communicated chiefly, almost exclusively, through the medium of the animal sensations; when, accordingly, the relative place of individuals is determined among themselves by their physical powers; and monarchs, masters, and among others sea-captains, must travel to influence over the minds of those intrusted to their care by the same brief road with their companions, if they would not lose their labour. On the other hand, however, it is indisputable that there is a period both of life and civilization when this system will not answer the purpose; when the youth shooting into manhood, the man becoming acquainted with his own reasoning powers, must be led, not driven: and the only difficulty then, is to make the transition. In a community, this should be begun as soon as a sense of shame and indignity is observed to mingle, in the individuals composing it, with a sense of mere pain under the inflictions of the original system, unjustly aggravating their severity; the mind thus called out on one point will presently expand; other and more generous sentiments will develope; and *perhaps*, an entire change may be effected in all cases, with time and care, and a complete system of moral influence be substituted for every vestige of physical coercion. This at least is certain, that a very considerable approximation to such a revolution may be made in every instance; and assuredly with advantage when it is accomplished, for that authority which merely crushes the wills and tempers of its subjects under its wheels, can never be so effective as that which harnesses them to its car. But then the period when this even commences cannot be the same in all individuals; and still less is it possible that all those vested with authority over others during its progress should have the tact requisite to meet its variations uniformly without mistake. Besides this, the springs of moral influence, however powerful, are unseen; whereas those of physical coercion are palpable to the grossest observation. The consequence is, that even when most skilfully conducted, this transition must always *appear* marked with encroachment on one hand, concession on the other; while the smallest precipitation, or want of tact, in either party, will elicit symptoms of discontent and insubordination, uncertainty and vacillation, *isolated experiment*, and want of concert on the receding side. Although still these accidents, (for they are no more,) unless very much aggravated, in which case it is certain that the transition is prematurely developing, are viewed, not in themselves with favour, but without much regret, by a liberal-minded observer. They always mark an advance made, and yet making, in the scale of civilization: they are bubbles on the surface which only boil over when an undue degree of heat is externally applied: *laissez faire les evenemens* is the wise maxim concerning them, and the result, in such case, is always gratifying and satisfactory.

But this is evidently the point to which the British navy has now for some time attained; this the source of the anomalies and embarrassments which we have mentioned; and this, accordingly, the light in which we regard them. Our seamen's minds have been expanding in common with those of the age in which they live: they staggered a little at first under the weight of their new found wisdom, which but ill agreed with the circumstances in which their ignorance had before chiefly contributed to place them; and their officers, on the other hand, are still perhaps a little perplexed and embarrassed by those throes of intelligence which discompose them in that seat of authority in which they were once immoveable. But the worst is over, and every thing now combines to facilitate their passage through the remainder. It is indeed a very striking subject of contemplation to consider the minute preparation which, unconsciously on all hands, has paved the way for this consummation. The men first mutinied:—they were not altogether to blame for this,* but it fixed public attention for a while on their situation, obtained an example of relaxation in their favour, and proved besides satisfactorily, that they were not yet ready for more. From that time down to the present, they have been the most faithful and loyal of subjects; most exemplarily patient and persevering under many hardships, some discouragements, and what is worst of all for men of their stamp to bear, the *ennui* of protracted but inactive service. Yet have they always been making some way in their destined course; their little finger was in, their arm has already more than followed, and now every thing seems ready for introducing their whole body. The officers, on the other hand, have not, as we have already intimated, been universally sensible of the change which was going on about them: they have borne, each his own burthen, as he might; carried along, all of them, by the stream of improvement, backing and filling in its channel, unconscious of their own progress, unless when made occasionally sensible of the altered bearings of the land about them. And this has been fortunate for the cause, for it is of the very essence of human policy to rush too rapidly to its object; and it has not been unfortunate for themselves, for such have been the judgment and temper which they have throughout exhibited, scarcely one stray brother has been drawn in by the eddies, or cast ashore and wrecked amid the shoals of the times. But now they are almost at sea, and only wait for a rendezvous signal to make sail in concert. For this has their present long relaxation been given them, for this their habits of violence have been interrupted, and themselves been constrained to study the arts of peace. To the same end are their people now subdued by circumstances to more regularity than before; and their own clubs, Bible Societies, elections, and the whole apparatus of civil collision in which they are involved, been provided. That thus inveterate habits on both sides might be gradually but imperatively

* The elements of combustion were perhaps prepared, but, next to the agents of sedition from the shore, it was the Quota-men, as they were called, who fired the train. These were landsmen, volunteers furnished by the several counties, and lured by enormous bounties, L.25, when the best seamen that could be impressed got either nothing, or at the most L.5; they were mostly better educated too than the regular hands—pen and ink gentry, unaccustomed alike to labour and restraint, and consequently prepared to find every thing wrong. The celebrated chief delegate, Parker, was a fellow of this stamp; contributed, we may add, by our own "gude town." We are acquainted with a gentleman still residing here, who was accidentally present when he was first brought before the sitting magistrate, charged with an intention to fly the country to defraud his landlady, to whom he owed about L.18. His address was so good, and pretensions so high, the magistrate at first scrupled to issue the warrant to detain him, although he had no bail to offer. But at length he was committed, accepted the high bounty to obtain his release; and just eighteen months afterwards hoisted his rebel flag at the Nore.

We wish very much that some of the many surviving officers who held situations of rank and responsibility at that eventful period in the navy, would now, when details could do no harm, favour the world with their recollections on the subject. We are in possession of some anecdotes ourselves relating to it, which we should not scruple to publish, were nothing better offered. But they are hearsay, and it should be an eye-witness, and even an actor, who undertook the task.

broken; and new ground occupied by each, of necessity and of course.

It now remains then to trace the probable effects of so many causes, with their effects again, as we have already said, either as already developed, or likely progressively to appear. They naturally divide themselves under two heads, the changes which may thus be anticipated in the situation, and in the character of our seamen. And the first, strictly speaking, belongs to the present division of our subject, while the second would come in more appropriately when sailors are considered from under that eye of authority, which on board ship will always impose some restraint on their natural dispositions. As we have been led, however, now into a considerable detail, which was not at first anticipated, we shall postpone both to a future occasion.

It is in the very nature of precipitation to subject those who submit themselves to its guidance to confession of error and mistake. Captivated by the promise of our present task, we rushed into it with a haste which, as our views opened on consideration, has made even our title now incongruous, for we no longer consider the moral and religious education at present bestowing on our seamen as a primary cause of almost any thing peculiar in their worldly prospects; it seems to us only a powerful agent in their behalf, evoked among others, by the peculiarities of the age, which it did not even precede in point of time. It does not appear necessary, however, to break the series to remedy this. Mere title is unimportant, and our objects continue substantially the same,—to trace, with as steady a hand as possible, the prospects of a profession in which we take the warmest interest, viewing them in connexion with that instruction now in course of dissemination among all its members; and to promote that dissemination as far as may lie in our power, by exhibiting the whole chain of improvement, of which it now, more than ever, seems to us to form but one link.

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PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

Dear Mr North,

As, in the earlier Numbers of your Magazine, you gave an occasional insertion to articles relating to the exiled House of Stuart, I am induced to offer you a Birth-Day Ode, which, if it possesses no other merit, will at least tend to prove that the attachment to the fortunes of that ill-fated family, notoriously prevalent in the western counties of England in the year 1715, had not altogether subsided, when the chivalrous spirit of our northern neighbours gave more overt proofs of their fidelity. The original Ode is in the possession of the representative of a family of considerable station and consequence in this county, to whom it was transmitted by his Jacobite predecessor. The following fragment of a song, my mother, who is nearly connected with the same family, remembers often to have heard her nurse, who lived to a very advanced age, chaunt, in impotent defiance of the Usurper. The spelling is adapted to the pronunciation of our provincial patois, and will be easily recognized by a native Zummerzet.

"Az I war a gwaing by the zign o' the Blue Bell,
I zeed Major Metcalfe a gwaing to hell,
I upp'd wi' my boot, and I kick'd un in,
And I bid un make way for his Haniver King."

It may perhaps be necessary to state, that Major Metcalfe was Chamberlain to the "Wee, wee German Lairdie." For the style of the ballad I make no apology, as it is only offered in confirmation of the idea, that the feeling in behalf of the House of Stuart was not confined to the higher classes of society, unless indeed some deference is due to the fastidious palates of the Edinburgh Reviewers, whom I humbly beg to assure, that although I can admire, and can appreciate the devotion of those persons who sacrificed their all to that which they held to be the rightful cause, I am by no means a "Life and Fortune Man," on behalf of the doctrines of Passive Obedience, Divine Right, and Non-Resistance.

Dear, Mr North, your affectionate kinsman,

*Somerset, August* 23, 1821. John West.

## ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART,

*The 20th of December, 1746.*

*Written by Dr* ISAACS *of Exeter.*

Awhile forget the scene of woe,
Forbid awhile the tear to flow,
The pitying sigh to rise;
Turn from the axe the thoughts away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joys.

So, when black clouds and beating rain,
With storms the face of nature stain,
And all in gloom appears;
If Phœbus deign a short-lived smile,
The face of Nature charms awhile,
Awhile the prospect clears:

Come then, and whilst we largely pour
Libations to the genial hour,
That gave our Hero birth,
Let us invoke the tuneful Nine
To sing a theme, like them, divine,
To sing his race on earth!

How on his tender infant years
The careful hand of Heaven appears
To watch its chosen care;
Estranged from ev'ry foe to truth,
Virtuous affliction form'd his youth,
Instructive, though severe.

No sinful court its poison lent,
An early bane his life to taint,
And blast his young renown:
His father's virtues fire his heart—
His father's sufferings truth impart,
To form him for a throne.

How, at an age, when pleasure's charms
Allure the stripling to her arms,
He form'd the great design,
To assert his injured father's cause,
Restore his suffering country's laws,
And prove his right divine.

How, when on Scotia's beach he stood,
The wondering throng around him crowd,
To bend the obedient knee;
Then, thinking on their country chain'd,
They wept at worth so long detain'd,
By Fate's severe decree.

How, when he moved, in sweet amaze,
All ranks in transport on him gaze,
E'en grief forgets to pine,
The wisest sage, or chastest fair,
Applaud his sense, or praise his air,
Thus form'd with grace divine.

How great in all the Soldier's art,
With judgment calm, with fire of heart,
He bade the battle glow:
Yet greater on the conquer'd plain,
He felt each wounded captive's pain,
More like a friend, than foe.

By good unmoved, in ills resign'd,
No change of fortune changed his mind,
Tenacious of its aim;
In vain the gales propitious blew,
Affliction's dart as vainly flew,
His mind was still the same.

Check'd in his glory's full career,
He felt no weak desponding fear,
Amidst distresses great;
By every want and danger prest,
No care perplex'd his manly breast,
But for his country's fate.

For oh! the woes by Britain felt,
Had not atoned for Britain's guilt,
So will'd offended Heaven;
That yet awhile the usurping hand,
With iron rod should rule the land,
The rod for vengeance given.

But in its vengeance Heaven is just,
And soon Britannia from the dust
Shall rear her head again;
Soon shall give way the usurping chain,
And peace and plenty soon again
Proclaim a Stuart's reign.

What joys for happy Britain wait,
When Charles shall rule the British state,
Her sullied fame restore;
When in full tide of transport tost,
E'en memory of her wrongs be lost,
Nor Brunswick heard of more.

The nations round with wondering eyes
Shall see Britannia awful rise,
As she was wont of yore.
And when she holds the balanced scale,
Oppression shall no more prevail,
But fly her happy shore.

Corruption, Vice on every hand,
No more shall lord it o'er the land,
With their Protector fled:
Old English virtues in their place
With all their hospitable race,
Shall rear their decent head.

In peaceful shades the happy swain,
With open heart and honest strain,
Shall hail his long-wish'd Lord,
Nor find a tale so fit to move
His listening fair one's heart to love,
As that of Charles Restored.

Though distant, let the prospect charm,
And every gallant bosom warm,
Forbear each tear and sigh!
Turn from the one the thought away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joy.

## THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of ———, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled shewed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the cielings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through: It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide

through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sort of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, blodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to shew him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse

without ringing, but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

## ON COPLESTONE'S INQUIRY INTO THE DOCTRINES OF NECESSITY AND PREDESTINATION.

### LETTER II.

*To* CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—Having endeavoured to shew that philosophical necessity is inconsistent with activity, the next step of the Rev. Inquirer is to try to prove it to be destructive of morality. "It cannot be denied (he goes on to observe,) that in the habitual judgment of all mankind, the moral quality of actions depends upon the *freedom* of the agent. Praise and blame, reward and punishment, uniformly imply that we think the party who is the object of them might have acted otherwise; and as soon as it is discovered that he acted under compulsion, we no longer measure the action by the standard of duty. It is in fact the first excuse which a culprit makes, if he can, that his will had no share in the deed. The deed may, it is true, though proceeding from ignorance, or from an extraneous power, still lie culpable to a certain degree—if that ignorance were not inevitable, or if the person placed himself voluntarily in that state of subjection which deprived him of choice. But still our judgments in these matters, all have respect to one principle that man is not accountable for what was not in his own power."

This statement, I must take the liberty of saying, is extremely loosely worded. The emphatic terms are employed without any prior definition of the precise meaning intended to be conveyed by them, and the whole passage is consequently so completely equivocal, that neither Libertarian nor Necessitarian need hesitate to assent to it, as it stands. The question is, what sort of *freedom* is requisite to determine the quality of actions? What sort of compulsion is destructive of responsibility? What is the rational meaning of the word blame, and what the philosophy of punishment? Punishment is the application of the fear of pain, naturally inherent in men, as a motive to controul the will of those, whose tendencies to bad actions are not restrained by the motives which commonly act as restraints upon the evil propensities of mankind. Now, how do we estimate the moral value of a good action, or the fitness for punishment of an apparently bad one? We inquire whether or not it was performed under a state of absolutely forcible compulsion, fear, or ignorance. We first make this inquiry, merely because, if the causes of compulsion, fear, or ignorance can be otherwise removed, punishment becomes unnecessary.* For as pain, and the apprehension of pain are applied medicinally to controll that will which is found to be permanently uncontrollable by other motives, so it is, of course, requisite to ascertain that the will has become inveterately diseased before the stimulus of punishment is applied; and this is done precisely upon the principles which lead a surgeon to apply a plaister to a green wound, or electricity to a contracted sinew: nor does the judge who pronounces sentence, think of inquiring whether the depravity of the will of the culprit, is a necessary depravity, and could not have been otherwise, any more than the surgeon would of inquiring whether the disease he cures could have been, or could not have been avoided. The same reasoning equally applies to voluntary ignorance, or to wilfully subjecting oneself to extraneous power. The depraved will, which chuses ignorance or subjection to improper power, must be cured or neutralized by the counteracting motives of fear and shame.

It is in obedience to this rule that those crimes which confessedly spring from ignorance and ill education, and which are as inevitable, and as much the creatures of necessity as a life of ill example and wicked instruction can make them, are for the good of society punished equally with those committed by men of more enlarged minds

* Soldiers are punished for cowardice on strict necessitarian principles. The certainty of ignominious death is a stronger motive to stand, than the risk of honourable death is to run away.

and liberal education. If we pity the ignorant malefactor more, it is because the unavoidable tendency to crime is, in him, brought more directly and certainly into view, and because we also see that in him punishment must probably be less efficacious, and be required again and again, and with increasing severity. The mind of a criminal who possesses knowledge, and who, of course, has a larger store of motives, good and bad, is generally curable by punishment. Whilst his evil propensities are held in abeyance by fear, his mind reposes upon its better tendencies, which consequently gain strength as the others fade. The ignorant reprobate may be kept by fear from mischief for a time, until the impression wears off. But he has no better knowledge—no more enlightened affections to cultivate, and punishment is to him merely what the heated wires of the cage are to the ravenous cat. It is also to be observed, that the crimes of an intellectual man, are for the most part, caused only by complicated and singularly unfortunate combinations of circumstances, which, when once interrupted, are less likely to be renewed.

It has been always, and, as it seems to me, most strangely, a favourite idea of the advocates of Freewill, that their theory is necessary for the explanation of punishment, and for the hypothesis of this life being a state of trial. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive what sort of *freedom* other than the *freedom to do what we will*, can be requisite to justify punishment, or to afford room for moral discipline. In fact, Philosophical Freewill is perfectly incompatible with both. The denial of the necessary influence of motives on conduct, is essential to the libertarian system. But the system of punishment is an attempt to influence the conduct by means of the motives of a fear of pain and of shame, and it is only upon the supposition, that these motives have a certain and necessary tendency to bring about a given line of conduct, that pain can be reasonably inflicted. Nor does it help the advocates of liberty out of their difficulty, to say, as some of them have done, that though punishment certainly produces a tendency to a better line of conduct, yet the object still has the power to overcome that tendency, by an exertion of the freedom of his will. The infliction of punishment must render the chusing of this evil exertion of Freewill more difficult—or it must not. If it does, this is to admit that the motive in question has some power to neutralise according to its strength, that perfect freedom of will which is contended for. If this be so, it is utterly inconceiveable how the mind which is necessarily biased to one side of an alternative, can by possibility chuse the other side, unless some opposite motive of equal force exert a similar influence towards the other side, and thus restore that balance which is necessary to the display of Freewill. If it does not render the chusing more difficult—if it be said, that the mind yields to the motive only of Freewill, and may from the same Freewill with undiminished ease, set it at defiance and act in opposition to it—then this is saying, that there is always inherent in the mind an unvarying and complete power to act, not only *without*, but *against* motives. If this be so, I ask, where then can be the utility either of punishment, or any kind of discipline? For according to this supposition, the object is as likely to act wrong if it is applied, as he is likely to act right if it is omitted, and he is as likely to do either of these things as the contrary, having an absolute, unalterable, and complete power to do either or any of them. Nor is it admissible to say that—although he has the power, he is not so likely to exert it, as to refrain from exerting it—for wherein does the likelihood lie? If motives have not a certain, and necessary influence on the ultimate decisions of the mind, then they have an uncertain and contingent influence, (if influence it can be called,) which may be either submitted to or not; and it is impossible to predict when it shall, and when it shall not be submitted to, the powers of chusing either side of an alternative being always equal, according to the doctrine of Freewill. If an appeal be made to experience, that where no evident, powerful, contradictory motives intervene, punishment is, in fact, generally followed by reformation; this is only putting one of the strongest arguments, for the probability of a necessary influence being exerted over the will, inasmuch as *constant sequence* is all we have to prove even

the doctrine of *Cause and Effect*, which is one of the principal foundations of human reasoning. The source of the notion of Freewill being necessary to justify punishment, is probably to be found in the still more common notion of punishment, as being merely *vindictive*. We are, for the most part, early possessed with a confused idea that there exists some essential, and natural connection between crime and punishment, independently of any future or present good to be attained by the infliction. Now when the word "crime" is defined—viz: to be that voluntary human action which is the cause of suffering either to others, or to the agent himself, or to both, the doctrine of vindictive punishment turns out to be merely this—an assertion that, because a man has been the means through which suffering has been experienced by others, or by himself, therefore he shall experience more suffering. To say that because some pain has occurred, therefore more pain ought to occur, is a *dictum*, which, in itself, carries no proof of its truth. The *wherefore* remains to be shewn. To render the assertion at all rational, we must answer, either, that this is a means of lessening the amount of suffering on the whole,—or, that God has so willed it, for reasons above our comprehension.

In his second discourse, (the text of which is Deut. viii. 5,) Dr Coplestone attempts to point out the compatibility of a general controlling Providence with free-will. During the course of his argument, the following passage occurs:—"The only argument brought against it, is borrowed from the difficulty of accounting for evil as mixed with God's creation, and of conceiving free-will in his creatures. But *difficulties* can never be listened to against the evidence of facts. The fact of the existence of evil no one denies; *and the existence of free-will is, by the concurrent unreflecting testimony of all mankind, admitted to be a fact*, opposed only by the metaphysical objections of a few. That all mankind act, speak, and think, *as if the will were free, is admitted by these few themselves.*"—This is "unreflecting testimony" with a witness! If we inquire rigidly into these two assertions, we shall find, I believe, that they are directly opposite to the truth. What does this general "unreflecting testimony," (as the reverend gentleman terms it) testify? Why, that men are free to do as they please. That they may freely, and without any counteracting compulsion, choose, in accordance with their view of a matter, and act according to that choice. This is all that Necessitarians contend for, and all that seems necessary for human happiness; but this is not philosophical free-will. Ask any of these "unreflecting," testifiers, if they possess some such power as that of making themselves choose what they don't choose, if they choose to do so, with a power of choosing to choose against their choice, should that vagary come into their head. Define to them metaphysical liberty, in the most intelligible way that it admits of; ask them if they recognize this in themselves, and mark what replication they shall make. In fact, the unreflecting of all ranks of society, every day, act and reason upon the principles of philosophical necessity, though without knowing it. Ask the "young Hopeful" of low life, why he prefers going to sea, to being a tailor; and he tells you "he can't help it." Ask the accomplished Maria, why she won't marry Joseph Surface, whom all respect, but prefers his profligate brother, and she tells you "she can't help it." The freedom they recognize, is a freedom from actual and sensible compulsion; the necessary bias of the will itself, they universally admit. Instead of the advocates of philosophical necessity admitting that "Mankind act, speak, and think, as if the will was free according to the metaphysical notions of free-will"—the very advocates of free-will themselves do not admit it, in practice and effect. They would inevitably send to Bedlam any man who should act as he might sometimes be expected to act, if their system were true. Suppose Dr Coplestone were to offer a starving porter a guinea to carry a letter twenty yards, to the post-office, and the man refused and put his refusal upon free-will, would not the reverend doctor conclude him to be mad? So habitually do we rely upon the certain influence of motive, that where an unexpected act occurs, we immediately refer it to some hidden reason in the mind of the agent; and if there does not appear to be room for any, we pronounce it insanity. It answers no end to say, that though men never knowingly choose to act as if they were insane, yet they are free so to act and choose. This is a strange kind of

freedom of choice. We may as well admit the necessary influence of motives, as admit that men are compelled to act according to motive, under pain of being denounced idiotical or mad. He who is banished from Scotland, is free to go or stay, excepting—that, if he stays, he will be hanged.

For the existence of Evil, Dr Coplestone very naturally attempts to account, by supposing mankind to be in a state of *trial*. The word *trial*, however, is ambiguous; nor has the reverend doctor given any very accurate explanation of what he means by it. This is of little consequence. Whether it means that man is then going through a certain process, by which the experience of certain sorts of pain is to produce a specific change in the constitution of the mind; or whether is meant by it an ordeal or test, by which to call forth and ascertain the quantum of inherent virtue and vice—it is still more capable of rational explanation, upon necessitarian principles, than upon any other. Under the first signification, if we allow the connection of cause and effect in the mind, as in other things;—and suppose that the application of certain motives or mental stimuli, must have necessary and specific effects upon the character, then, by the discipline of misfortune and evil, certain changes may be brought about, which may, for aught we know, be unattainable by any other means. But with an uncontroulable and incomprehensible free-will, what purpose could such a process answer? The repetition of any line of conduct is no more to be certainly expected according to this system, than the repetition of a series of tones on the Æolian harp. We have no more data for knowing how free-will may act on the next occasion, than how the wind may blow on the next occasion. The second signification is, for the reasons already stated, evidently as little reconcileable with the hypothesis of free-will, as the first. The advocates of free-will are always liable to this dilemma. Either the exertion of free choice is equally easy on each side of an alternative, under any circumstances, or it is not. If it is not, then the will is not free; and if it is, then there is an equal chance for every successive exertion being wrong, as well as right. For in this case, experience either proves too much, or nothing. It either proves the necessary influence of motives, or else it is not to be relied upon at all. Thus, if a dice-player casts a given number thrice running, it either proves the existence of some necessary cause for that number being cast, rather than another; or it is admitted that the fourth cast is not more likely to be the given number, than any other possible number. Equally inconsistent is the notion of any power in the mind of choosing *against* motives. Either the mind must have two methods or modes of exercising choice, which is improbable; or, the choosing against motives must be done in the same way as in choosing in accordance with motives;—that is to say, the mind must have a power of rendering to itself the unattractive side of a question apparently the attractive one, which is more improbable. It seems absolutely inconceivable that the mind should knowingly choose that which it naturally dislikes, without feeling pain; and if the effort be painful, freedom is imperfect, because we naturally are impelled to avoid pain. If it be said we have a free power of choosing to resist this impulse; then, I reply, we must have a prior free choice, choosing that second choice, as it also would be painful; and so on, *ad infinitum*. With respect to any supposeable power of the mind to render that which at first was unattractive apparently attractive, the possession of such power seems to be negatived by the fact of the painful conflict which takes place when opposing motives are nearly balanced—a thing which could not be under such a power.

The words of the text which Dr Coplestone has chosen for his third discourse, are remarkably striking. "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands, have crucified and slain."—Acts ii. 23. In setting out on his forlorn hope of reconciling free-will with this determinate counsel and declared fore-knowledge, the reverend author has very properly begun with some observations on the improper use of the words "certainty, possible, contingent," &c. In the tenor of all these observations, I cannot, however, agree. "One example," says Dr Coplestone, "has already been produced in the word *"certainty,"* which properly relates to the mind which thinks, and is improperly transferred to the object about which

it is thinking." Were this position admitted, I do not apprehend that, in the end, it would materially assist Dr Coplestone;—it is too sweeping, however, and therefore erroneous. It cannot be denied, undoubtedly, that very often the *certainty* is *improperly* transferred from the thinker to the thing thought of;—that is to say, when the certainty of the thinker is not built upon demonstrably adequate grounds. Yet, because it does not always happen that, when the mind feels certain of any thing, that thing is itself actually certain; is it therefore to be contended that the certainty is always improperly transferred from the thinker to the object thought of? Surely not;—at least if it be, then *abstract certainty* is denied altogether. This is going into extremes. When Newton or Halley mathematically demonstrated the occurrence of eclipses at certain times, the completeness of the demonstration was certainly an infallible proof of the certainty of the future event; and it is therefore properly transferred to it; nor can reasoning be falsified by such a transfer. Considerations of a similar nature are also applicable to the words "impossible" and "contingent."

The most extraordinary passages of the discourse, however, are those in which the reverend author attempts to establish the propriety—*possibility* perhaps should be the word—of the mind's believing two distinct contradictory propositions whilst they are separate; but which, if brought together, form a direct contradiction in terms. By this means, he seems to hold, that we may easily believe, that an event, the occurrence of which is uncertain, may be certainly foreknown. We have only to believe in the contingence of the event, and also in the foreknowledge; and take special care to admit only one of these beliefs into the mind at one time, so that they may never fight. As Dr Coplestone has, in one place, admitted that direct contradictions in terms, are merely propositions without meaning, and therefore cannot be proposed to any end, either derogatory or the contrary, as to the power of any being to understand or perform them, I presume he considers fore-knowledge and contingence as two qualities, the compatibility of which is only apparently inexplicable—and not absolutely so; although, if this be the case, there appears no reason why they may not be believed *together*. That I may not misrepresent the reverend doctor, however, I shall first quote the passages from both discourses in which this odd rule of faith is embodied, and then hazard one or two observations upon them.

At p. 69, we read as follows:—"If, that God made every thing, knowing beforehand all that would come to pass, and all that men do, be an undeniable truth—if, nevertheless, he deals with man, as if he were free to act, and rewards and punishes him according to this trial, and we cannot comprehend how both these things should be true *together*, we yet can *believe them both to be true*—and so believing, we may well conclude, that many of our occasional reasonings concerning these things must be infected with the same apparent incongruity that strikes us in the enunciation of those first principles." Again, at p. 79, "If, however, we set ourselves to examine each of these abstract positions separately from the other, dark and perplexing as the inquiry often is, yet the arguments deducible from reason and experience alternately in their favour, appear to be irresistible; and as one of the most candid inquirers observes, 'what flashes of light break out, from time to time, present the image of truth on opposite sides.' Why then should not truth itself be really an inmate of each opinion? Unless it can be shewn, *which never has yet been shewn*, that the two opinions are contradictory to each other. That they are contradictory has been tacitly assumed, because to us their union is inexplicable; and hence the most pernicious errors of different kinds have at times prevailed, some denying or doubting the agency of Providence, others the freedom of the human will."

This method of believing separately two propositions, which, when compared, cannot both be believed, has, in one shape or other, been recommended before, though never perhaps so undisguisedly as in the present instance.* In the second quotation it is asserted, that "it has never been

* Akin to this ingenious scheme of taking a contradiction "at twice," for those who swallow is not sufficiently *Boa-like* to manage it whole, are the "sensus divisus" and

shewn that the two opinions are contradictory to each other." This is not a little unreasonable. If to suppose, that a being certainly knows that an event shall, certainly and without any chance of failure, take place; and that he, at the same time, knows that its occurrence is a contingency, or doubtful chance, and that it may possibly not take place—if to suppose this be not to suppose a plain, evident, and palpable contradiction, I know not what a contradiction is. And I am equally at a loss to conceive, if the meaning of the words be understood, what possible room there is for further "*shewing*." One might as well be demanded to *shew* that "*no*" and "*yes*," when predicated of the same proposition, are contradictions to each other. The ideas, as *we perceive them*, and the words, as *we understand them*, cannot, and do not consist; and it is for those who deny the contradiction, to shew, either reasons why they *do* consist, or room for hidden reasons why they *may* consist. This they, I think, cannot do; and till they have, it is an abuse of language to term the union of these two opinions—Contingence and Foresight—"inexplicable," merely. The word inexplicable refers itself to mysteries as opposed to impossibilities. Now pure contradictions are not mysteries. We fully apprehend the meaning of the terms, and we view every thing that is embodied in them, and we see that the ideas which they embody are contradictory. We see, at the same time, that there is no room for any mysterious hidden circumstances, the detection of which may reconcile the two apparently clashing propositions. There is no difficulty in believing proved facts, which are apparently, as *far as we know*, contradictory to each other; but then we do this only from perceiving at the same time that, between them, and connected with them, there is room for something further to be known, which, when known, must clear up the contradiction. Thus we believe in many peculiarities connected with tides and currents which contradict all the general laws on such subjects; we believe in that stream which

"Ne'er feels retiring ebbs, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont—"

because there is room for hidden circumstances, the knowledge of which would elucidate the seeming inconsistency. To believe purely contradictory propositions, is neither more nor less than believing that a thing may be at once true and false; for how do we absolutely ascertain the truth of any proposition but by ascertaining that there exists no counter proposition, of undoubted truth, which may be set against the first; and what other definition can be given of perfect and absolute truth in ratiocination? to say that contradictions *may* be true is only denying the existence of abstract certainty in the world.

To come to a right understanding of this question, it is only necessary to make this distinction. If there be two contradictory propositions, the possibility of the union of which is inexplicable to the mind, that is to say, of which we cannot conceive room for the possibility of their being brought to consist, then they form a contradiction to us absolutely incredible. But if of the two contradictory propositions we know enough to know that there is room for the possibility of their being shewn to be inconsistent, then they are credible as far as the contradiction is concerned. If this distinction be not attended to, and both sorts of contradictions are held to be credible, there must be, as it appears to me, an end of human reasoning. The very rankest contradiction that language can express comes under the first definition. Suppose it be asserted that *two and two are five*, what is this but a proposition embodying ideas so contradictory, that we cannot see or conceive any room for the possibility of their ever being shewn to agree? Further than this we cannot go. If one contradiction of this sort be held to be true, all other contradictions may, for aught we know, be true; and a denial

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the "sensus compositus" of the following controversial morceau of the schoolmen. "*Resp.* Estius—hanc propositionem 'Quod prævisum est potest non evenire' duplicem habere sensum, *compositum*, scilicet, et *divisum*. Compositus sensus hic est—simul consistunt ut aliquid sit prævisum a Deo, et tamen non eveniat; quò sensu, *falsa* est propositio. Divisus verò sensus hic est. Fieri potest ut hæc res (demonstrata ea quæ prævisa est) non eveniat; et in hoc sensu *vera* est propositio!" and so on.

of all received truths, and the assertion of all acknowledged falsehoods, may upon this principle be established, as far as any thing could be said to be established in the mental chaos that must ensue.

With the theological consequences resulting, or supposed to result, from the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, I have already said that I shall not meddle. It may be permitted me, perhaps, to express my opinion that, with respect to many of those alleged consequences, the two doctrines of Free-will and Necessity do not differ so much as is commonly supposed.

As I have already encroached upon your limits, I am the better pleased at feeling it unnecessary to apologise to Dr Coplestone, for the liberty I have taken in offering these remarks upon his work. To suppose the learned and reverend Inquirer less aware than myself of the importance of free discussion to the interests of truth, would be the height of arrogance. To imagine for a moment that the support of a set of doctrines, rather than the furtherance of general knowledge, was the object of his pen, would be worse.

I am, &c.

T. D.

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SONG, BY MORGAN O'DOHERTY,

*On being asked who wrote "The Groves of Blarney."*

'Who,'—ask ye! No matter.—This tongue shall not tell,
O'er the board of oblivion the name of the bard;
Nor shall it be utter'd, but with the proud spell,
That sheds on the perish'd their only reward.

No, no! look abroad, Sir, the last of October;
In the pages of Blackwood that name shall be writ,
For Christopher's self, be he tipsy or sober,
Was not more than his match, in wine, wisdom, or wit.

Ye Dowdens and Jenningses, wits of Cork city,
Though mighty the heroes that chime in your song,
Effervescing and eloquent—more is the pity
Ye forget the great poet of Blarney so long.

I mean not the *second*, O'Fogarty hight,
Who can speak for himself, from his own native Helicon,
I sing of an elder, in birth and in might,
(Be it said with due deference,)—honest *Dick Millikin*.

Then fill up, to his mem'ry, a bumper, my boys,
'Twill cheer his sad ghost, as it toddles along
Through Pluto's dark alleys, in search of the joys
That were dear upon earth to this step-son of song.

And this be the rule of the banquet for aye,
When the goblets all ring with "Och hone, Ullagone!"
Remember this pledge, as a tribute to pay
To the name of a minstrel so sweet, so unknown.

*Sept.* 1, 1821.

## LATIN PROSODY FROM ENGLAND.*

### To Christopher North, Esq.

Sir,

You must often have perceived how haughtily our southern neighbours assert their superiority over us in every thing relating to classical literature, and particularly in the science of metre. I readily admit that the country of George Buchanan does not support the fame conferred on it by that illustrious scholar; that the system of education in our schools is not as well calculated for the diffusion of deep classical knowledge, as that in the great and valuable public schools of England; and that some remarkably ignorant blunders in prosody have been occasionally made by some of our countrymen; but I nevertheless contend, that the charge against us is made too general and sweeping, and urged more with a spirit of nationality, than a regard for the real state of the case. For example, you may recollect how unmercifully they hunted down the unfortunate Musæ Edinenses. They were bad enough, in all conscience; but it was hardly fair to stigmatize, as the English Reviewers did, the literature of a whole country, from the folly of an indiscreet person who printed the exercises of raw and half-taught schoolboys. All the prosodial sins of Scotland were raked up on the occasion. I remember that the Quarterly twitted good old Doctor Anderson with having published, as a correct specimen of the Sapphic, a few verses written sixty years ago by Græme, which have the misfortune of containing about three times as many faults as they have lines.† It certainly was a betise of the Doctor's, but a candid critic‡ would not have noticed it just then. If we wished to retaliate in the same way—that is, by picking up absurd books written, and mistakes committed, by English writers on similar subjects—we should find no difficulty in doing so, though it would be unjust to imitate them, in making the errors or ignorance of a few, the grounds of reproach against the classical learning of all England.

I have got into my hands this morning a book in considerable use in English schools—written by a clergyman, master of a grammar school—which, in 1813, had reached a fifth edition, and in all probability has added another since—receiving, as its author informs us, (p. 10.) various puffy criticisms from the British Critic, the Monthly Review—which at one time was really not a contemptible work—the Critical and Analytical Reviews, in its progress; and if you, Mr North, do not think the minute disquisitions of prosody unfit for your pleasant pages, I shall shew you, by this panegyrised book, that an inconceivable ignorance of metre is sometimes to be found south as well as north of the Border.

The first portions of the book I have but slightly glanced over. They consist of rules of construction and positions of Latin arranged on a peculiar plan, that appears tolerably well exe-

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* The Latin Primer in three parts * * * * * *. Part III. A large and plain description of the Latin verse, and of many kinds of composition in verse; a summary account of Terence's Metres, and a more minute one of the Metra Horatiana; with a table designed to give a ready and perfect knowledge of all Horace's Metres at one view. By the Rev. Richard Lyne, Rector of Little Petherick, and late Master of the Grammar school at Liskeard. Fifth edition. Longman & Co. 1813.

† The passage is in Anderson's Poets, vol. xi. p. 411. The poem begins with a line which may serve as a specimen,

"Pueri agrestes irridendum pecus,"

consists of 16 lines, and contains 45 faults; on which Dr Anderson remarks, that it must be allowed to be a *very correct and manly performance* for a boy of fifteen!—A.

‡ The Quarterly, however, was at that time nettled at the calumnies poured out against Oxford and the great English Schools, by the Edinburgh, and may perhaps be on that ground excused. But the principal of these calumnies were written by an Englishman, the Reverend S**** S****, one of the most unfortunate men that ever passed for a wit. Animals of that kind were in great feather some dozen or half dozen years ago; but now, as Sir Walter Scott says in Marmion, "Thanks to Heaven and good Kit North," they are clean gone.—*Requiescant in pace!*—A.

cuted. The third part, which professes to be a large and plain account of Latin verse, &c. is my object, and I shall go through it with as much order and dispatch as possible.

He begins properly enough by considering the hexameter, of which he gives a very meagre account, containing some inaccuracies which I shall not stop to point out, as there is better game in view. Nor shall I delay on his pentameters, except to make a few remarks on rhymed Latin, the consideration of which he here introduces, and shews he knows nothing about it. "The following verse of Ovid," he says, (p. 204.) "is spoiled by a rhyme,

Quærebant *flavos* per nemus omne *favos*."

Now there is no rhyme here; flávos accented on its first syllable and favós on its last, (which is the way they ought to be pronounced) rhyme no more than *a mán* rhymes with *Háman*, or *prómontory* with *sparkling story*. Nor, with all deference to the learned author of Metronariston, do the verses which Lyne quotes after him, such as,

O pater, O patriæ cura decusque tuæ,

deserve the name of rhyme. They are merely homoteleutic, and of course do not rhyme any more than *correct* with *direct*, or *causeway* with *highway*, or *James Hogg* with *hedge-hog*. The author of Metronariston considers such verses as agreeable: to my ear they are very displeasing, if of any thing like frequent occurrence. Persius laughs at the poets of his day for using them, and crabbed as the satirist is, I own I prefer his authority to that of the master of Liskeard school, who declares them "soft and musical." True it is, there are limits to his admiration. Rhyme carried too far, he thinks spoils the dignity of some hymns in the Roman breviary, for instance,

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intactâ virgine;
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine;
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

Spoil the *dignity* of such a composition as this! Why, sir, it is not Latin verse at all. It is nothing but Latin words adapted to a foreign, or, as they themselves would say, a barbarous music and accentuation. They are sung as Trochaics thus: Nōbĭs | dătŭs | nōbĭs | nātŭs||ĕx ĭn- | -tăctă | vĭrgi- | -nĕ: without any regard to the true quantities. He might as well have quoted honest old Walter de Mapes's "Mihi est propositum in taberna mori," for a specimen of Latin verse, as this sample of the Roman breviary.

We next come to a chapter on small verses, parts of the hexameter. The second of these he exemplifies by a fragment of a line from the Æneid, by following which plan he might have treated us with a more copious variety of metres than any former prosodian, a great object of his ambition. Why did not he give examples of the verse, (the heroic hepthemimeris,) from authors—Prudentius, Boethius, Ausonius, &c.—who really used it as an entire line, instead of having recourse to Virgil, who, of course, intended to have finished it as a full hexameter? The same objection will apply to the example of his next metre; the tetrameter a priore, for which his authority is Horace, who unquestionably uses it only as part of a heptameter. For this division, I own, however, he may plead the authority of some commentators; but the account of the pherecratian, his fifth in this department, is entirely original. He tells us (p. 206) that it consists of the three last feet of the hexameter, but adds that the first foot might be a choree. This should, I think, have startled him a little as to it's origin from the hexameter; and the line, in fact, is choriambic. But what think you is the example he gives us of the initial choree? Catullus's

Hȳměn | o Hymenæe!

Hyměn! Ὑμήν! a short ȳ! and the next sentence is just as bad, "Catullus forms this trimeter not only with a choree in the first place, but a dactyl likewise in the last, which writers on this subject seem to have taken no account of, as

Cōllĭs | ō Hĕ Ῡ- | -cōnĭī
Cūltŏr | ū.ăcŭl- | æ gĕnŭs."

I have heard of a blind man, who maintained that there was no such sense as sight, because he did not possess it; and we have an analogous instance here. Because our author could not see that two Glyconic verses

were not Pherecratian, he wonders that every body else is not as blind as himself. The lines occur in the Epithalamium of Catullus, which appears sadly to have puzzled the poor prosodian. He complains (p. 232) "that it is not entirely consistent with itself, the stanza being for the most part, but sometimes not, composed of five Pherecratic trimeters, of which the first four are irregular, having a dactylic cadence, and the fifth more exact." In reality the first four are Glyconics, and the fifth only Pherecratian.

Having so happily got through the dactylic verses, he next falls foul of Iambics. Here he lays down, that the Cretic, Amphibrach, and Bacchius, may be admitted into any place in the Iambic of comedy, which is just as true as if he had said they might be admitted into a place at the coronation. Every line in which they appear to exist, must of necessity be corrupt; but he is not satisfied even with these auxiliaries, for his first example (p. 208) of the comic tetrameter is—

Quidest | ianeti- | -bivide- | -turdix- | -i
ĕquidem ŭbĭ mĭ- | -hi osten- | -disti
il- | -lico.

*i ĕquidem ŭbĭ mĭ!* five short syllables in a foot. I recommend the discovery to the curious in strange scanning. Throw out *mihi*, and the line is right.

He then discovers that as a tribrach, or proceleusmatic, may follow a dactyl, (which, by the way a proceleusmatic can never do, as it is confined to the first foot) and precedes an anapæst, there may be eight short syllables in succession in an iambic line. By the combination of these three feet we might have nine short successive syllables, thus ⏑⏑⏑ | ⏑⏑⏑ | ⏑⏑ |. But I doubt whether such a line exists. Hermann, I know, holds that an entire trimeter of tribrachs, except the last foot, is allowable; a delicious combination, for which you may remember he was greeted with a smart line, constructed after his own model, by a Porsonian.

The dimeter and trimeter Iambics are fine classical verses, used by the first poets of Rome, and therefore we get as samples two bald affairs from the Romish Breviary, a *beautiful* Morning Hymn, and another on the conversion of Saint Paul, beginning with

Egregie Doctor Paule mores instruo,

And so on, down to

Per universa æternitatis sæcula.

What taste! As for the beautiful Morning Hymn it is a poor thing, about as poetical as a Methodist canzonet, and what Lyne is ignorant of, written for rhyme.

Jam lucis orto side-ré
Deum precemur suppli-cés
Ut in diurnis acti-bus,
Nos servet a nocenti-bus,

Linguam refrænans tempe-ret,
Ne litis horror inso-net, &c.

The poets of the age, in which this hymn was committed, rhymed, as the Spaniards do, by a similarity of vowel. Thus *sideré* and *supplicés*, (the accent falling on the last syllable) rhyme just as *bana* and *espada* in

Rio verde, rio verde,
Quantos cuerpos en ti se bana
De Cristianos y de Moros,
Muertos par la dura espada.

So Pope Damasus, in his hymn on Saint Agatha's day,

Ethnica turba rogum fugiéns,
Hujus et ipsa meretur opem.

An attentive perusal of the Latin verses of that time, might, I think, throw some light on the origin of some of our metres, but this is no place for such a disquisition.

Our author is so enraptured, however, with the breviary, that we have it again as an example of the Iambic dimeter brachycatalectic. Listen to the sweet music.

1. Vitam præsta puram,
2. Iter para tutum,
3. Ut spectantes Jesum,
4. Semper collæteмur.
5. Sit laus Deo patri;
6. Summo Christo decus;
7. Spiritui sancto
8. Tribus honor unus.

Lines 1, 3, 4, consist entirely of long syllables. Line 2 ends with a spondee. Line 6 has a spondee in even place, and 7 and 8 defy scansion; so that the fifth line is the only Iambic in this well chosen example! This stuff also was written without regard to ancient metres. The lines were probably intended for Trochaic and Spĭrĭ | tūĭ | Sānctŏ, Vītām | prēstă | pūrām, and Trĭbŭs | hŏnŏr | ūnŭs were all excellent trochees in the mouths of the

singers. If meant for Iambic, all you have to do is to alter the arsis, and sing Spĭrĭ | tŭī | sănctō | &c. But, in fact, the ancients had no such verse as the Iambic dimeter brachycatalectic. At least no example of it is extant in the classics that have come down to us.

This being so well dispatched, we next have an imperfect tetrameter Iambic acephalous, being a "noble hymn on the death of Christ."

Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis.

But he afterwards admits, that the verse may be a trochaic, (as indeed it is,) and divisible into two, (which also is true enough,) not, however, as he asserts, into a Trochaic and Iambic, but into Trochaics of different denominations. As the verse is classical, he might, I think, have taken an example from a Roman poet, (as, for instance, from Catullus,

Jussus est inermis ire, purus ire jussus est;)

instead of this noble hymn, which is nothing but a string of barbarous Latinity, where a continual straining at final assonance is observable. I give the last line as a specimen of the barbarity of the hymn,

Unius trinique nomen laudet universitas;

and then add Lyne's observation, (p. 214.)

"The author of this was Saint Ambrose, or Saint Austin, contemporaries in the fourth century, as some say; or Claudianus Mamercus, as Sidonius Apollinaris insists; it is quoted here from the Roman Breviary; and both this and those before, especially the Morning Hymn, written, I believe, by Saint Ambrose, the author of many hymns in that metre, are too beautiful to need commendation."

*Too beautiful to need commendation!* Why, they are scarcely common language. The sacredness of the subjects on which they treat, makes us feel some respect for them; but, considered in a literary point of view, they are neither grammar nor metre. So far from agreeing with Lyne, that their dignity is spoiled by the addition of rhyme, I am decidedly of opinion, that when the authors of the Hymns in the Breviary consulted their own ears, and did not endeavour to write in metres which they could not manage, they succeeded best; and those who read the Pange lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium,

or, who hear that part of it,

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

sung to the divine music of Sebastian Bach, will agree with me, that it is, without comparison, superior to the muddy attempts at imitating the classical poets, which shock the reader of taste in almost every service in the Breviary. In the rhymed hymns, we pardon an unclassical word or phrase, as not expecting fine Latinity; in the others, of more pretension, we are disgusted at having that pretension every moment frustrated. This, I confess, is a digression, but I am only wading after my guide.

We next get to Trochaics, in which department we have a clever, and unexpected discovery. "In Catullus," quoth our prosodian, (p. 216,) "we find two sorts of mixed trochaics—in the Epithalamium of Julia and Manlius," a poem with which he has already shown such intimate acquaintance. Here they are, with his original scanning:

Flămmĕ- | -ūm vĭdĕ- | -ō vĕ- | -nire.
Un guēn- | -tātĕ glă- | -brismă- | -rite.

This passes the bounds of reasonable stupidity. The lines are glyconics, with a redundant syllable, cut off in the next line

Flamme- | -um video | veni- | -re
Ite, &c. *i. e.* r' ite.

and the other line is of the same kind. Pretty mixed trochaics!

We then arrive at the lyric verses, and first of Choriambics. Here also he is a discoverer of a fact hitherto unsuspected. After counting up (p. 217.) six species of choriambic verse, he informs us that Prudentius has thrown all of them together into one ode or stanza in the order Lyne has arranged them. Now, no Latin poet has ever written an ode containing six varieties of metre, and, on turning to Prudentius, you will find that he has only *three* choriambics together, not six. In this department the choriambic tetrameter, (as

Omne nemus | cum fluviis | omne canat | profundum, *Claudian.*)

is omitted, though the Epichoriambic (No 5. in this arrangement) is only a

harsh variety of that metre. I was going to make some remarks on the structure of choriambics here, but I am unwilling to trespass too much on your space.

Then follows the class of Hendecasyllabics, where he is as luminous as in the former departments. Seneca, it appears, makes the second foot of the Sapphic, a dactyl: he might as well have said he made it a justice of peace. He cannot scan the line he quotes,

Quæque ad hesperias jacet ora metas.

Hesperias is a trissyllable, its two last vowels coalescing, as in *omnia*, *alveo*, &c. in Virgil. Why did not he tell us that Virgil concludes his lines with a dactyl, and quote

——Quin protinus omnia,

as proof? It would have been as wise. This section of Hendecasyllabics, *i. e.* verses of eleven syllables, he most appropriately concludes with the lesser alcaic, a line containing ten. For the honour of the Emerald Isle, I am happy to say, that this bull comes from England.

The Anapæstic is next on the carpet, and he takes care to shew, by his first sentence, that he knows nothing about it. He calls it a lyric verse, and says, that it at first consisted of four anapæsts, (p. 220.) Now, in fact, as I thought every dabbler in prosody knew, it consisted primarily of *two* anapæsts, which constitute the anapæstic base, from which you can make dimeters, trimeters, tetrameters, metres of every co-efficient, taking care only of the synapheia, of which this learned Theban knows nothing. No Latin poet ever wrote lines necessarily consisting of four anapæsts; for the three or four exceptions in Seneca and Ausonius are not worth noticing; but, for the convenience of printing, they are so exhibited in editions. If it were equally convenient to the size of the page, they might have appeared as decameters, had that structure of verse pleased the eyes of the compositor.

But it is in the succeeding chapter, the miscellaneous department, he is most eminent. He is peculiarly ambitious to be able to exhibit a larger assortment of metres than any former prosodian; and, to effect this purpose, he has pressed lines of all shapes and sizes into his service. Falstaff never had a more heterogeneous body of ragamuffins under his command than that which forms the elite of this chapter. Here we have an iambic monom. aceph. or, if you please, a trochaic monom. Cat. in *Occidi*—an iambic monom. Acat, in *Quid illud est*—a trochaic monom. hypercat. in *Hominem sta illico*—an anapæstic dipodia in *Ad te ibam quidnam est*—all fine names, but unfortunately mere fragments of comic verse. With the same judgment he raises an iambic trim. hypermeter—an iambic tetram. hypercat—a trochaic trim. and tetram. hypercat.—grand and learned titles for some corrupt lines extracted from a miserable edition of Terence, "printed in 1560, Lugduni, apud Mathiam Bonhome, a most useful edition," says this great judge, with a most elegant phrase of panegyric, "which I advise him to make much whoever has it." (p. 227.) As every reader, of any prosodial knowledge, well knows that no such lines are in Terence, I shall not take the trouble of copying his examples; suffice it to say, that they are all mere corruptions of the text, and scanned most barbarously. For instance, we have, p. 226.

Agĕ dā | vĕnĭām | nĕ *grd-* | *-vere*, &c.

with a false quantity in it. Even for a trochaic tetrameter, (for which a good example might be given,) he contrives to blunder on a couple of corrupt readings, which are of course no examples at all.

Again, (p. 225,) we have another recruit in an anapæstic tripodia. "Dicām | nōn ĕdĕ- | -pol scĭo." Ædepol! This is ignorance with a vengeance. And the Anapæstic Tripodia! Even by his own scanning it is a glyconic, and when scanned correctly, a Dimeter Iambic.

In the same spirit of enlistment, he divides the minor Ionic Tetrameter into two parts, and counts the fragment as one species, and the entire line itself as another, just to augment his list. For this division, he had, I confess, the authority of some unprosodial editors; but when he divides the Phalæcian Pentameter (p. 225.) into three kinds of verse, the glory is entirely his own. It is a pity that he never read Boethius, whom he quotes, or he would have seen that *Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit*, and, *Mergat que seras æquore flammas*, are only two lines, not four—that they are of the same metre, the name

of which he did not know,—and that Boethian Iambic, and Boethian Trochaic, penthemimers, owe their origin to his own fertile imagination.

Nor can I allow him to pass the Molossic or Carcine, as distinct species of verse. The Molossic is only a species of Hexameter. Indeed he calls it Hexameter in p. 198; though in p. 228 he bids us scan it with four molossi;—that is, we have a six foot line, consisting of four feet. Again, I must congratulate Ireland on the English origin of our author. The carcine is only a foolery that can be applied to all kinds of verse, and is not worth enumerating. *En passant*, I may remark, that somebody has been writing, in a late number of the New Monthly Magazine, on the subject of Carcines most ignorantly, as I could demonstrate, if it were worth while to do so.

I am getting tired, like my readers, of exposing this ignorant farrago, so shall only cull a few more posies, and conclude. The third foot of the major ionic tetrameter, we are told, (p. 223,) may be a second epitrit, which is merely impossible. The example he quotes from J. C. Scaliger, gives us a dichoree in that place, though our worthy metrographer has been so unfortunate as to scan him wrong. But it is with Catullus's Galliambi, (the metre of that fine poem the Atys, which I perceive by your Magazine the Hon. Mr Lambe has so cruelly doggrelized,) that he makes the saddest work. He lays down, that it consists of half a dozen random feet, which happen to suit the first line; and soon finding that his ridiculous canon cannot proceed through three lines correctly, he flounders through a number of attempts at scanning, and then gives it up in despair, confessing that it contains still more varieties.—This is pitiable. He has not an idea how it should be scanned. But when he displays such astonishing ignorance as to exhibit

Egŏ mū- | -lĭĕr ĕ- | -go, &c.

with the first of mulier, and the first of ego long, I do not know what to say, and stop in amazement, though I still leave a fine harvest of blunders unnoticed.

And yet he is so well satisfied with himself, that it is a pity to laugh at him. It is manifest that he thinks himself a much deeper scholar in prosody than I. Vossius, (p. 231.) and and boasts most lustily of his superior diligence as a verse collector, (p. 193-231.) But, of the seventy-five verses he has raked together, I must inform him *twenty-nine* are to be struck out,* as being identical with other lines—or wrong scanned—or corrupt—or nonsensical;—and that, nevertheless, he has omitted at least a dozen legitimate species of verse.†

I have taken the trouble of examining this book, and pointing out its incredible errors, merely to shew, that if we wished to retort the sneers which some unfair critics in England heap upon us, we have ample means in our power. I confidently assert, that in Scotland there is no Latin teacher who could be so ignorant as to publish a book abounding with such mistakes and false quantities; or, if he did, that the Reviews of the country would not panegyrize it. Unfair, indeed, it would be to value the literature of England by the production of this unfortunate pedagogue. But is it not equally unfair in her critics not to extend to us a similar allowance?

I am, Sir,
Yours sincerely,
AUGUSTINUS.

*St Andrews,*
*Sept.* 13, 1821.

* He has, for instance, no less than 8 trimeter Iambics, given as varieties, on account of their containing different feet. By following this plan to its extent, he would have beaten out all competitors in number, for the comic tetrameter would have given him 98,750 varieties; and, if his own rule (p. 230,) was right, over half a million. This would be a fine body to march into the field.

† Carey has 58, exactly a dozen more than Lyne's real metres. I cannot mention Dr Carey's prosody without strongly recommending it. No scholar, in fact, should be without it. But it would be much improved if a less egotistical style were adopted,—if the barefaced puffing of his own books were suppressed,—and his own good-for-nothing poetry struck out. They who take the trouble of turning in his third edition, (London, 1819,) to pp. x. xiv. xix. 31. 37. 52. 55. 113. 140. 148. 150. 172. 187. 207. 222. 223. 227. 297. (one of the grandest specimens extant of the puff-direct,) 355. 357. or any Jedediah Buxton, who will count how often the pronoun I occurs in the book, will be satisfied that I do not recommend an unnecessary alteration.

THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS SECUNDUS.

## Chapter XV.

### *Leith Races.*

To whisky plooks, that brunt for ouks
On Town-guard sodgers' faces,
Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
And scrapes them for the Races.

"Come, hafe a care," the captain cries;
"On guns your bagnets thraw;—
"Now mind your manual exercise,
"And marsh down raw by raw."
And as they march he'll glowr about,
Tent a' their cuts and scars:
'Mang them fell mony a gausy snout
Has gush't in Birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

ROBERT FERGUSON.

O, ye inhabitants of Leith!—ye bailie-admirals and admiral-bailies!—ye maltmen and skippers,—merchants and traffickers of every description!—and, chief of all, ye change-keepers, and dealers in porter, ale, and British spirits, wholesale and retail!—why did you allow the *honest town* of Musselburgh to run away with your Races, and transport all the wealth and beauty which annually decorated your barren sands, to the *Links* of these cunning provincials? No more shall the sweet sounds of the drum and fife,—the charming noise of the *rotuley-powley*,—the roar of animals wilder than yourselves,—the tumbour of the ground and lofty tumbler, and the organ of the rope-dancer, draw your attention from prices-current, the scarcity or plenty of pot-ashes or linseed, and the course of exchange! No more shall the flavour of aquavitæ and ale from a thousand bottles, sweeten your tarry and oily atmosphere, and make your publicans glad! Your races are for ever ran; you must give up all pretensions to the science of horse-flesh, and in place of docking the tails of horses, confine yourselves to your own docks, wet and dry, and be content to travel six miles with your superiors, the *good town* of Edinburgh, to see the fun which was formerly at your doors.*

Leith Races were (I am sorry I cannot use the present tense) held annually in the month of July, on the sea-shore, to the eastward of the town, the time of running being accommodated to the recess of the tide. They lasted a week, and Edinburgh on these occasions was very full of company. The splendour of the equipages sported at this time, and the number of vehicles of every description called into requisition for Leith Races, gave the streets an unusually gay appearance. Almost every citizen who could ride, on that week exhibited his horsemanship; and every animal who had the slightest claim to the character of a horse, was obliged to shew his paces on the *Sands of Leith*. Farm-horses, brewers'-horses, and even those unfortunate creatures whose destiny it is to drag coals to the city, were required to act as saddle-horses for their mas-

* Why is the town of Edinburgh called *good*,—the burgh of Linlithgow termed *faithful*,—and Musselburgh denominated *honest*, in their public deeds, as if these qualities were single and incompatible with one another? Does not goodness imply the possession of honesty and faithfulness; and do not honesty and faithfulness entitle to the appellation of good? It is so in general society, and with regard to individual morals; but perhaps our ancestors, in characterizing the population of cities or towns, thought that apparent goodness did not require the nice observance of honesty,—that downright honesty made professions of good quite unnecessary,—and that faithfulness to engagements superseded both the one and the other. Or, (but I merely throw it out as a conjecture,) may not some of our witty princes have thus titled the places above-mentioned sarcastically, to notify that they were miserably deficient in the qualification implied in the name?—That is, that Edinburgh was the reverse of *good*,—the Musselburghers the antipodes of *honesty*,—and the burgh of Linlithgow every thing but *faithful*.—I must write a Dissertation on this subject.

tern of their friends; and many an honest brute, with galled sides, and with pounds of hair at each fetlock, had the honour to be bestridden at Leith Races, who all the rest of the year toiled at the most homely drudgery.

Early on the morning of the race the Lists were called about by that most respectable body, the flying-stationers, (which included almost all the lame beggars of Edinburgh,) in these terms:—"Here you have a list of all the names of the noblemen and gentlemen, riders and riders' livery, who is to ride over the Sands of Leith this day, for his Majesty's purse of a hunder guineas o' value." An hour before starting, the procession of the *Purse*, which was elevated on a pole decorated with ribbons, and carried by a city officer, attended by a drum and fife, (Archy Campbell, what a great man wast thou then!) marched from the City Chambers, and proclaimed to all as it went along the doings that were to be at Leith Sands. Numberless boys attended the procession in its course, and children were held up by their mothers and servants—and country people stared and wondered—to see the gaudy shadow of a purse, the contents of which were such an object of ambition to so many noblemen and gentlemen. "Eh! I wonder if the haill hunder gowd guineas be there," I once heard a peasant say, as he stood, and with open mouth looked as if he could have swallowed it up, pole and all.—"Hoot, ye stupid haverel!" answered one who was near; "man, there's naething in't but some ill bawbees, wiggies or Brummagems, to keep it frae flightering in the wind. The siller's paid after-hend, out o' the Council Chamber."—"An' do they no get that braw pock to haud it in?" replied the countryman.—"Na, na! we keep a' our siller here intil the banks, honest man," said the citizen.—"It's wonderfu'!" continued the countryman, as the purse receded from his eye; "it's very wonderfu'! we have nae sic braw things at the Kirktown o' Auldnaigs, except it be the minister's wife's red satin prin-cod."

Recruiting parties, from all quarters, also attended the races, and at an early hour marched in martial array, and with military music, down to the scene of action. In one party might be seen our native Highlanders, in their splendid uniform, the serjeant stalking, with face of importance and dignified stride, to the sound of the bagpipe, followed by all his "prave laads." In another an ancient serjeant, with cocked hat and still erect air, marched at the head of those whose blue uniform shewed they belonged to the artillery; while in others, all the variety of martial cocks and caps, from the ponderous head-dress of the grenadier, to chimney-pot shaped skull caps, and *light-bob* head coverings,—heads plastered with soap and pomatum, or black tin queues of immoderate length,—offered to those inclined to be warriors a choice of avenues to military fame. "Sic a braw fallow that is!" ejaculated my country friend, as a well-known Highland recruiting serjeant passed; "that 'ill be a captain at the least," said he, addressing a workman who was hastening along the street.—"A captain, man! are ye wise enough?—D'ye no ken Serjeant Sh——ty?—he's just a chairman at the Tron Kirk for common."—"Say ye sae," replied my country friend, (whom I followed as closely as I could in his walk along the North Bridge,)—"and this auld man, wi' the cockit hat and blue claes, he'll maybe be something o' the same kind, for a' his looking sae like a sodger?"—"Na, na! that's auld Serjeant Amos o' the artillery; and that next ane ye see coming there—that's the famous Serjeant Tapp—Ye'll maybe hae heard o' him. Mony a puir fallow has he trepanned in his day, and mony a puir lassie, too, if a' tales be true.—But I maun awa' to the race, or I'll be ower lang—Gang ye down that way?"—"Od, I dinna care though I gang a wee bit wi' you,—there's sae mony ferlies to be seen."

The cry of "Fine Findhorn apeldings," by a woman with a basket, now attracted my rustic friend's attention, and he purchased a bunch of these teeth-trying morsels, to keep his chops going on his road to Leith. As he was turning the corner of the Bridge at the Theatre, a young man, in the usual Lowland country costume, viz. blue coat and vest, corduroy breeches, and blue stockings, tied with red garters under the knee, with the additional ornament of a peacock-feather twisted round his hatband, came quickly across the street, and accosted him

with, "Eh, Johnny Knotgrass, is that you!—Preserve us a', man, who wad hae thought to seen you here?" at the same time shaking him violently by the hand. "Gude guide us, Sandy Coulter! if I'm in the body! I'm glad to see you; and how's a' wi' ye, man, and your titty Jean, and auld Nanse, your mither, wi' her cough?"—"They're a' gaily, Johnny; I hope ye're weel yoursel, and the gudewife keepin' stout. Are ye for the race?"—"I'm etlan to gang, Sandy, gif ye'll gang wi' me, as I'm no very sure o' the gate."—"Od, I'se do that, for I dinna gang to Clayslap till the morn. I've tae to tak out to smear the sheep, and some iron for the smiddy." The two friends now joined company, and turned their faces down Leith-Walk, where thousands of every age and of every rank were hastening to the Sands.

Leith Walk, at this period, was the resort of all the beggars whom disease or disinclination prevented from calling the Lists; and these were stationed so closely on both sides of the road, and were so very importunate, that one does not regret the regulation which prohibits their appearance within the bounds of police. So many "poor blind boys,"—"puir lassies,"—fatherless children, and mothers without husbands—so many blind fiddlers, and lame musicians of every description, were plying their different arts in the crowded thoroughfare, that it required a more than common share of philosophy to pass along without emptying one's pockets of their small change. I have often thought what a fine Essay on the Gradations of Human Misery could have been written from a view of this living picture of congregated wretchedness. Here might be seen the idiot soliciting, with ineffective stare, "just se baubee to buy a row;" the blind appealing with orbless eyes to the humanity of the passers by; and the mariner on wooden leg, or with fragments of arms, roaring out, with stentorian voice, "the dangers of the seas," and the fatalities of battle.

"Chuck a poor devil a halfpenny, if you please," said one of these last, on wooden stumps as a substitute for legs, to the two friends as they went along;—"lost both my precious limbs on the glorious first of June;" and he held out a piece of a greasy hat covered with canvas. John stopped, and fumbled in his breeches-pocket. "I had a nevoy, a tittie's son o' ma wife's, in the seafaring line, was killed, puir fallow, in that bloody battle; ye maybe kent him; he took on at Leith here; they ca'd him Robbie;" and he seemed undecided whether to give a halfpenny or a penny to the veteran. "What! Bob Gimmer was it?—my messmate, Bob? I knew him well; he was popp'd off by the bursting of a gun, wa'n't he?"—"Troth, ye're no far wrang; and did ye lose your legs there? Eh, man, it was a sair dispensation that. There's a saxpence till ye," said John, putting the coppers aside; and if ever ye come by Auldnaigs, speer for me, and ye's no want a meltith o' meat and a night's quarters. How glad ma gudewife wad be to hear how ye handled the mounzies that day, for she hates them because they're a' Papists."—"God bless you!—thank you!" said this mutilated remains of a man, as he pocketed the sixpence and stumped off.

A tall blind man, much pitted by the small-pox, (from which cause probably he had lost his sight,) with uncovered head, and long tied hair, accompanied by a woman, was now singing how he had been struck blind by lightning. "That's nae trouble o' his ain bringing on; that's a sinless infirmity," said John, and he rolled out a halfpenny from the intricacies of his shamoy purse. Three little children who were crying beside their mother, who had a fourth in her arms, now arrested him. "What's the matter wi' you, puir wee raggit things?"—"Eh gie's a halfpenny to buy a piece; we haena tasted meat the day!—Eh do't." This appeal was irresistible; and Mr John, placing a halfpenny in the hand of each, and clapping their unprotected heads, said, "God help us, ye're young thrown on the world; ye canna want a piece; but mind ye're no to buy sweeties wi't."

"John, ye're ower simple," said Sandy; "gif ye gang on at this rate, ye'll no leave as mony bawbees as get a chappin o' ale when we come to the tents. I ne'er gie thae bodies ony thing, for the maist o' them, I've been told, are just impostors, and shuldna be encouraged."—"Buy ballants! buy ballants!" cried an old man with a basket, containing a perfect library of such articles, their title-pages all dis-

played to view. "That's weel mindit," said John; "I promised to tak a ballant out to Peggy Morison. Hae you Sir James the Rose, honest man?"—"I think you'll find it here," answered he, presenting a parcel of alluring histories. "*Jamie of Yarmouth's Garland?*" said John, as he put on his spectacles to assist him in his choice; "that's no it. *Loudon Tam*—That's no it either. *George Buchanan;* ay, he was the king's fule; what tak ye for this?"—"Threepence."—"I wadna grudge ye the siller, wad ye mak it bigger print," continued John. "*Barbara Allan, The Babes o' the Wood, Sir James the Rose;*—ay, here it's now;" and he treated for an addition to his library to the amount of sixpence.

While John was thus engaged, Sandy, attracted by the cry of "Fine ripe berries, twa dips and a wallop," remarked, they "wadna be the waur o' a wee pickle groserts," and received the stipulated measure of this commodity into his hat, to share them with his friend. The coaches were now rattling down the road in every variety of colour and livery. "See," said Sandy, as a well-known equipage was passing; "See to that, Johnny! there's a braw coach for you." John turned his head towards the road, and answered, "Ay, ay, that's very grand, indeed—a yearl, or a duke, aiblins; sax horses, and twa flunkies on the back o' the coach, and twa callants bobbing on the horses, to the bargain! sic luxury!—The folk there, I'se warrant, dinna ken what it's to want ony thing, and never do a hand's turn, nor need to set their foot to the ground unless they like. That's the way o' the gentry, God help us!"—"Na, na, ye're wrang there, Johnny; the folk there are nae mair gentle than you or me, man. That's the magistrates and provost; just bits o' trading bodies in the town. It's lang since the gentry hae gi'en up being "a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do weel," as it is said in the Scriptures. The provost o' our ain burgh o' Clayknows is a better gentleman than ony o' them. The provost, ma lord, as they ca' him, is just a stockin'-weaver; and ane o' the baillies sells ingans; and that's just ane o' the street coaches they're in."*—"Weel, that's very strange, and gay and comical! But they may be very gude and worthy men, for a that they haena been born to titles. We're a' o' ae stock, ye ken, Sandy, and I wad never despise a fellow-creature that——" "But see," again interrupted Sandy, "see that coach, and the flunkies in green livery—that's the Duke of Buccleuch's, a real nobleman, and a blessing to a' the country round, for he stays at hame, and spends his siller amang ourselves."—"Ay! and is that the Duke's carriage? If he saw me, he wad speak to me, I'm sure; for I never met his Grace (God bless him) in our country-side, but he says to me, 'John,' says he, 'how are you? and how's the gudewife and family?' and bid me, in his hamely way, if ever I cam to Dalkeith, to gang and take my dinner in his hall. I wish a' the nobles o' the land were like him."

At the bottom of Leith-Walk there were congregated, during the time of the races, a number of caravans of wild beasts, horses of knowledge, tumblers and harlequins. My friends had reached this spot, when John's attention was strongly attracted by a woman twisting melodious sounds out of an organ, and a clown making grimaces to the crowd.—"Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, the performance is just going to begin—only twopence—walk in, walk in."—"He's a comical fallow that fule, I'se warrant him, Sandy; it takes a wise man to be a fule," remarked John; "but those madams that gang wi' them, and dance on wires, wi' trowsers on, it's no very becoming in a Christian land. They canna be gude, though they look weel; and I'm inclined to think, though we shouldna judge harshly, that they're just painted Jezebels."—"But see that wee body sittin' on the man's shoother,"—his attention being attracted by a pipe and tabor in an opposite direction,—"how auld he looks—puir wee fallow, he's dressed like a sodger, too."—"That's a puggy, man," said Sandy; "and it can gang through the exercise, and shoot a pistol, for as wee as it is, as weel's ony o' them. But come awa'—we'll be ower late to see the race."

Mr John reluctantly left sights so new to him, and followed in the stream of horse and foot, chariot and cart,

* Gentle reader, see the note at the end of chapter seventeenth.

which was pouring down to the sands. Arrived at the said sands, which were thronged, as far as the eye could reach, with coaches, horsemen, and pedestrians, the range of tents along the beach, in the front of which the thickest mass of people were assembled, and among whom the recruiting parties were actively engaged, attracted the attention of our visitors.—"Hegh, man, but thae's fine places for getting a refreshment, and mony a ane's at it," said Mr Knotgrass.—"Ay, and the very tap o' them's turned to use," answered Sandy; "we can get up there to see the race for a penny."—"Weel, that's curious—the very tap o' the places!—a' thing's made for the penny here," replied John.

## Chapter XVI.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard nor seen
Sic dancing and deray,
Nowther at Falkland on the green,
Nor Peblis at the play.
*Christ's Kirk on the Green.*

In the front of the tents, at a little distance, were stationed those who sold gooseberries, gingerbread, speldins (dried haddocks,) and all the little eatables which custom had taught them were in demand when a promiscuous multitude were gathered together; and, at intervals, among these were placed wheels of fortune, puppet-shows, tables with dice, a wooden dish with an octagonal brass ball, lotteries for sleeve-buttons and trinkets, and numberless other temptations to those who wished to adventure in vulgar gambling; while, on the sands, and occupying a larger space, the players at rowley-powley cleared an avenue for the path of the stick, thrown at pegs topped with penny-cakes of gingerbread. The sight of three or four of these said cakes, which might be all knocked off at one lucky throw, and at the trifling expence of a single penny, was too much for the philosophy of Mr John, who already devoured the sandy morsels by anticipation. "Let me try a throw, for ance," said John, handing his penny to the master of ceremonies; "I'm sure I canna miss the haill sax." John threw, but the end of the stick, striking the ground, went off at a tangent, without displacing a single cake. A loud laugh from the bye-standers, at John's expence, provoked him to a second attempt. "See the clodhopper again," said one, as John, with teeth set, and eyes fixed upon the regimented pegs, balanced the stick in his hand for another throw. John threw, and knocked off one.—"Weel dune!—ye're getting the gate o't now," said Sandy; "let me try—de'il be in't, gif I dinna gar them coup, or the shins will pay for't."

A crowd at a little distance, and the report of a gentleman having been thrown from his horse, attracted my attention, and I left the friends playing at rowley-powley, to see if the accident was a serious one. On going up to the crowd, I asked a boy what had happened,—"Ou! naething at a', sir, but Abraham fa'en into the Prawn Dub." Abraham in the Prawn Dub, thought I; this must be some poor Jew pedlar, whom his beard, country, or language, have incited the boys to abuse, and I pressed forward, with the intention of rendering him assistance. But what was my astonishment to find that it was Mr Abraham Gooseiron, the stay-maker, who, in enacting the dandy on horseback, had tumbled from his elevation into the said Prawn Dub. Abraham was quite well known to all the boys, from his dressing in a more gay and fantastic manner than his compeers, and he met with little commiseration, from having filled his new boots, and destroyed his new coat, by a soaking in salt water. To an inquiry as to the manner of the accident, I received for answer that "the horse funkit him aff into the dub, as a doggie was rinnin' across."—"But he can easily cabbage as muckle claith as mak' him anither pair o' breeks," said a second. "The horse has mair sense than him,—he had nae business there,—he might hae been on his feet, as weel as his betters," remarked a third. "Pride aye gets a downcome, some time or ither," was very solemnly repeated by a fourth. I never saw a horse smile, though there are such things as horse-laughs; but the expression of Abraham's hackney's face, at this moment, seemed to me to assume an appearance, as, were

it not for the dread of whip and spurs, it could have laughed heartily. Abraham, however, dirty as he was, was soon reinstated in his seat, though the attempts to help him, and the compliments of condolence, were given in that wicked spirit, which seemed rather to enjoy than pity the misfortune of the unlucky horseman. A shout from the boys, and the application of a switch from some of the spectators, as Abraham rode off, made the animal once more restive; and I was much of the opinion expressed by a person at my side, who exclaimed, "That man kens naething about managing a horse. Dod, he'll get anither clyty afore he taks hame the beast."

I now returned to my friends, who were still at the rowley-powley, not playing, however, but eating the gingerbread which they had acquired. The approach of the hour for starting drew the crowd to the places which commanded a view of the course; and the two countrymen, remarking "that it was na every day that they were there," paid their penny, and mounted the scaffolding on the top of the tents. That part of the course from the starting to the distance-post was roped in, and a guard attended at this place, (ye Town-Guard veterans, it was hard and trying duty for you!) to prevent the crowd from bursting over the cord, and narrowing the space. The more distant part of the round was marked by poles and red flags, stuck in at intervals along the wet sands. The stewards of the race, and magistrates, occupied a platform, or stand, erected at the starting-post, and covered in by an awning, and in the front of this was affixed the pole and purse, bedizened with ribbons. A roll of the drum in attendance warned the riders to prepare; a second announced that the horses were ready; and a third was the signal for their starting with arrow-speed for the three-mile-heat. The coaches and crowd were at this time chiefly ranged along the line which inclosed the course; and when any unlucky dogs ventured to enter the protected space, in spite of the proclamation of the stewards to the contrary, the halloos, and repulses, and kicks on every side, as they sought an exit, gave them often a very good excuse for running mad in revenge.

"There!—they're off now!" said Sandy to John, as they stood on the front of a crowded scaffold;—"the blue jacket has it!—weel done the blue!"—and he slapped his thigh in sympathy with the motion of the rider;—"I'll wager a bottle o' porter that ane gains the race!" John's attention was directed in silence to the horses and riders, as they swam before his eye in the distance, and were soon passing the red flags which margined the sea. "There!—they're turned now!" resounded from a thousand voices, as they came down the course from its eastern extremity. The crowd pushed closer to the ropes; and the clattering of the noble animals, as they passed at full speed round the starting-post, announced that one third of the heat was over. Three rounds of the course formed the heat, and three of these heats generally decided the race, though there were sometimes more. The sands being very soft, the horses sank much, and the strength of the animals was generally reserved for the last round. "Od safe us, how fast they rin!" said John, while his eye lost them in the distance at the third round;—"it's, by a' the warld, like swallows fleeing!—The callant in the pink jacket's first now!—weel done, ma wee man!—skelp it up!—Sandy, I'd wad the price o' the brown cow he gains it!—that's it!—whip him up!" How natural it is to bet on occasions like these, thought I, as Mr Knotgrass held out his brown cow on the issue; there must be something more in the practice than the warped ideas and confirmed gambling of a man of fashion, when the same passion even agitates the bosom of a rustic. The horses now came thundering on to finish the first heat; all eyes were directed in eager anxiety to the termination of the race at the wooden stand; and those who were deficient in the necessary height, added to their elevation by standing on tip-toe, and stretching their necks to their utmost length.

At this moment the press from behind forwards on the scaffolding, where John and his companion stood, was so great, that those in the front only kept their places by holding together for mutual support. It was the misfortune of John, however, in his eagerness to project his head beyond those on each side of him, to lose his balance, and tumble over. An honest fish-woman, who stood immediately

below with her creel on her back, fortunately for John, broke his fall, and he alighted safely in the said creel. The woman, whom the addition of a hundred-weight in that situation would not have very much incommoded, turned round at the shock of John's fall, and, under the idea that some mischievous person had hurled a large stone into her basket, out of mere waggery, cried out, looking up to the multitude on the top of the tent, "Wha's that clodding stanes intil ma creel?—ye had as gude gie ower, or de'il be on me but I'se gie ye something ye'll no soon forget!" A loud laugh and a huzza was returned from all sides, to the good woman's serious amazement.—"That pits me in mind o' Geordy Cranstoun," said an elderly gentleman; "he was aye ta'en hame in a creel."—"Do ye sell men, woman?" said a second.—"Godsake! see till Tibby Podleyson wi' her joe on her back!" roared out a third, who also was a dealer in *dulse and tangles.*

Tibby had not time to make any answer before John, to support himself erect in his uncommon situation, and to aid his descent, clapped his hands round the Amazon's forehead. "Nane o' your skits now!" cried Tibby, who supposed it to be some friend attempting the vulgar joke of shutting her eyes; "nane o' your skits!—I ken wha ye are;—haud aff your hands aff ma een!" and she raised her arms to remove the impediment.—"Let me down, for gudesake, honest woman!—I'll do ye nae ill;" and he raised one leg from the intanglements of the creel, and was sounding for the ground with it. Tibby's eyes being now relieved, and seeing a leg with a blue stocking and red garter projected from her side, instantly became alarmed, and pushing the belt which supported the creel from her forehead, down rolled John on the sands, creel and all.—"What's this, ye blackguard, ye hae been about?" said Tibby, as she saw the strange incumbrance rising from the sandy beach;—"was ye gaun to rob me on the public sands?—or did ye mean waur?—Od I'se gie ye something for loupin on an honest woman's back, ye little worth chield that ye are!" and she seized her empty skull,* and beat it unmercifully about the head and shoulders of poor John.—"I'll let ye ken am nane o' your limmers!" said she, repeating her blows; "if it war nae the like o' you, there wad na be sae mony ill folk!—but ye'se no get aff wi' baith ease and honour!" John was altogether too much taken at unawares to be able to speak for a moment, and had too much masculine honour to return the blows of a woman.—"Ca' canny! ca' canny, gudewife!—I did na mean you wrang—I was driven aff the theeking o' the tent; and there's ane standing afore ye will tell how it happened." Sandy by this time had descended from the scaffolding to interfere for the protection of his friend, and the matter was soon explained, apparently to mutual satisfaction.—"If I hae wrang'd your basket, gudewife," said John, "am no unreasonable; and if I hae hurt you by what could na be helpit, I'm sure I'm sorry mysel for't."—"Hurt me!" answered the virago, in a contemptuous tone; "na, na, its no come to that yet;—I can tak care o' mysel; and it wad be time for me to gie ower gaun to the market, gif I could na carry you, if ye war my ain man, and ye war fou, sax mile o' gate on the tap o' my fish!"—"I dinna think ony o' ye will be the waur of a dram, after this tuilzie," said Sandy; "come in, honest woman, intil this tent till the crowd gang awa, and I'll treat ye wi' half a mutchkin." The fish-woman at once consented to this proposal, with "Fair fa' ye, ma bonny man! that's a gude motion—ye dinna want sense, for as young as ye are." Into the tent they went—the crowd dispersed,—and Tibby's companion in trade likewise went away, muttering in soliloquy, "Od, Tibby's never aff her road!—I'll gang lang about afore a man draps into ma creel frae the lift, or get a dram without paying for't!"

My friends sat so long in the tent, that I grew tired of waiting for them, and walked away to attend the running of the second heat, the drum for the starting of which had now beat. The same

* It is necessary to mention here that fishwomen have *two skulls!*—Gape with wonder, ye craniologists, at this!—but one of them is merely a light basket so named. I the more particularly notice this, as the French translator of the Magazine, from ignorance of the circumstance, has, in the Number before the last, made me say the fishermen of Edinburgh butted like rams:—"Ils se doguent comme les beliers."

horse which had gained the first also gained this, and the race was of course over. The Town-guard marched off, the carriages and horsemen rapidly disappeared from the sands, and the pedestrians, now that there was nothing more to be seen, adjourned to the tents, for rest, conversation, or refreshment. The scene at this time along the line of tents was very striking. Every one was full of inmates, engaged in the consumption of "porter, ale, and British spirits," and the recruiting parties were mixed with the throng, either marching along, or engaged in the tents, on the alert to pick up any straggler, whom inclination, liquor, or misfortunes, induced to become a soldier. Often, on these occasions, have I seen a country lad, with the cap or hat of a serjeant, marching in front of the party brandishing a sword, full of the idea of his own importance, and of the future prospects of one who had enlisted to be an officer. Men were then in much demand for the supply of the different corps, and many arts were employed by the recruiting serjeants to inveigle them into the service.

While I was musing on the scene before me, and thinking whether or not I should now retire, the noise of a fight, and the cry, "A ring! Mak a ring! Gie them room!" attracted my attention. Every lover of *the science*, as it is emphatically called, feels himself drawn involuntarily towards any thing like an exhibition of strength or skill, and I hastened to the spot. The combatants were a corporal of a recruiting party and a Gilmerton coal-carter, and the cause of quarrel an attempt, on the part of the former, to place a shilling, in the king's name, in the hand of the latter, for the purpose of having a legal claim to his services as a soldier, or to the guinea of smart-money, which, on these occasions, was paid by the unfortunate victim of crimping. The coalman, however, had suspected the intention of the corporal, and repulsed his proffered hand as if he had shook a reptile from his touch. "Na, na, Billy, nae sae fast wi' me! Dod, if ye come within ma reach again, I'll try whether my whup-shaft or your head's hardest." The coalman had some companions with him, and he felt, of course, his bravery augmented so far as repeatedly to insult the military man before his fellow-soldiers and recruits. "For a' your red jacket," said he, "I dinna believe you would like to meet me yoursel on the Gilmerton road. Gae, you trepannin' scoundrel!" Touch a military man on the head of cowardice, and he has no choice; he must fight; the honour of the cloth imperiously requires it; and it was particularly necessary in the present case, as the example might be fatal to the after steadiness of the young recruits. "Dem you," said the corporal, "if you speak another word, fellow, I shall give you a caning."—"Keh," replied the coalman, in a lengthened tone, "lay awa your bagnet, man, and I'll lik ye for a bottle o' yill." The corporal instantly threw off his belt, the crowd formed a ring, and the coalman, calling to a companion to "haud his whup," prepared for instant battle. The contest was, however, but short. Except an inefficient stroke at the commencement, the coalman never got a blow at his opponent. The cry of "Weel done, Tam! Stick till him, stick till him!" was of no avail; for, in a close, the corporal got him round the neck with one hand, and fibbed him in the face with the other till he called for quarter. "He's ruggin' ma hair!" cried Tam, while this was transacting; "ruggin hair's no fair play." The corporal left him with a contusion on his eye, and his nose bleeding; and, as he did not seem to wish to renew the engagement, asked him if he "wanted another touch."—"No, no!" said Tam's companions, "we'll no let him fight ony mair; it's no fair play haddin arms and ruggin' hair." The corporal moved off in triumph with his party; while Tam, to the condolence which he received from the bystanders on account of his defeat, said, as he wiped the blood from his face, "De'il thank him! it's his trade; but, go, I'll ca' a cart wi' him ony day he likes."

I now left the scene, and my country friends, not expecting ever to see them again, and went to dine with a friend in Leith. After dinner, however, I was prevailed upon to go and see a play performed by a company of strollers, who kept the inhabitants of Portobello, Musselburgh, and Leith, in theatrical amusements; and I was the more inclined to this, from the dramatis personæ in the bill seeming to be chiefly composed of individuals of the same name, and said to be of the same family. Two fiddles and a

tion formed the orchestra; but the apartment was not large, and the music was enough for the size of the room. I do not now recollect the play, but a circumstance occurred towards the conclusion of the first act, which will long imprint the idea of the Leith theatre on my memory. There were, however, a lover and a lady, and the lady liked one person, and her father wished her to marry another, as happens in all plays. After a dialogue, in which the lady and her lover had exchanged vows of eternal attachment and inviolable secrecy, and had arranged matters so as they were to live and die for one another, the parties were alarmed by a third person's entering. This was the father of the lady. The lover of course made his exit; and the old gentleman took his daughter roundly to task for keeping up a correspondence with the offensive lover. The change of scene in a play often stands to the spectator for an interval of months or years in the story, and the young lady denied she had lately seen or spoken to the prohibited personage. "Ah, you lien little cutty," roared out a voice from the third row of seats, "how can ye stand up there and tell your father sic a downright falsehood? —Dinna believe her, honest gentleman;—dinna believe ae word she says, for it's no a minute since the fallow left her:—I saw him mysel'—he just gaed out at the tae side as you cam in at the tither."

This strange interruption to the performance made the actors look confounded; and the audience testified their approbation by clapping and huzzas. All eyes were now turned to my friend John, (for it was actually he,) who stood up in triumph, as the expressions, "Well done!—capital!" struck his ears from all sides. The disturbance, however, subsided, and the dialogue began as before. John had no patience, when he heard asseverations so contrary to fact again repeated. "I tell ye, man, ye're dochter's no speakin' true:—It's a falsehood every word o't;—I'm a father mysel, and I winna see you imposed on. Just gang till the other side o' the screen gif ye winna believe me, and ye'll catch the fallow;—he canna be far awa." The laughing and applause redoubled at this ebullition; and the manager, seeing no likelihood of getting on smoothly, came forward and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is scarcely necessary for me to say, that we cannot get on with the business of the evening, if these interruptions are to be continued. If the gentleman be not satisfied with our exertions, the door-keeper will return his money; for we cannot at this time alter the play."—"Aweel, aweel, it's a bargain. I'll gang out wi' a' my heart. I never was in a playhouse before, and if it's a' lies ye gang on wi' here, the sooner I'm out o' your place the better.—Ye'se ne'er get my siller again for sic a purpose; nor sall a bawbee o' mine e'er gang to the support of the Father of Lies. Ye're far waur than the tumblers and fools;—they risk the body, but you ruin the soul." So saying, John and Sandy, who seemed confounded at his friend's conduct, took their leave; and, as I had seen enough of Leith Theatre for one night, I followed their example.

When the two friends got to the street, Sandy attacked his companion for his unruly behaviour in interrupting the performance. "Lordsake, John, man, what for did ye cry out in yon fashion? Do ye no ken that it's a' representation and similitude thegither? The folk ye saw yonder are no gentles, but just players, dressed up like lords and ladies; and a play is just a novell, spoken by folk in the dresses o' what ye would suppose real in life; and there's aye some good moral lesson to be learned at the end."—"I ken naething about your plays, and as little about your novells, as ye ca' them; and learned folk may draw good out o' them, as bumbees suck honey out o' nettles,—but sic as you and me are mair ready to get our hands stinged."—"Hoots, John, ye're rinnin' awa wi the tether a'thegither! There's mony o' thae play-books have things in them just like a minister's sermon,—as gude every bit."—"It may be sae," replied John, "but am feart it's an unco round about way o seeking good to look for it in sic books. We hae the written word, and mony a volume o' godly sermons, where we hae our duty set down at ance, and havena the trouble o' looking for't like a needle in a bottle o' strae."—"John, ye're wrang," said Sandy; "for they say the minister himsel' reads Shakespeare's play-books, and the Tales o' my Landlord, and other novells; and ye ken he wadna for the world do it

if it wasna allowable."—"I ken naething about your Shakespeare, I tell you; but to ca' the true tales about the Covenanters a novell, ye may as weel ca' the Solemn League and Covenant a ballant, and say at ance that Mr Peden's prophecies are no true. My grandfather, and my wife's grandfather, and auld uncle Thamas, that's buried in the neuk o' the kirkyard, was among these persecuted people; and mony a tale did they tell my father o' that Satan's limb Claver'se, and the bloody Dalyell. I've often heard the haill story, and muckle mair; and if the schoolmaster that put out the book had come to me, I aiblins wad hae tell'd him something anent thae bloody persecutors, that would hae gart him think mair unfavourably of their conduct. Na, na, Sandy, that's nae novell. I'll answer for every word o't; ay, and the story o' Jock Porteous to the bargain. Od, man, our auld laird has tell'd my ain father, that that night he had on his leddy's claes, and keepit sentry at the Wast Port yett a' the time."

I had now reached the bottom of Leith-Walk, listening to the preceding dialogue, when it came on to rain violently; and not thinking the conversation, (which I perceived verging to a point upon which a Scottish peasant can speak for ever,) worthy of being ducked to the skin for, I passed on before, and was soon at home.

## Chapter XVII.

*Christopher Columbus is disturbed by a Ghost!*

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?
*Hor.* My lord, I did:
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Shakespeare.—*Hamlet.*

The belief in a future state, and of the existence of disembodied spirits, is one of the most universally received articles of faith among the human race. No nation, however civilized,—scarcely any tribe, however savage,—but has its joys or its fears increased by the contemplation of the life to come,—when, after the frail tenement is laid in its earthy bed, the immaterial and immortal part begins a new stage of existence, either inconceivably happy, or beyond conception miserable, according as, in their state of probation, their lives have been virtuous, or the reverse. With this belief, and these ideas, which mingle in every view we take of futurity; and with that knowledge of the uncertainty of life which daily experience is calculated to demonstrate, it is not wonderful that every fancied appearance of a being from the world of spirits should strike with alarm, and inspire with undisguisable terror. It is possible that the greater part of these appearances may be merely the delusions of the senses, or unreal images, conjured up by an excited imagination; but the sceptical assertion of the non-existence and non-appearance of the spirits of the departed, is not confirmed by human experience, or by human history. Though unwilling to believe in the majority of instances of apparitions which have been related; yet as the thing is quite possible, by the permission of that Great Being, whom we are taught to consider as the "Father of our Spirits," as well as the "Former of our Bodies," I think it neither unchristian nor unphilosophical, to entertain a qualified belief in the occasional appearance of beings from the invisible world.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

The sylphs and genii of other countries, and of other times, and the brownies and fairies of our own, are much too great favourites, to allow them to be annihilated at the dictum of a sceptical and cold-blooded philosophy, even if that philosophy were true; but while men exist, the same feelings and the same belief will continue; and spectres will still hallow the repose of the dead;—fairies still

dance by moonlight on the haunted knoll;—and the unsophisticated sage, and unlearned peasant, will still recognize in the appearances of nature, the agency of a Being inconceivably powerful and infinitely good.

But even allowing the existence and appearance of ghosts, spirits, and fairies of every description to be questionable, their use in Poetry and Romance, and their higher moral purpose in deterring from crime those who are not to be restrained by other considerations, render a belief in their agency a desirable part of the code of faith among civilized nations. Many a one to whom legal and corporal punishment has no terrors, have, there is no doubt, been prevented from adding murder to robbery, by the apprehension of a bleeding spectre disturbing their midnight and solitary hours with the horrors of crimes displayed, and of a world to come; and although the belief in an All-seeing Being, to whom our every action is exposed, even in its naked motives, should have the same effect, yet I know not how it is, but thousands who disregard the one, would shrink at the most distant idea of the appearance of the other;—and those who daily brave the threatenings of the Most High, would be thawed to imbecility, by the apparition of an injured fellow creature from the world of spirits,

"And each particular hair would stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

There is another consideration which may be mentioned as an analogical argument for the existence of classes of intellectual beings different from man, which may have some weight with those to whom the Scriptures are no authority; and that is, that in Nature there are no breaks, no *saltus*, no leaps from extreme to extreme,—but all is connected by the most wonderful and insensible gradations. Stones are found verging to the forms and qualities of plants;—some vegetables appear to possess habits almost animal;—and, among the brute creation, Instinct often reaches to the intelligence of Reason. May not there, then, be existences superior to man; classes of beings which unite him with intelligences free from the stains of moral error, and connect him more nearly (though at distance indescribable) with the "wonder-working Lord of All." Whether, therefore, "Margaret's grimly ghost," (the most interesting female spirit with which I am acquainted,) appears to her lover with countenance

——— "like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;"

whether the spirit of the waters howls the approaching storm; or the ghost of the murdered signs the murderer to the bar of retribution;—whether the wraiths of acquaintance glide past in immaterial shadow before my eyes, or my dreams are haunted by appearances of friends long since departed,—I rejoice in the connexion between this world and another, which is thus kept up, and endeavour to act as becomes a being who, when "all this fair creation" sinks to insignificance, shall rise

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

But I forget that I am yet a traveller on the earth's surface, and that my kind friends are all this while waiting for the continuance of my adventures.

Well, then, as I was sitting in my little parlour one evening, the children all to bed, and the house perfectly quiet, I heard a bell ring, and Betty appeared immediately after, and opened the door, saying, "Sir! was you ringing?"—"No, Betty, I was not ringing now; perhaps it was the door-bell." Betty asserted it was not the door-bell, "for she had been ower lang in the house no to ken a' the bells in't." However, it was possible it might be the door-bell, and she accordingly went to see if any person was there: There was nobody. "There's naebody at the door, sir! I was sure it wasna the door-bell, for I looked up when it rang, and saw the parlour-bell wagging."—"I assure you, Betty, that I did not ring," replied I; "but you have been sleeping, and dreamt of bells, or it may have been from some of the rooms up stairs."—"I was as waking as I am just now, but I'll gang and see," said Betty; and up she went. In a few moments she returned with the intelligence that all the family, ourselves excepted, were asleep. "That is very strange," said I, "for I heard the ringing myself; and it must either be some person in the house, or a

ghost."—"A ghaist!—Preserve us a'! I hope it's naething o' that kind; but I am sure it canna be for me, for I am nae waur than my neighbours, and that's a good deal to say."—"Never mind," said I to Betty; "if it does no more harm, it may e'en ring the bell as long as it pleases. You may go away."—"Awa! 'deed, sir, to tell ye the truth, I'm fear'd to gang down the stair my lane, in case it's something uncanny."—"Go, you stupid fool, there is no such thing as ghosts," replied I, in a tone of assurance—"all nursery tales." Betty went away, not without apprehensions of something supernatural; but in place of going down to the kitchen, she went up stairs.

I now began to think of the cause of the bell ringing so unexpectedly, and at such an hour, for it was near twelve o'clock; and as I myself had heard it distinctly, I could not be persuaded it was altogether an illusion. The sight of the bell-rope still vibrating, to which I now turned my eyes, also shewed that there was something in it more than the poor girl's apprehensions. I trust I am not very deficient in personal courage upon proper occasions; but I thought at this moment that the candle gave a fainter light than usual, and another look convinced me that the flame was actually of a deeper blue than ordinary. To ascertain if any thing was wrong with the bell, I applied my hand to the cord, and pulled it once or twice. It rung violently, and a loud scream, and the sound as of a heavy body falling on the floor above, instantly succeeded. Fear is sympathetic, and I now began to feel that I was not insensible to terror. My stick also lost its balance, from some unknown cause, and fell from its situation in the corner; and though at any other time this circumstance should not have alarmed me, yet I cannot say I was free from apprehension. I looked round the room to see if the other articles in it retained their quiescent posture, and in dread that the poker and tongs might take it into their heads to waltz,—my pen and ink dance a saraband before my astonished eyes,—and the tables and chairs arrange themselves for a country dance. After a moment's hesitation, I snatched up the candle, and rushed towards the door; but, O horror!—a gust of wind blew out the light, and the candlestick dropt from my hand. Darkness was now added to my other terrors—deep groans and moaning were heard, and a hissing noise, like the rushing of water, sounded in my ears.

Deprived for a few seconds of my muscular strength, I attempted in vain to move from the spot; a cold dew trickled down my forehead, and I felt all the horrors of a premature connection with the invisible world. Recovering my recollection, I rushed up stairs. The groans now swelled louder on my ear, the hissing noise again began, and to escape from both, I bounded up like an antelope, taking the reach of two steps at one. I had almost reached the second floor, when my foot, striking a soft substance violently, I lost my balance, and tumbled over a human body. "Gracious powers! what is this!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "Lord have mercy upon me!" cried out a voice in a stifled tone of anguish, "and preserve me from the Evil One! I'm gone now!—I'm murdered outright." Luckily for us all, I had by this time become so accustomed to fear, that it did not deprive me of the use of my voice; and I cried out with vehemence, "Lights!—a light here!—there is a body in the stair." A chamber-lamp now peeped from the nursery door. "There it's again!" said the voice; "see till't coming again!—the awfu' thing's coming!"

The whole house was now alarmed, at least all the grown-up inmates; Mrs Columbus appeared half-dressed—lights were procured,—and I found by this means that one cause of my terror was removed. The body upon which I had stumbled was that of poor Betty, who had fallen down in a fainting fit at the second ringing of the bell; and the terror occasioned by my violent fall, and perhaps pain by the prostration so suddenly of my specific gravity, (I weigh ten stone, jockey-weight,) made her think the Enemy of Mankind had clutched, and was going to fly away with her out at the window.

"What a ridiculous business is this," said Mrs Columbus; "and how does it happen that you and your master are scrambling in the stair together at this time of night?" and she eyed me, as if she had detected me in lese-majesty to her highness.—"It's something no canny in the house, mem,

answered Betty, with great simplicity; "for as I was sitting in the kitchen all the bells rung at once; and when I went up the stair and found it was naebody ringing, I was gaun up to cry on Jenny, for I was feart, when they a' rung again; a flash of fire glanced in my een, and an unearthly cry, like a howlet's *whusht*, made me fa' down in a dwaum."—The other girl seemed to swallow the narration greedily, and the expression of her countenance, and the trembling of her hand which held the candle, shewed that she was prepared to be as terrified as possible, did any thing occur to alarm her fears.

"I have broken my shins on your account, Mrs Betty," said I; "you tripped me up so completely, as I was running up stairs."—"Lordsake, sir, was it you that fell aboon me! I'm glad o' that, for I thought it was the ghaist, or that the ceiling o' the house had fa'en down."—"Well, well," said Mrs Columbus, "I don't understand this story, but we will see about it all to-morrow. Meantime, go you, Betty, and get the candle from the parlour, and go to bed."—"Me gang for the candle, mem!" answered Betty, "I wadna gang down the stair again the night, if ye war to gie me the haill house to mysell. I winna sleep anither night in't. I'm sure I wad gang out o' my judgment if I did."—"Jenny, go you; Mr Columbus will go with you, and take this light in your hand."—"Eh, mem, you manna ask me to gang, for if I war to see ony thing uncanny, I am sure it would drive me dementit."—"Come, give me the light and I'll go myself," said I; "we cannot stop here all night." Just as I was about to take the light and descend, a long-sounding "hush" was heard, which was followed by a noise like the report of a pistol, but which, increased by the silence, resounded in our ears like a peal of thunder. Mrs Columbus exclaimed in terror, seizing my arm, "Gracious, what's that! Christopher, you must not go!" The two girls yelled in chorus, their eyes like to start from their sockets, and likewise clung round me for protection, ejaculating such portions of Scripture as fear had not totally banished from their memory.

We now, by common consent, adjourned to a bed-room, leaving the children to take care of themselves, as no persuasion could induce the girls to move from my side. Here, in close conclave, it was resolved, in the first place, that the house was certainly haunted by some "perturbed spirit" or other; and, in the second place, upon the suggestion of Mrs Columbus, it was unanimously agreed on, that, in case the alarming sounds had proceeded from thieves, (though that was scarcely possible, considering the care had in locking the doors,) it would be necessary to arm, and examine the dining-room, from which apartment the noise seemed to have proceeded. The order of march was the next consideration. I had the honour to be selected as the forlorn hope, and was armed with a poker, the only weapon which was at hand. The two girls followed, one of them carrying a light, linked arm in arm, like a Macedonian phalanx; and Mrs Columbus brought up the rear, protected by one of the children's school Bibles, which she was forced to take up, on the asseverations of the lassies, that its possession would keep us unhurt should the Enemy of Mankind dare to shew his face. We descended the stair cautiously, and in silence, except the muttering of occasional wishes for our preservation, by the frightened maidens. The hissing noise had ceased; no groans were heard; but at the bottom of the stair lay the candlestick which I had dropped. The dining-room door was partially open; I grasped the poker more firmly in my hand, and set my teeth in firm defiance. Before entering, however, I listened for a moment, my left hand in the act of pushing up the door. My female companions, with eyes like saucers, stood two or three steps behind me, ready to scream at the sight of the terrible apparition. I pushed the door hastily open; the hissing sound again was heard; a loud noise succeeded, mingled with the crashing as of glass; the candle dropt from the hand that held it, and was extinguished; and the screams of the females added to the horrors of a scene already almost overpowering. Had the devil, or a robber, now appeared, he would have been in perfect safety for me, for my arms and coat were seized, and that so firmly, by the womankind, that I could not move. By common consent, or rather instinct, we again retreated up stairs, in hollow square, as well as three indi-

viduals could form a square; and, after some further deliberations, in which I reassured myself it could not be thieves, I procured a light, and went down boldly, the candle in one hand, and the poker in the other. The females, as usual, persuaded me not to venture; but, as I saw there was to be no end to the business without a little risk, I determined to persevere. At the fatal door, I hesitated a moment, whether or not I should enter, but at last I rushed in, and found——how shall I tell it?——that the cause of our terror was——the bursting of two beer-bottles, under the side-board.

The extremes of passion are nearly allied, and laughing and crying often accompany one another on any strong excitement. I was almost ready to drop the candle once more with downright laughter; and all my alarm was changed to mirth, by the appearance of the beerless and shattered bottles. The noise I made reached the apartment above, and I understood afterwards, before I had communicated the true reason, it was conjectured that my laughter was hysterical, or the sportive effusions of mirth-loving fiends, enjoying the trepidation of me, Christopher Columbus. But I soon put an end to all apprehensions for my safety, by calling out,—"Betty! Betty!—come down, and wipe up the heart's blood of the murdered beer-bottles!"—"Eh! what!" said Betty, "is a' safe?—Is there naething to be fear'd for?"—"Nothing but your own foolish imaginations," replied I. The party now descended. "Gude sake, is that a'?" said Jenny. "Quite enough at once," said Mrs Columbus; "but you must never leave your beer there again all night, Betty.—It is monstrously teasing to have the house turned upside down for such a silly thing."

Our fears were now at an end. The hissing noise, which sounded in the moment of alarm like the fall of a distant cataract, was now easily traced to the action of the fermenting liquid, and the noise that had alarmed us so much proceeded from the action of the same agent, in expelling the unwilling corks. The groans I heard, on first leaving my apartment, were traced to the fear of Mrs Betty, which made her fall in the stair; and the gust of wind, which extinguished my candle, was found to be owing to the hurried opening of the door. One thing alone remained to be accounted for, and that was, the supernatural ringing of the bell. This was also, after some experiments on the bell-rope, satisfactorily ascertained to have proceeded from some slight injury to the spring.

The family were now about to retire, when the noise of a distant drum was heard. "What can that be!" said Mrs Columbus; and new seriousness, if not terror, again began to overspread our countenances. "It sounds very like the fire-drum," said I.—"You're right, sir, you're quite right; I'm sure it's just the fire-drum," said Betty. "Eh! it sounds awfu' at this time o' night." The conjecture was but too true. It was the fire-drum; and a gleam of light to the northward, and a confused noise of voices, shewed that the fire was at no great distance. Fire is a dreadful calamity; and even excess of caution is laudable to prevent or lessen its devastations. In a few minutes the partial appearance of the flames waving beyond the chimney-tops pointed out the precise spot, and we were rivetted to the window looking at its incontrollable progress. I was on the eve of putting on my hat, and going to see if proper assistance had been procured; but was stopped by the persuasions of Mrs Columbus, who said that on these occasions in Edinburgh there were always too many people assembled. "Besides," said she, "you will catch cold, not being accustomed to be out at night, and I should be afraid to be left alone after what has happened." I allowed myself to be persuaded; though we could not think of going to bed, but stood fascinated at the window, gazing in hopeless concern for the preservation of the little furniture of the inmates.

The flames now ascended to a great height, and illuminated the surrounding streets to a distance. The chimneys rose in striking outline amidst the general darkness. It was a sublime sight; and could one have divested one's self of the apprehension of danger or ruin to those who occupied the houses in flames, it might have furnished a desirable study for a painter. It struck one o'clock in St Giles's. The noise increased, and the rattling of the fire-engines to the spot conveyed the idea of a city taken by storm. The exertions to moderate the violence

of the fire, seemed to little purpose. "God preserve us from accidents by fire!" said Mrs Columbus.—"It's a terrible flame that!—we hear the very joists crackling," answered Mrs Betty.—"If the folks' lives be safe, let their gudes gang," remarked Jenny; "the warld's aye to the fore for the winning."

In a little time the roof fell with a tremendous crash, and the flames ascended with redoubled violence, far above the surrounding buildings, carrying with them the embers of the wood, which were thrown like rockets to a considerable distance. A kind of shout accompanied the falling in of the roof, and the noise of the voices was heard in louder command and reply. The appearance of the fire was now strikingly grand; the whole surrounding houses and projecting chimney stalks were lighted up with the glare; and the venerable spire of St Giles rose in magnificence, one side gilded by the light, while the other was in deep shadow. Every scene in nature acquires a deeper interest as human beings are connected with it either as actors or sufferers; and had we known the melancholy fate of some of the inhabitants of the pile now in flames before us, we should have felt an interest incalculably deeper in the spectacle of the destructive element, whose rapid progress had rendered means of escape to them impossible. As it was, we were fascinated to the spot, expressing vain regrets for the loss which must be occasioned to the poor inhabitants, who very seldom avail themselves of the protection of insurance against fire. The structure of most of the houses in Edinburgh, being built of stone, and their division-walls and stairs of the same material, fortunately renders loss of life an uncommon accident. It was not till next morning we learned that the fire we had witnessed had occasioned the death of three unfortunate creatures, and what was more melancholy still, all of one family. They had been roused from their beds by the progress of the flames, which had already cut off their retreat; and in the agony of despair, the poor man, with a hatchet, had begun, it is said, to open a way through the partition-wall of the neighbouring house, when the hatchet unfortunately broke with the violence of the strokes. There was now no alternative but in leaping from a height (three stories) which would render death as certain, though not so terrible, as being destroyed by fire. The alarm at this time had scarcely been given—the crowd had not collected—when the man, an old soldier who had served in the Peninsula, taking a child in his hand, (a boy of about six years of age,) took the fatal leap. The child was killed on the spot, and the man severely bruised. His wife, a Portuguese woman, whom he had married in his campaigns, followed the fatal example, with an infant in her arms not a year old. The unfortunate woman and the little innocent were found a few minutes after beyond hopes of recovery; and the husband, whom his overpowering calamity had, it is said, almost driven to distraction, deposited (with a solitary exception) his whole family in one grave, two days after.

### PRIVATE NOTE, TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

*This is to be carefully read once a-day by all the citizens of Edinburgh, till further notice.*

I already tremble for the honour of the Scottish capital, when the King and his Court shall visit us next summer; and I blush even now to think that our city state must be beholden to John Wells's hackney-coaches. What will the nobles of England and Ireland, and the Mayors of London and Dublin think of us, that we cannot afford a state coach for our chief magistrate, nor pay the expence of a mansion-house! Upon my word, dearly as I should like to see the Parthenon of Athens perched on the top of the Calton-hill, I would almost vote to take the cash subscribed for this purpose, and cover our nakedness by the building of a mansion-house, and the purchase of a coach, for the credit of the city. Charles Oman is a good enough fellow in his way; but will it be decorous on the part of the city rulers to ask his Majesty to a tavern dinner

either at Charlie's or in the Assembly-rooms? Or is it consistent with the pride of Scotsmen to allow the first magistrate of their chief city to be obliged for the display of his brief dignity to John Wells? No, fellow-citizens! Let a coach be commissioned this instant from Messrs Crichton and Co.; let it be a good, thrifty, substantial article, with plenty of room inside, (magistrates are sometimes bulky men;) and let the large building in the west of George's-street, called the *Tontine*, be immediately purchased, and fitted up as a mansion for our Provosts, where these right honourable gentlemen may do the honours of the city to illustrious strangers, as becomes the modern Athens. The thing is not yet too late. The building above-mentioned may be put in order in less than three months, provided it be immediately set about; and before his Majesty arrives, we may be in a situation to shew that we have a mansion for our Provost, as well as a palace for our Prince.

As I am on city politics, I take the liberty of suggesting, that in place of carrying our races in future to Musselburgh, it would be desirable to confine them to our own neighbourhood. For this purpose no place is so well adapted as the parks in the neighbourhood of the Palace, called St Anne's Yards, and the Duke's Walk; and were Comely Garden and the park and garden to the N. E., (now divided from the Duke's Walk by an old dike,) purchased by Government, along with the two old houses, and the wretched cottages and cow-houses at Croftangrie removed, it would not only be a permanent improvement to the palace and city, but afford a racing ground no where to be surpassed. The unrivalled amphitheatre of hills by which this level track is surrounded, including the Calton-Hill and Arthur's Seat, would form a grand feature in the scene, and afford accommodation to twice the population of the capital to behold the races in safety. The tents and stalls for drinking, puppet shows, and all the other little requisites expected by the crowd at a horse-race, might be snugly arranged in the neighbouring valley; and there might our humble fellow-citizens amuse themselves at the rowley powley and quoits, or get tipsey in rural retirement, and sleep without danger of horses and carriages, till the bleating of sheep and the shrill cries of the wild birds aroused them to work and sobriety.

But whether or not it were desirable to convert this fine piece of ground into a racing-course, I do insist that the said property be purchased, the dikes levelled, and the old houses removed, for the purpose of making a proper entrance to the Palace, and forming a corresponding lawn. The old flower plot at the back of the Palace must also be removed, its enclosure taken down, and the ground levelled to the bottom of the walls. In this case, what a splendid approach might be formed, connected with the eastern termination of the road over the Calton-Hill, to "our Palace of Holyroodhouse;" and another, still more splendid, might be formed at the other termination of the Park, near to what is now called the *Watering-Stane*. One or other, or both of these approaches, is absolutely necessary to avoid the long, dirty, and narrow suburb of Canongate, and the still more horrible entrance by Croftangrie. No gentleman of moderate fortune, were such a piece of ground, and such a house, his property, but would adopt something of the kind I have now suggested; and so satisfied am I of even its advantage to increase the beauty and grandeur of "mine own romantic town," that I, for one, shall not advise his Majesty to come to Edinburgh if this be not done; nay, so far as my influence goes, endeavour to prevent the royal visit altogether. It is far better that the King should dream or read of having a fine Palace called Holyroodhouse in the capital of Scotland, where his ancestors, and our native princes, held their royal courts, than that he should come unawares upon us, and find himself obliged to engage a bed at

Oman's or the Black Bull, or take up his abode in the neighbourhood of stagnant drains, and next door to a close of cow-feeders.

But I hope better things of the public officers, and from the public spirit of the inhabitants; and I have no doubt, now that the thing is suggested, that if it were properly set about, the Barons of Exchequer would give their aid to its speedy completion. The Palace and its environs have been too long neglected; and I do not flatter myself by saying, that if I, Christopher Columbus, were to be appointed ranger of the King's Park, (and it is my favourite walk,) either with or without a lodging in the Palace, and with any thing of a decentish salary, things would be conducted in quite a different manner. I would, in that case, plant a good deal of the rocky banks; cut many delightful terraces on the acclivities, and strew them with shrubberies; sweep away all the awkward dikes; cover St Anthony's venerable chapel and hermitage with ivy; totally remove the stiles, and replace them with swing-gates where necessary; and put a final stop to the demolition of that superb natural mural crown —Salisbury Crags. No great sum would be required for this purpose; and I am quite sure if his Majesty saw the magnificent grounds round his Palace, or if Mr Williams, or that clever young artist Gasteneaux, would take accurate drawings of them in all their delightful points of view, I should not have to wait long for my appointment. I should then take the liberty of writing to the Duke of Atholl, in my official capacity, as ranger of the park, to request the present of a herd of red-deer; and take measures to let Lord Breadalbane know, that a few scores of fallow-deer would be required to tenant the ornamented lawn.

I take it for granted that the chapel royal is to be repaired as projected, and therefore I say nothing on that head; but to compensate the poor owls who would by this reparation be disturbed in "their silent, solitary reign," I would remove them to St Anthony's Chapel, and even, with the broken fragments, build them a kind of belfry for shelter, and furnish them with one year's supply of mice. The hawks, the ancient inhabitants of the precipitous cliffs, to which they have a prescriptive and indefeasible right, I would not remove, but protect; and even, by the introduction of different species, have always at command a sufficient number of these graceful animals, for the noble and kingly sport of falconry. Every morning I should mount my poney to see that things were going on to my mind, and every evening I should——

I was here interrupted, very much to my regret, by the girl opening my chamber door. "Who's there—What do you want, Betty?"—"Sir, Mrs Columbus bids me say that she has been waiting supper for you this hour. The eggs are useless already, and the het water's cauld!"—This interruption broke the thread of my ideas; and though I had a great deal more to say on the subject, yet, so difficult is it to recover a train of thought dispelled by other associations, that I must postpone what I have further to urge till another opportunity.

## TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

We have discovered a plot. Not a dark-lantern business of gunpowder and matches, like Guy Fawkes's, nor of hand-grenades and sabres, like the Cato-street atrocity—nevertheless it is a treasonable conspiracy, having, fortunately, one point of resemblance to the two plots above-mentioned—that it has been discovered and defeated in time. It was directed against ourselves, it aimed at the subversion of our supremacy in the periodical world, and was intended to bring into contempt us, the contributors' Sovereign Lord the Editor, our Magazine, and dignity.

Readers cannot have forgotten an absurd Round-Robin from a shallow-pated junto of disappointed correspondents, who had cockered themselves up by a give-and-take system of self-eulogy, till they fancied themselves constrained by an unanimous feeling of their own surpassing merit, to prescribe to us what we ought to insert. We published their appeal, and added notes, by our own individual self, of the most soothing and kindly quality. These gentlemen and ladies, however, are so sore in the chest, with catarrhs, brought on, we presume, by the puffs of flattery, with which they are in the inveterate practice of ventilating one another, that even the emulsion of our notes, soft and tranquillizing, as if dulcified by oil of almonds, could not be swallowed by them without causing strong symptoms of exacerbation in their disordered breasts. Here, however, it is right that we make a distinction—we must not accuse the whole of those who joined in the petition before declared; some were found still bearing true allegiance to us,—to us, their lawful potentate in matters critical, as long as they claim the privileges of that respectable body literate, the contributors to Maga. We do not divulge how many out of the fourteen adhere to their loyalty, because we believe that one or two are in a wavering state, and will probably, when they see the disgrace which the rebels incur, quit the debateable land, and come over and entrench themselves on the right side, where they shall enjoy all the advantages of a plenary amnesty. One of the band, however, was so pre-eminently true to his original fealty, that it was by his means that we were made acquainted with, and enabled to frustrate, the machinations of the evil-disposed. He boldly rushed into their conclave, seized upon their papers, and transmitted the pestiferous bale to us, shewing himself a very Abdiel,

> ——— Faithful found,
> Among the faithless, faithful only he.

(But this we qualify according to the statement above; nevertheless, he deserves to be reported of as)—

> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal—

and perhaps it is solely through him that we, at this present moment, are sitting on the throne of these realms of Maga, (*scilicet*, the great-chair in Ebony's back-shop,) and in undisturbed control over demi-gods, angels, devils, and men.—Our demi-gods are those Titans of wit and learning, Odoherty, Wastle, Kempferhausen, and Co.—Our angels are the ladies, whose crow-quills indite delicate articles on pink-edged Bath wove, and very pretty reading they are.—Our devils flit on sooty pinions around the presses of Messrs Ballantyne;—and our every-day subjects are the myriads in the three kingdoms, whose half-crowns are, without grumbling, paid monthly into our exchequer. Yes, to Abdiel, (for in compassion to some of his party he wishes not to be named,) we are indebted for all this; and to a discerning public we commit our vindication and defence; so to the end that the community at large may see the villainy of the designs of these conjurators, (not conjurors—we acquit them of all expertness in that way,) we shall hereunder pillory some of the documents in our possession; thus giving over to utter scorn the railing invectives of these foul-mouthed chaps, their futile imprecations, and their other impotent attempts against our peace.

It appears that the lever by which these Round-Robin men, this Archimedes corporate, meant to move the world of Christopher North's renown, was to be—a book. By means of a

desperate jerk of this paper lever, propped on the fulcrum of public opinion, these our dominions in fame were to be tilted up and sent—

——— Ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air—upwhirl'd aloft,
The sport of winds.

So that we, (who, vanity apart, are without controversy Editorum facile princeps,) were to be left as bare of literary reputation, as Jeremy Bentham for instance, or any other unreadable, and *ergo* unread, writer of the present day. It is not quite clear what was to be the title-page designation of this declaration of war, and its authors seem to have tampered with a good many. As far as we can make out from some blurred sheets, it looks as if "Vindiciæ Asininæ" had been submitted by a wiseacre, but had been struck out by a more clear-sighted colleague—it would however have been very appropriate. Another Latin prefix was "Northius Obsessus," but probably, as all did not understand it, it met with the luck of the preceding. One wag had put down—

"A rod for the back
Of Kit and his pack."

And there is reason to believe that this might have been adopted, had not the snake been scotched, before it was ready to issue from its hole. After all, the prosaic enunciation of "Christopher's Downfall, or Northern Stolidity in disgrace," may have had their votes, for it is written in a conspicuous hand.

What was to come first in the farrago, and what last, we do not know, because the capture of the rebels' goods was made before they were duly disposed in order—so we must put forth our specimens quite at random. We first then give the misdoings of Omicron, who (it will be in the recollection of our friends,) was the fabricator of a "Celestial Tour." He still has a hankering after preterhuman powers, and here assumes the magical influence of Kehama, making us the Ladurlad of the occasion. He is, however, but a sorry imitator of that wholesale dealer in phlogistic curses, as his imprecations do not take effect—for, (be it known to him, and we thank him,) we have felt our rheumatism rather less troublesome this autumn than usual. Notwithstanding, hear what cruel things he would accomplish, if he could.

"THE CURSE OF OMICRON.

"I DOOM thy foot
To the torment of gout,
And may each of its twinges
Be felt in thy marrow,
Like a sword or an arrow;
Or that crush which constringes
All our nerves in a twist,
When Doctor Scott's wrist
A fang'd grinder unhinges.
This alone shall not slake
The vengeance I'll take.
In tone more emphatic,
Thy great toe I consign
To the shrewd discipline
Of a visit rheumatic,—
A stinging incessant,—
A gnawing not pleasant,—
Fits hot and fits cold—
No peace when thou'rt sitting,
No release when thou'rt flitting,
But pains manifold;
For Water and Fire
Shall together conspire,
And in turn shall beset thee;
So that when thou goest forth
A shower shall aye wet thee.
Keep in, then, KIT NORTH,
The roasting shall fret thee,
Damp feet make thee shrug,
If on pavement thou venture!
And if rashly thou enter
Some friend's open door,
Thou shalt find on the floor
Neither carpet nor rug.
Thou shalt live on,—a sight—
While Omicron shall write,
And Editors woo me,
Devoid of thy spite.
Thou, in swathings of flannel,
Thy foot shalt impannel,
An object of wonder,
Crumpled over and under,
So that folks keep aloof
For fear 'tis a hoof,—
So appalling the view!
And be what will the weather,
It shall ne'er wear a Shoe
Manufactured of leather.
And thy Boot shall obey me,
And cover it never,
And the spell shall be on thee
For ever and ever!"

Don't your teeth chatter with horror and trepidation, like Corporal Trim's, or Harry Gill's, our pitying Public? But, to relieve your apprehensions for our foot's welfare, (put up your white pocket-handkerchiefs, dear readers of the gentler sex! your sympathy is overpowering, and withal, needlessly excited,) we can assure you, and we call on Mr Blackwood to corroborate our

declaration, that we have both our good, serviceable, thick-soled leathern shoes upon our feet at this very epoch of being calumniated; so what becomes of his condemnation of us to the crippled state of being only able to wear half a pair at a time? Nay, we possess a pair of boots, which we scorn to leave behind whenever we jog over to Glasgow, and which, indeed, have incased these legs, and done good service, within the last three weeks. So you see, deeply-interested and partly-tearful audience, how wretched a performer Omicron is in the part of Kehama, being his first appearance in that character. But I see, righteous Public, what your opinion is, and what is his destiny,—you are determined to hiss him off the stage,—he is slinking away,—well he is done for.

The next production is by a conspirator of a very white-livered complection, who signs himself Domesticus. It is entitled "A Familiar Essay on the Character and Conduct of Blackwood's Magazine, with especial reference to No. LIV." It opens in this lack-a-daysical tone:—"I was sitting at tea, on the second of September—a balmy evening, and we had the window open, so that a box of mignonette blended its fragrance with that of the nine shilling hyson.—This was extremely pleasant; but I cannot say that I think it altogether so comfortable as tea-time in winter, when one nudges close into the corner of the sofa, and has the toast kept hot on the fender; indeed, we do not have toast to tea in the summer, which omission alters the whole features of the thing; however, in spite of all this, it was agreeable enough, and so I expressed myself to Kate—" But there is no end to this. In brief, after wallowing in an ocean of sentimental small-talk, he tells us that the Nos. for August arrive: he falls into a wonderment at not meeting with his "Hearth-Rug Promptings;" then he simmers in a warm-watery transport of rage and grief at discovering the note which indicates our will that they shall not appear at all; after which he cools down into a fit of the sullens, in which he attempts to pick holes in No. 54, complaining of "that eternal Steam-boat," whining over the strangeness of our admitting the "Travels of Columbus," while his own superfine compositions are black-balled. In fine, what with lifting up his hands in consternation, shewing the whites of his eyes in amazement, and drawing down the corners of his mouth in affected reprobation of all he finds, he works himself into a little heat again, and thus bursts out: "This Magazine is fated to be the destruction of all that is lovely and engaging in the literature of this remarkable era. If infant genius, with the tottering step, and mantling blush of diffidence, ventures to approach, it is mercilessly strangled,—if buds of talent shew promise of bloom in its neighbourhood, they are rapaciously plucked and trampled upon,—if a gem is disclosed, which, in proper setting, and worn on the finger of beauty, would refract the aerial light most charmingly, it is smashed to atoms by Christopher North's heavy hammer, and mingled with the dust. Oh! sickening thought, said I, as I rose and looked out at the open window, and saw not a leaf stirring upon our three poplars, and all nature, indeed, as tranquil as if this domineering Editor did not infest the earth with his hated presence, Oh, my poor heart! I ejaculated, nature truly has bowels of sensibility, but man has none!" These are riddles; but if our refusal to print his articles be kept steadily in view, the half-meaning of the shadowy nothings is discoverable: but really we can devote no more space to the spooney and his maudlin lamentations. In consideration of his imbecility, we shall deal leniently with him.

The galvaniser of frogs comes next, and he endeavours to give us a shock with a sonnet, but his battery is a poor one.

"To Blackwood's Magazine, No. LIV.

"Drab-coated book, in quakerly disguise!
Quaker in nought but in thine outward trim,
For neath that sober surtout thou art brim-
Full of all swearing tearing insolencies.
Thou scorn'st good authors, bad dost patronize.
No wonder George Buchanan looks so grim,
A-thinking of the stuff that's under him;—
Besides, within a thistle-bed he lies,—

Meet emblem of the lot which Christopher,
(Because he'll bear no rival near his throne,)
Assigns an evil-starr'd Contributor:—
Hence 'twas Hortensius' fair fame was stifled,
Kit fear'd *his* sonnets would eclipse his own;
So he suppress'd them, but their thoughts he rifled!"

Suppressed!—What d'ye mean? Didn't we print, (we forget in which No.,) your sonnet "To the half of a broken pair of Scissars," beginning "Ah me, thou helplessest of helpless things?" The reading public did not approve of it—the thermometer of popular opinion was down at 32, under its frigorific influence, so that we were abundantly justified in stuffing no more of Mr Twitch's sonnets down the regurgitating throats of the literary multitude. He may have a whole quire of his fourteeners by applying in Prince's Street; and, moreover, as to the charge of rifling the thoughts they contain,—of our enacting the busy bee in the nectareous cups of these flowers,—why, we can only say this—that Mr Blackwood has orders to pay a guinea with every one of these sonnets, in which Mr Hortensius Twitch shall point out to the satisfaction of any chance passer-by the shop-window, (whom he and Mr B., without collusion before-hand, are to lay their paws upon for his purpose,) that there is actually a thought contained! It must be a definite thought,—one which has been regularly brooded on in Mr T.'s brain, has chipped the shell in the said sonnet, and there stands visibly and intelligibly fledged, and recognizable as a distinct thought by ordinary capacities. If he can only point symptoms of approximation towards a thought, Mr B. is, in that case, only empowered to remunerate the disconsolate poet at the rate of half a crown per sonnet so qualified.

V. D. B.'s share in the crime is of a deeper stain. He is diabolically desirous of setting forth our infirmities as matter of merriment. "With all the fierce endeavour of his wit," not indeed "making the pained impotent to smile," but seducing the bystanders to sneer at a "soul in agony." To effect this, he misrepresents us most shamefully. We complain not of his depicting us as a victim of the gouty and rheumatic *virus*, for to our sorrow, "'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis true," that we are enfeebled by its attacks—but he does this by broadly asseverating that our malady deteriorates our temper; that we do not bear our faculties meekly under the stings and arrows of this outrageous foe, that we are rendered by it peevish, snappish, testy, tyrannical, unreasonable, and unbearable. Instead of likening us, when seated in our divan, to a father among a devoted family, or to a patriot king presiding over a united people—he makes it appear as if we bore more resemblance to a sour, crusty pedagogue among an unruly crew of striplings too big for his management,—and who, with every inclination to wield the rod, is fain, out of prudence, to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." Can there be an example of greater malignity? but fortunately the venom will do no harm, as the point of this libeller's shaft is blunt, and his arm not so potent as his malice. We laugh at the spleen of the wretch, and treat our readers to a sight of the caricature he has drawn, conscious that not even an approach to a ludicrous resemblance can be discovered—it is, however, quite as good as any dramatic sketch of his which has heretofore solicited our approbation.

CHRISTOPHER AGONISTES.

*Scene—Ambrose's. Time—After Supper.*

*Chr.* (*Pettishly.*) Plague on those herrings, they were nought but salt—
Call you this ale? 'tis innocent of malt—
I'd quench this thirst, if there were wherewithal—
Better than poison'd be, ne'er drink at all.
I'll taste no more of it, this blessed night—
Well, after all, "Death in the Pot" was right.
No doubt this swill, this swipe's so wishy washy,
Was brewed from coculus indicus, and quassia.
(*Sighs.*) Heigho, heigho—'twould make a Job go mad!
*The Odontist.* Cheer up, my man, the yill is no that bad.

*Chr.* (*Reddening.*) Not bad? Well, some folks sure don't own a palate.

*Tickler.* True, Kit, and yet this ale rolls down my gullet
Right trippingly, and seems to be, by jingo,
True home-brew'd tipple, genuine humming stingo.
But own, now, Kit, is there no paroxysm,
In that right toe of thine, of rheumatism?

*Chr.* (*Sulkily.*) There is—but whereto tends that base suggestion?
My aching toe is nothing to the question.
(*Looking askance*) Odoherty may swill in sheer despite,
But *I* aver 'tis bad, and I am right.

*Odoh.* Christie, my jewel, let me merely hint it,
With the ale you're rather too much discontinted.
Take a good swig or two, my precious boy,
The muligrubs which rack your toe will fly;
I'm sure I find relief immediately. (*Drinks.*)

*Chr.* (*Doggedly.*) The matter is to cure my thirst, not toe,
And that, this vile potation will not do.

*Wastle.* Ay, but my gentle squire, there's cause to think,
Were but the toe quite tranquilized, the drink
Would soon regain its favour in your eyes.

*Chr.* (*Getting warm.*) Laird, I'm surprised to find this vain surmise
Bolstered by you—this silly, stupid stigma,—
As if I'd no more spirit than a pigmy.

*Enter* DEVIL.

*Devil.* More copy's wanted—they're a' at a dead stop—
And Maister Blackwood rants about his shop;
He says the twentieth's coming, and the Number
Han't half its monthly quantity of lumber.

*Chr.* Tormenting imp! bane of all satisfaction,
Who eggs thee on to drive me to distraction?
(*Turning round furiously.*) You've managed this,—you're all in one base gang!
Blackwood, Contributors, and all, go hang!

(*Breaks the Devil's head, who runs out yelping; the Contributors rise, and form a groupe; some commiserating, some expostulating, some quite at a loss what to think, while Christopher falls back in his chair, exhausted with rage, and overcome with the pain of his toe, which in passion he has hit against the table.*)

Oversalted herrings, and bad ale! If we got nothing better for supper at Ambrose's, our suppers, we fancy, would not be so eagerly frequented. As we admit none to them but persons of gentlemanly manners and feelings, it is quite impossible that the rebel V. D. B. should ever be undeluded, if he believes that he has given any thing like a guess at our fare, or a distorted likeness of ourself in our presidential capacity. He must go on in his error—but it will be seen that we have no fear of exposure from such paltry jobbernowls as those of the Round-Robin faction. We think these specimens will suffice tor ouse popular indignation at these viperous traitors, who, however, are only gnawing a file. If more like evidence be called for, more shall be forthcoming, but we think it needless; we should prefer indeed to find the less guilty, taking warning by those who are gibbeted. We are aware that misprision of treason is the only charge against a few of them. This we shall overlook, if they renew their homage within a reasonable time of grace. Having thus disclosed our danger and escape, we bid all such of our loving subjects as have never swerved from us, Hail, and Farewell.

## LEARNING AND LIBERALITY OF THE BLUE AND YELLOW.

Mr Editor,

As your patriotic attachments cannot suffer you to remain indifferent to the blushing honours of your great critical compatriots, I am sure you will feel both happy and proud to assist the triumph, and partake the gale of their glorious course—by giving wider circulation to one of the most brilliant displays both of literary and moral excellence which has yet shone forth in your northern Athens. You will already, in all probability, have anticipated my allusion to the third article of the last Edinburgh Review.

The literary excellencies which peculiarly characterize this inimitable composition, are purity of style, and a happy ease, and graceful flow of wit—the moral distinction is candour. Indeed, it seems entirely written with a view to illustrate this one lovely quality of mind, just as Miss Baillie devotes entire tragedies to the developement of a single passion.

First, then, for style and wit, the very first sentence will afford a specimen sufficiently admirable; and I can assure the reader (I acknowledge, however, that he must find great difficulty in believing me,) that the *qualis ab incepto processerit* is religiously observed throughout.

"There is not a wider difference in all nature, than between those who read to learn, and those who consume their whole lives and opportunities in learning to read. Yet there are no two classes of beings more constantly confounded with each other. The world often makes the mistake,—and the parties in question always. The merest hacks and drudges in the cause,—those who trade for the goat's-wool,—the Stocks and Bardi of alternate annotation,—the lords of Antispast and friends to Double-dochmee,—the running footmen who are meant to clear the path, but oftener stumble and incumber it,—are always, like Pussy's master in the fairy-tale, endeavouring to play the Marquis; and, by dint of large words and local knowledge, too frequently succeed."

Of candour, take the following example.—

"If the scope of Mr Brougham's truly patriotic exertions were to be extended, as we cordially wish to see it, so as to embrace the English Universities, we should hardly so much desire to have his keen and caustic scrutinies directed towards the Colleges in which the elections are close, as towards those which profess to offer their Fellowships to the indiscriminate competition of all learning and ability;—except, indeed, it happen to be Irish. But to the wisdom and humanity of this exception, it is clearly impossible to oppose a single argument. The Brogue is such a black, premeditated crime, that the misjudging infant who lisps those wilful accents, is fairly doomed to a youth of beggary—no ill-imagined training for a life of proscriptions.

"It is in *these* half-open institutions, that inquiry would detect the true spirit of the Monkish system in full and flagrant operation. Place power in the hands of a conceited, ignorant, illiberal recluse, and it asks no gift of prophecy to foresee the inevitable consequence. With feline attachment to localities, such a being soon contracts the prudish air and treacherous propensities of the retromingent animal from which that narrow sentiment is imitated. No antiquated virgin more resembles her own tabby in duplicity, malice, and demureness. The sleek disguise of imbecility, the abuse of his miserable rights, the instinctive preservation of his apprehensive egotism from the contact of superior brilliancy, which he knows to be as little catching as gallantry itself, become the first objects in existence with this hater of a joke. The creature must be 'followed, sought, and sued:' taste must listen to its paradoxes, and talent tremble at its frown. Let a young man only abdicate the privilege of thinking—to some no painful sacrifice—and devote his whole body and soul to the sordid ambition of success, and the 'way to win' with such electors is no formidable problem. As an undergraduate, he must comb his hair smooth, avoid cleanliness and essences, be regular at Latin prayers, and sedulous in capping. After a dull examination in the schools—if a failure so much the better—he may begin to be the butt of Common-rooms, circulate tutors' wit, and prose against the Edinburgh Review. With a hopeless virginity of face, sacred from the violence of meerschaums—with a manner so nicely balanced between the weight of manhood and the decent levity of youth, that it happily escapes the gracefulness of either—guiltless of fame, originality, or humour—our tyro may then approach the scene of action, secure that the judges will take good care that 'the race shall not be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Hardy professions of impartiality are indeed held forth, to attract unwary merit; and selfish mediocrity finds the most exquisite of all its gratifications in the momentary chance of harassing the talent it would tremble to confront. The candidates are locked up to write themes—solve a Sorites—discover the Latin for an earthquake—and perform other equally edifying tasks:—and the close of this solemn farce is the announciation of a choice that had been long before determined, in proportion to the scrapings, grins, and genuflections of the several competitors. Who can be surprised if, under a system like this, genius and

knowledge should so seldom strike a lasting root? or that the maturity which succeeds to a youth so prostituted, should produce, by its most vigorous efforts, nothing better than learned drivelling, or marrowless inflation? In many, and in very important respects, Oxford has undoubtedly improved upon its former self; but, in all points of right sentiment or liberal feeling, it is still the same University that stripped Locke of a studentship, and refused Johnson a degree."

As the good-natured artists of an earlier day, unwilling to weary the ingenuity of spectators, by imposing on them the difficult task of tracing any resemblance between the characters and actions depicted and those intended, kindly wrote over their principal figures, Æneas, Ascanius, Dido, &c. so the allusion to "Discourses on Predestination" appears to have been introduced with a similar charitable purpose; and I must acknowledge it is an elegant contrivance to answer an absolutely necessary end; for without such an useful clue, the aim of all these sounding shifts, the φιλολοιδορου γλωσσης βελεμνα ακυφα, might have been absolutely unintelligible; to me at least it would certainly have been so—and yet I am willing to flatter myself that I am not entirely ignorant of *Alma Mater*, or unacquainted with her sons; and perhaps, indeed, that I know enough to be able, were I so inclined, to unmask an anonymous libeller, and to point out the secret and personal springs both of his praise and censure, laying open in the one the ebullitions of gratified vanity, and in the other the malignity of disappointed interest. The sketch might be completed by suggesting the true drift of the entire article, in its relation to present hopes and prospects.

Were it necessary for a moment to treat these drivellings of impotent malice with seriousness, it would be amply sufficient to remark that the body against which they are directed has long been distinguished by obtaining a share greatly beyond the proportion of its numbers, of those same academic honours on which such large encomiums are so consistently bestowed in this very article. Although the reproach of a "*retromingent animal*," would be far less in my estimation than that which proverbially attaches to an "ill bird," still I do not appear on this occasion ενδομαχας απ' αλικτυπ Συγγονω και εριδος—nor have I any local connection with the body attacked. I entertain for it indeed, and for every thing connected with it, (always excepting its metaphysics,) those sentiments of respect which I believe to be common to the whole university—but it is thus only that it can interest me as

A MEMBER OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXON.

12*th Oct.* 1821.

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## THE TRUE PEDANT—A SKETCH.

GEORGE BUCHANAN has been reproached with making our sixth James a *pedant*. He might have been a worse thing. It is better to "turn the council to a grammar school," than to an academy for young Machiavels. He who is solicitous not to break Priscian's head, is not likely to have the passion for breaking heads, in the abstract. The preceptor seems to have known well the propensities of his royal pupil, and did all for the best. James maintained the doctrine of divine right in good set terms, and so did all his bishops, and they kept their heads upon their shoulders, and barring natural causes, might have gone on stringing their syllogisms to all eternity. His son Charles, and his favourite Laud, who were less of pedants, began to turn the other's theory into practice, and were cut short before they had proceeded three steps in their practical sorites. Pedants are of all men the most harmless against the itch for a paper war, even a quaker would not protest. If they breed little else than moths, they take special care not to diminish the offspring of more prolific people. They are, to be sure, persecuting and intolerant enough, but then it is all in the bloodless way—They only pelt each other with arguments, or nail one another upon the *crux metaphysicorum*, or some one of the many *cruces* which are to be found in the copious inventory of the "Approbria Philosophiæ."

Pedants have been ridiculed, abused, and written against more than any set of men that ever existed, but, after all, they are still a tolerably thriving generation. The Alchymists and the Astrologers, and the Demonologists, and the Jesuits, and the sticklers for philo-

gaston, and the Brunonians, and the Antivaccinists, and the Della Cruseans, have been written down, but the pedants have not been written down; not even by themselves, which is the most surprising thing of all. From Holofernes down to Lingo, wicked wits have ridiculed them, yet they have never been able to do away the reverence with which they are regarded by the bulk of mankind. "There's a divinity that doth hedge a pedant." What can be more absurd and ridiculous than the caps and gowns of an English University? if any other set of beings were to persist in going into public so dressed, what would be the consequence? The poor persecuted Quakers in their plainest days were not so absurdly attired as one of these, yet, from Provost to Proctor, what lip ever deviates from the angle of gravity at the sight of them? These, too, are the most marked species of the whole genus. There is your virtuoso pedant, your scientific pedant, your poetical pedant, and your pedantic trifler—they are less distinct. It is your thorough-bred Greek and Latin pedant, the lineal descendant of the old musty, vellum bound, yellow-looking, *illustrissimi*, who gives the generic name to the tribe. He has been the most unmercifully roasted of the whole—but in a village he is, to this day, the eight wonder of the world. Even in a country town his opinion "bears an emphasis" beyond the vulgar votes of a brace of tradesmen, or the vociferous suffrages of a dozen farmers. In cities he is not quite what he was, but there observe the deference and respect he shall sometimes inspire—"'tis much." Who but some of the reckless wags of Blackwood's Magazine would have ventured to make a jest of Dr Parr's wig?—Who but their Editor—(well may he be called invisible, for nobody ever saw such a man)—would have ventured upon such a term as "Goody Barker?" Who but the profane author of the "Hymn to Christopher" would have dared to designate the venerable personage, whose square physiognomy gives dignity to the volume of which it is the impressure, by the name of "Georgy Buchanan?" "Head of Confucius! dumplin Dick!" exclaimed Goldsmith's Chinese, on a similar profanation—but this is ten times worse.

I am wandering, however, from the subject. The real, thriving, well-feathered pedant may be easily known, like other objects of natural history, from certain external signs; and these be they: Whether clergyman or layman, he is fond of dressing in black, and if of an English university, wears his MA. gown in his study of a morning. There he is constantly to be found by twelve o'clock callers, with his black cotton stockings, so fine, that they look like silk, and his shoes shining in all the fulgor of Day and Martin's blacking. It is a mistake to imagine that your true pedant is slovenly. This has only been imagined by those who have confounded the scholastic pedant with the scholar of genius. He delights in having his study kept neat. The litter of books upon his table is evidently the artful negligence of design, and not the heavy agglomeration of literature. He piles his table with flea-bitten editions, as a young attorney does with musty parchments. His study has divers nick-nacks; and they are in good condition. His reading-stand is unbroken,—and the patent springs which secure the guardian wired doors of the most precious apartments of his library are undamaged. He has the door of his study painted and panneled, to correspond with the divisions of his book-case, in order that, as he expresses it, he may seem to live enveloped in literature, as a toad does in free-stone. He is delighted when you startle at not finding an exit when you turn to leave the room.

He is found reading a thick octavo of dirty corbeau colour, and to the first apologetic visitant he says, that he "was just amusing himself for half an hour with *his friend* Horace." He says all the translators (there are some thirty of them) have mistaken the "simplex munditiis." He expatiates upon Homer and Virgil, and thinks the first has more majesty, the second more sweetness. He inclines to prefer Virgil. Those passages in which the sound is supposed to echo to the sense, stay longest in his memory, and apparently give him most pleasure. He quotes with the greatest glee, especially if a young person be present, "Αυτις επειτα πεδονδε κυλισθετο λαας ανωιδης," making the first leap with his hand upon the table, thence to his knee, and thence to the carpet. He imitates with his fingers the galloping of a horse, as children do, and repeats "Quadrupe-

dante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum." He is also fond of "Procumbit humi bos," and of "Πολυφλοισβοιο Θαλασσης," of which he hisses the last syllable violently through his teeth. He thinks Pope's translation a beautiful English poem, but not Homer. He thinks Cowper's more like Homer, but not so beautiful a poem. His well known line,

"High sounding—bounding on the silver bow,"

he thinks a tolerable imitation of the exquisite effect of the Greek.

He is no enemy to puns in general, but to Greek and Latin puns he is distractedly attached. There are none so bad as to be to him destitute of humour. He asks all schoolboys below the fourth form to construe "Bos currit plenum sed," and explains to them the etymology of driving "tandem." He repeats the best joke his old friend Dr Drybones ever made, which was saying of a young empty-headed coxcomb of an acquaintance, who was reported to be taking lessons at Paris in that accomplishment for which the French are celebrated beyond the rest of mankind, that he was studying "ΤΟ Καλον;" and his second best, which was nicknaming old Dr Dusky, who was perpetual president of a smoking club at Oxford, "Νεφελογερετα Ζευς." To all his legal friends he never misses the opportunity of translating "Nemo *repente* fuit *turpissimus*,"—"You must keep all your terms to become a lawyer." But what he values himself most upon is, having in his youth attracted the notice of the celebrated Professor ———, by rendering Horace's line, "Nullus argento color est avaris," (when some one quoted it at a dinner party,) "One never knows the colour of a miser's money;" and upon his having christened a conceited, travelled chum of his, who had been bit with the fashion (so prevalent, of late, in other quarters) of being in raptures with Italy, *Silius* Italicus! a title which stuck to him for the remainder of his life.

As in duty bound, he has a contempt, of greater or less intensity, for all learning, science, or information, which is not *classical*. To the "Idiotæ," or unlearned, which, he sometimes whispers, even as great a man as Horseley translated "idiots," especially if they be engaged in trade, his sense of superiority is immeasurable, and peeps out of every intonation of his stiffly-condescending civility. The professions he respects in the following order:—Divinity first; next, Law; and lastly, Physic. He also condescends to like such officers of the army or navy as will listen to him, and pay him reciprocal respect,—of whom, however, he meets but few. To such he is as full of "ancient disciplines" as Fluellen himself. He prefers Hannibal and Scipio to Wellington and Napoleon. He quotes Xenophon, Cæsar, and Polybius, and sets them above all modern writers on Strategy. He is convinced that Cæsar's bridge, as described in his Commentaries, must have been infinitely beyond all the efforts of modern engineering. He is not the less convinced of this, because he has no remarkably clear ideas of the construction of the said bridge, notwithstanding the lucid simplicity of style which he is in the habit of attributing to the conqueror of Britain.

There is one occasion, and one only, upon which he relaxes to every body; and that is, when he has been invited to a good dinner. Here he sits "neat—trimly dress'd"—courteous and smiling; saying little; listening much;—eating more. He attends to the merchant who talks of the Royal Wine Company at Lisbon, and the method of preparing claret for the English market. He hearkens to the Colonel who vapours about the vintage of Spain and of Greece, and of, "the Lord knows where." He listens to the chemist who lectures upon their fermentation and comparative strengths; and gives ear to the physician who dogmatizes upon their wholesomeness. He tries to be droll, and condescends to be jocose. He quotes the Lapland Priest, whose stock of Latin was included in the four emphatic words, "*Bonum vinum pone circum*;" and, to the old gentleman who is wedded to Hock, he puns upon Ausonius' well-known conceit, "*Hoc* pereunte fugit; *hoc* fugiente peris."

He is inclined to think Porson the greatest man that England ever produced. He excuses his heretical politics when mentioned—when not mentioned, he says nothing about them. After the Professor, he is content to rank Newton, Milton, and Shakespeare; though he dislikes the republicanism of the second, and the irreg-

larity of the last. He sneers most contemptuously at all who venture to compare the bard of Avon with the Greek tragedians; and though he pretends to admire his comedies, willingly leaves the Merry Wives of Windsor for the quaintnesses of Ignoramus. If an Englishman, he ridicules the Scottish pronunciation of Latin; and, indeed, that of every other country. If a Scotchman, he has a contempt for Oxford, and no love for Cambridge. He dies at about the age of sixty of a bilious attack, having never been perfectly well since his last visit to his college.

T. D.

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MR BARKER'S RETORT COURTEOUS, TO THE EXPOSTULATION UNNECESSARY.

MR EDITOR,

To the 46th Number of the *Classical Journal*, published on July 1st, rather more than two months prior to the date of the Expostulatory Letter of your Constant Reader, in the last Number of your Magazine, was appended the following advertisement:—"In the press,—*Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*, or, A Reply to the Notice of the New Greek Thesaurus, inserted in the 44th Number of the *Quarterly Review*, by E. H. Barker. Part 2d. In this Second Part will be found Critical Remarks on Lobeck's *Phrynichi Eclogæ*, Creuzer's *Commentatt. Herodoteæ*, Mr G. Burges's *Æschyli Supplices*, Osann's *Philemo Grammaticus*, Dr Maltby's Edition of *Morell's Thes.* and other Works. In the Appendix will be given Extracts from the MS. Lexicon of Eudemus, and a complete Index of all the new Words, which have been discussed and noticed in the *New Gr. Thes.*" And I was therefore much surprised to find that the Constant Reader was not in the habit of perusing that Classical Journal, on which he has, in his first communication to you, influenced, no doubt, by motives of a *peculiar* nature, poured out the vials of his wrath. But, though the work was thus announced as in the press, yet circumstances of a domestic nature have so fully occupied, and will continue so to occupy, my leisure, as to prevent me from proceeding with the publication of the MSS., which have for many months been nearly ready for the press. The Index has required more time than I had expected that it would require, and it is not yet completed; and the accelerated progress of the *Thes.* leaves me but very few moments in the course of the day for such *classical recreations*; and with these accumulated obstacles there is, I fear, but little chance that his amiable feelings towards myself will be gratified, and his laudable zeal for the interests of literature excited, and his ardent thirst for knowledge satiated, by the appearance of my book, till after Christmas. However, when he *again* visits Thetford, if he will favour me with a call, he shall have a view of the MSS., and he can at once refresh his body with the mineral waters, and his spirit with this *Castalian spring*.

He "entreats me to come forward," as "he has nothing to laugh at;" and I shall at all times be ready to do so, if his *wisdom* keeps pace with his *mirth*,—if he will listen to the homely, but not yet, I hope, antiquated, proverb—BE MERRY AND WISE. Possibly, when I do come forward, he may alter his note, and his ridiculous laugh may be changed into a *Sardonic grin*. In the mean time he may find a rich fund for mirth, as a person of more sober and dignified habits would find ample matter for regret, in the recent exposures of Dr Blomfield's Plagiarisms, and the more perfect developement of his character, by Mr G. Burges in the *Classical Journal*, and in his *Æschyli Supplices*.

The Constant Reader can have no idea of the extraordinary shock which he has given to my politics, and the dreadful emotions which even you, sir, and your readers, must have experienced on perceiving that he views the attack on Mr Alderman Waithman, at Knightsbridge-Barracks, the events in which Mr Alderman Wood has been engaged, and the transactions in which Sir Robert Wilson has borne a part, as "tragedies." Never was any inference more logically correct than the one which I have drawn; for, immediately after the mention of those eminent personages, with a pointed allusion to recent occurrences, he adds,—"I hear of no new tragedies."

My astonishment has been still further augmented on finding that in "new tragedies," he looks for what he terms "mirthful emotions," "sportive matter," "something to laugh at." And "still the wonder grows," that he should connect those political affairs with literary matters.

For my part, so long as he continues to write such articles, (they may, however, prove useful to you for *Balaam*,) I shall never want topics for laughter. The Constant Reader is always witty himself, or the cause of wit in others; and those who have a plenteous patience to peruse his pages, must perpetually smile *with* him or *at* him. Even in this last effort of his muse, he has been true to his character—distinguished by a peculiar felicity of errour. 1. He asks, "What is A *petulanti splene cachinno* to do?" as if his interrogatory could stand without the aid of any *person*. Had he included the verb *sum* in his quotation, as in the original of Persius, he would have been protected by classical authority:—*Quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.*—Sat. I, 12. 2d. He adds that "well does Mr Barker know that

*Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni.*"

But, unforunately, Mr B. does not "know" the line with a false quantity in it. And yet the Constant Reader, who has *reaped* the benefit of an education in the University, can ungenerously talk about Mr Waithman "having utterly demolished the pate of our old friend Priscian," when the worthy Alderman never had any such inestimable advantages! Lord Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning, shews, that 'learning improves private virtues,' 'takes away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds,' 'takes away all levity, temerity, and insolency,' 'takes away all vain admiration;' and while the Constant Reader finds the virtues of public men a fit subject for raillery, while he finds himself in full possession of all the bad qualities of the heart, which are here enumerated, and while his mind retains that 'vain admiration' of Dr Blomfield, which he has avowed in his previous communications to you, he may feel assured, that he has not attained the learning contemplated by the philosopher, and that the alderman may, in these and similar respects, leave him at an immeasurable distance.

The Constant Reader is pleased to ask a very polite question of those whom he expects to peruse his lucubrations: "Does Mr Barker suspect, that, like his namesake Anubis, *latrator* Anubis, he is over-matched in fight, and will go forth but to be beaten? Mr B. has no such fears of himself, as the event will prove—

"But he had a club
The dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye."
*Dragon of Wantly.*

The Constant Reader terms Mr B. a *latrator;* but, with all his knowledge of dogs, he probably never read the learned work of Joannes Caius, *de Canibus Britannicis*, republished by Dr Jebb in 1729, 12mo. Dogs are there divided into three species, *Generosam, Rusticam, et Degenerem;* and as the Constant Reader certainly does not seem to belong to the first species, I will leave to him the agreeable task of tracing his pedigree from either of the other two. My own idea is, that he is a sort of mongrel, descended partly from the Vertagus, "Tumbler," of which species Caius says, p. 9:—"Quod *dolo* agit, vertagum nostri dicunt, quod se, dum prædatur, vertat, et circumacto corpore, impetu quodam in ipso specus ostio feram opprimit et intercepit;" and partly from the CANIS FURAX, "qui jubente hero nocte progreditur, et sine latratu odore adverso persequens cuniculos, cursu prehendit quos herus permiserit, et ad heri stationem reportet. Vocant incolæ canem nocturnum, quod venetur noctu."—P. 10. The strange tricks by which he imposes on your readers, the awkward gambols which he plays in argument, the ungenerous pursuit of his game in the *dark*, his servile submission to, and his blind adulation of his master, but too plainly indicate the *cross-breed*—the vices of both species without the virtues of either—the counterfeit genius of both, with the real mediocrity of talents belonging to more ignoble animals.

His joke about THES., first broached by the Quarterly Reviewer of the *Greek Thesaurus*, then retailed *entire* by the Anti-Jacobin Reviewer, then poured into his first letter, as genuine home-brewed wit, and bottled for domestic use on every occasion, has become sufficiently stale; and the Second Part of my *Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*, will tell to him the curious fact, that the merit of the ab-

breviation belongs not to Mr Barker, but to scholars of an earlier date, and not more to Mr B. than to the *Mus. Crit. Cantebr.*, where it is often employed.

As the Constant Reader, though "looking around him like a vulture perched on an eminence for objects on which he may gratify his insatiable thirst for rapine," (Robert Hall,) can, as he states, find "no new tragedies" to excite his "mirthful emotions," and cannot for some time expect the perusal of my intended publication, in these vacant hours I may with great propriety endeavour to furnish him with fit topics for consideration, and none appear to me more likely to assist him than the following extracts from the venerable Jeremy Taylor:—

"Commonly curious persons, or, as the Apostle's phrase is, busie-bodies, are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the vertues of an excellent person; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks, and bars, and porters,—things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their business. But busie-bodies must feed upon *tragedies*, and stories of misfortunes, and crimes. Envy and idleness married together, and begot curiosity; therefore Plutarch rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors, and hangmen, and *tragedies* pass —nothing that is chaste or holy."—*Holy Living*, ch. II. § 5.

"This crime (of slander) is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs; it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship; it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vital parts of charity; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent."

*The Good and Evil Tongue, Sermon* XXII. p. 161.

Relying on your sense of justice and impartiality to insert my reply to the Constant Reader, though it has extended to a greater length than I had expected. I remain, Mr Editor,

Your obedient humble servant,

EDMUND HENRY BARKER.

*Thetford, Oct. 7.* 1821.

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LETTER FROM BILL TRUCK, TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR KIT,

(Excuse me, for I love the old ship-shape looking monosyllable vastly)—You should have heard from me long ere this time, had I not been bored to death by a whole gang of the Fancy in your way, every soul of them bothering me with his opinion as to how I should steer; and every one of them agreeing as well with each other as the old hooker herself does to her course with the wind all round the compass. It certainly was my first intention, my good lad, like a plain man unused to writing, after having, with your able assistance, introduced the *Man-of-War's Man* to the notice of your reading and admiring world; and moreover, after seriously advising him to spin his yarns of short and sweet things to it and to you—in a manner, of course, worthy your high-flying and admirable Miscellany—without paying the smallest attention to that dull, Dutchman built affair, your plodding mechanical crones call *Regular Narrative*, to have left the young fellow, like a good pilot, to pursue his voyage in his own way, under your safe convoy; and all this in the innocence of my heart, I frankly told these inquisitive interrogators. Zounds! would you believe it, Mr North? I found myself in as bad a mess as the old blade and his donky; I was scouted, and teazed, and worried so unmercifully, that I was glad to haul down my jabber and sing out for quarter, for their pshaws and nonsenses, and other such like pop-shot, were whistling round my head and ears as thickly as a North Sea sleet shower. Amidst all their flummery, however, and many a fancy flam was proposed, they agreed that nothing would do half so well as a long-winded, well-told, regular built story, in which I was bound to clear

poor Davis, (my protégée they were pleased to term him, d—n their French!) from the smallest taint of reproach, by telling all I knew of his family for the two or three last generations at least! Here was a duty to load an old Greenwich-man with!—So d'ye see, my dear lad, I first looked gruff, then swore a little, for I could'nt help it, and then I flatly refused the job.—"Mayhap, gentlemen," says I, "you're not aware," says I, "that you assign me a task for which I am unfit. I know nothing of your shore matters," says I, "and no shame to me; but if you think it will advantage the poor young fellow," says I, "in God's name set about it directly, any one of ye that chooses."—This was all the rogues wanted, I believe, for away they went, nor did I hear from them again till about ten days afterwards, when I received the package containing the precious narration; to which I had but two objections, but they were clinchers. In the first place, this same narration was as bulky as an admiral's instructions, and as long as a best bower, and of course, my dear fellow, would have occupied far too much room in your so much envied aréna; and secondly, the matter of it, *to my taste*, was quite trashy—as bad indeed as black strap, or six-water grog—by no means a plain, sober, sensible story, but swollen and inflated like an old woman in a dropsy, with the poetry and puffery of sentiment; every period being scissared as neatly as a round-robin, and sense throughout the whole of it completely massacred at the shrine of sound and nonsense. Disgusted with it, and somewhat chagrined, I confess, at the loss of so much good time, I was not a whit made better, you may be certain, upon discovering that the writer of this fancy affair was no other than a young spink of a nephew of mine, who, because I have sometimes allowed the puppy a little familiarity with me of an evening, and because, forsooth, his father has been fool enough to spend as much money in the keeping him at College as might have sent him with a cargo to the coast of Guinea, thinks himself, I suppose, as good a judge of public opinion, as you or I, Mr North, who have seen service! D—n the impertinent son of a dog-fish, I had good a mind to spritsail-yard him, and turn him adrift!

I am now more cool, my dear Kit, and have begun to think there must be something in the matter after all. Lest, therefore, my dear boy, you should be something of the puppy's opinion, I will cheerfully volunteer, as I wish to stand well in yours, to tell you the young lad's story in my own way; for it can be done in the twirl of a mop-stick. You must know, then, that Edward's father, from his youth up, was a rampageous, high-spirited, tearing sort of fellow, who thought proper to marry his mother at hap-hazard, without consulting the wishes of a single soul of his family; for which offence he was very properly, like a young mutinous rascal, immediately bundled off, by the grandfather, in the service of the Honourable the East India Company. His mother, shortly after unshipping herself of a son, also disappeared—most people thought in search of her husband—leaving Edward to the care of the old boy, who very honestly, taking a notion of the youngster, fed, and clothed, and schooled him to the mast-head. Being, however, a real chip of the old block, you'll not hinder the young skemp from very early betraying a peculiar address in nosing out every thing that appeared in the shape of a petticoat: nor was it long before his grandfather discovered him on the eve of forming a very improper indissoluble connection with another skittish hop-my-thumb, something like himself. He immediately put in his spoke, and forbade the banns; on which my young sensitive, fretting, and fizzing, and fuming like a pot-fire in water, after committing as many extravagances and ridiculous gri-

maces as a St Helena monkey, most gallantly blew out the brains of all his future prospects, went down to Leith, and was on board of the Adamant, and had entered the service, before you would have said Jack Robinson. As he took no pains to conceal this *wise* measure, but rather appeared to betray a sort of savage satisfaction in thus affronting his grandfather and all his family, they very properly pocketed their grief, convinced that he had chosen a rougher schoolmaster, and a harder penance, than any they could have had the heart to inflict.

Having thus given you all that I know of our young Man-of-War's-Man, my dear lad, I shall now take my leave, with expressing my hope that you and he may proceed on your voyage together in a comfortable and happy manner, and that, after many months of mutual pleasure, and mutual satisfaction, you may see him into port, and part good friends.—My dear Kit, I shall always be proud to be ever yours, while

*Canongate, 10th October*, 1821. BILL TRUCK.

## THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

### CHAPTER II.

Your work is very hard, my boys, upon the ocean sea,—
And for your reefing topsails I'd rather you as me;—
I feather my oar unto the shore, so happy as I be
In the Guard-ship, ho!

WE left Edward, moving slowly forward from his conference with the officers, in a state of mind far from being enviable. By the thoughtless though friendly kindness of Lieutenant Highgate, he had been exposed to a scrutiny which of all things he had least expected; and thus taken by surprise, and determined not to affront, as he thought, the honour of his family, he had found the little that he did say treated as falsehood, and himself rudely levelled to the same grade of infamy as the felons he accompanied. The sneering unbelief, too, so broadly displayed by Lieutenant Toddrel, had done its work; and the Captain's parting words, on dismissing him, of his being "a queer one," and no better than he ought to be, still rung in his ears, and stung him to the soul. With a heavy and a bursting heart, therefore, and unwilling to betray himself in the presence of men, who, he was quite aware, looked upon such feelings with the greatest contempt, he sought a solitary corner under the vessel's little forecastle, and there gave way to an agony of tears. The rude ungainly taunts of the Lieutenant, it is true, had excited no other emotions than a certain scorn and contempt, which, in other circumstances, and in another place, would, in all likelihood, have provoked a return; but the graceful manners and manly delicacy of Captain Farrell had won his heart, and several times was he on the point of returning to the quarter-deck, and demanding an audience of him, that he might tell him his whole story. Here, however, there was an explanation to make, which both shocked and alarmed his pride, of which we need hardly remark he had a very respectable share. "No, no, it can never be," exclaimed he mentally; "I have voluntarily courted my fate, and however hard it may prove, I must learn to bear it. I might have chosen better, it is true; and yet how could that be, when I chose to the best of my knowledge? Have I not ever loved sea matters? Have I not wished many times to be engaged in them? And have I not *now* got my wish? Yes!" added he, with a convulsive shudder, which made his teeth grind together,—"yes! I have got it in an overflowing cup, every drop of which I must drain to the bottom—for too much, far too much, has already been done, ever to be undone with honour. Alas! well did Lieutenant Highgate say, when he gave me the list to carry to the midshipman,—'There, Davis, that is your banishment, since you will have it. God bless you, and farewell; we may meet again, though at present it an't very likely.' From this melancholy and mortifying reverie, he was suddenly

aroused by a smart blow of a rope's-end athwart his shoulders, and on wheeling round beheld the boatswain's-mate.—"Yo hoy! who have we got skulking here?" growled the brutal fellow, repeating the blow.—"Oho! you're one of the Johnie Raw's are you!—and crying too, or blast me!—I thought you had belonged to *me*. But never mind, my buck, a simple snaffler or two in the bunt is nothing at all at all, when once you're used to it—so come, come, save your water for another occasion; rub up your sparklers, and jump aft there, like a blade of mettle, and give us a pull of that there brace." Edward obeyed; and launched with such apparent cheerfulness and good will into the bustle of the deck, as evidently to gain on the good graces of his new associates; the boatswain's mate in particular exclaiming, "that though awkward, he was willing, and in a short time would make a d—d good top-man."

Busily occupied in this manner, the day flew by; but, with the return of night, came more serious and melancholy reflections. It was impossible for Edward to avoid remarking, with what marked and studied contempt he was treated by Lieutenant Toddrell and all his inferior officers, who individually seemed to rejoice in humbling the impostor who had had the audacity to aspire to rank above his fellows, and who accordingly singled him out for the most trifling, unceasing, and vexatious duties, exulting and sneering at his ignorance and awkwardness. Even the Captain himself, of whom he was inclined to think so favourably, seemed to have become harsher and more stern towards him since their conference together, and appeared to view the indignities which were heaped upon him with an unsparing hand, with some degree of satisfaction. Gathering from the ill-natured taunts of the young gentlemen, that all this wretched usage proceeded from something contained in the letter, while he could hardly refrain from cursing the officious kindness of Lieutenant Highgate in thus erecting him like a target to be shot at, he was incessant in his inquiries at the older seamen as to when they expected to arrive at Yarmouth, naturally enough judging, that were he once quit of the Whippersnapper, he would sink unknown amongst the common herd, and get the common usage allowed to every one. Nor had he long to exercise his newly-tried patience; for the breeze continuing steady and favourable, the vessel speedily made her way to the much-wished for roadstead, which was no sooner in view than the supernumeraries were ordered to get ready to go instantly on board the guard-ship, the Whippersnapper meaning to proceed without delay to her cruising ground.

This order Edward prepared to obey with the greatest pleasure; for, not to mention another reason than her inconvenient lowness and wetness, the Whippersnapper was so completely overloaded with live lumber as to have made a longer stay very disagreeable. He was therefore very soon on the quarter-deck, with his mattrass and blankets under his arm, and had ample time to survey his motley companions, while a Bardolph-faced fellow of a clerk prepared the *invoice*. If our readers be inclined to stare at this, we can honestly assure them that it was actually an invoice of so many head of live-stock, "victualled," moreover, "for that day," and sent from his Majesty's sloop of war, Whippersnapper, to his Majesty's flag-ship, Grab, Dugald Dolittle, commander. Edward and his comrades were thus all standing in groupes talking of the nature of their change, when the serjeant of marines came up to them, dressed in a dirty jacket which had once been scarlet, and a rattan in his hand, as if prepared for drill; and having elbowed the first of the squad he encountered in the genuine spirit of nautical naiveté, he bawled out with a most authoritative countenance, "Come, men, come;—fall in—rank up!—Blast your lubberly eyes! stand in a line, can't you?—What a rascally, lousy, good-for-nothing set!—Look here;—put all of you your toes to that there seam, and stand straight up, and keep your front—so now, so,—too far, my lad; back a little—there now, steady!—What's that whoreson loggerhead wheeling for? My eyes, can't you stand steady, and bed—d to ye, you lubber!—so now so—steady!" He was here compelled to silence by the appearance of his potent commander issuing from the companion-ladder, and meekly followed by his bareheaded amanuensis, carrying pen and ink and the aforesaid invoice. Captain Farrell, who seemed to be in

none of the best of humours, after slightly saluting his officers, who were all on deck, replaced his well worn every way cocked hat on his head, and strutted his two or three paces of a quarter deck, apparently wrapt in profound cogitation, with a solemnity of dignity truly ludicrous. At length making an abrupt halt, he turned to his obsequious lieutenant, who stood watching his motions, and said, "Is the boat ready, Mr Toddrell?"—"Yes, sir, but not manned," was the answer. "Then man her directly," cried the Captain, "for we must be off—the wind sits fair."

The Lieutenant immediately gave the signal to the watching boatswain's mate, the shrill whistle blew, and *Away there, large cutters!* was bawled through the lungs of an ox. This command was promptly obeyed, the men coming scrambling up in all directions, and the commanding midshipman standing at the gangway, waiting orders. A profound silence was now broke by the captain ordering his clerk to muster the people that were going away, and the serjeant of marines to see that they carried nothing along with them but what was their own. While this was going on, throwing one leg carelessly athwart the breach of a carronade, he amused himself with a scrutiny at the individuals and their luggage, as they passed him to the boat. As soon as they had got all huddled in, he again appeared on the gunnel, "Are you all right there, Mister Faddell?"

"All right, sir," replied the Midshipman.

"Then make all the haste you can on board again," said the Captain, "for I shall get under weigh directly; and hark'ye, youngster, see that you bring me back a proper receipt."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the midshipman; "shove off, Parkinson"—and away they went.

A very short time brought them alongside of the Grab, where the ceremonials of introduction were much the same as those of taking leave of the Whippersnapper, excepting that they were marshalled by a smart dressed master-at-arms, and that every thing else bore a proportionate degree of gentility, and was of larger magnitude. The formalities of introduction over, they were next handed down to the purser's steward to be entered on his mess-book, were told the number of their respective messes, and then turned adrift to make of themselves what they pleased for the day.

As Edward had silently resolved to imitate the behaviour of those men-of-war's men who were along with him, well knowing that former experience would regulate their motions, and observing them making the best of their way for the lower deck, he immediately followed, and after their example, was shortly seated at his own messtable. This mess was under the controul of one of the quarter-masters, whose wife amused her leisure hours in the superintendance and care of a petty chandler's shop, and retailed snuff, tobacco, tea, sugar, butter, cheese, bread, potatoes, needles, threads, and other luxuries and necessaries, to all who had money to purchase, or trinkets or other saleable articles to pawn, and to a select number of her own ship's company on credit to a certain extent. As both the lady and her husband were unable either to read or write, she was compelled, to the sad loss of "many a good pen'orth of backor," to consign all her credits to her memory between the one meal's hour and the next, when honest Ritchie Sangster, the fifer, who belonged to her mess, being at leisure, used to relieve her, by enrolling the whole of the foresaid credits, day and date, into a sort of journal which she kept. Now it so happened that this same Master Dick laboured under a disorder proverbially common among his countrymen of the north of Scotland, and of course was not only a little over greedy, but had enacted the part of private secretary to Mrs Susan Harley so long without a rival, as to be very often somewhat unreasonable in his demands; which when not immediately complied with, the cunning puffer of sweet sounds, would start away from the table, with a cry of "*Here I come, sir!*" and hasten upon deck as if he were really wanted, to whistle a butt of water from the hold, leaving poor *Missis* Sue, with an overloaded memory, in a state of mind something between wonderment and chagrin. By way of relieving herself on those occasions when "her dear wag Richard took his *tantrums*," Mrs Susan had no doubt been at infinite pains in the study of a certain kind of hieroglyphics, which are very popular among

the more enlightened and *politerer* barmaids and pot-boys of Cockaigne; but whether from the want of comprehension, or the want of time to comprehend, is not exactly known, but so little progress had she hitherto made in this elegant science, that her knowledge on these occasions often failed her, and would finally compel her to send Joe Harley in search of the fifer, whom she would flatter and pettle with good things to return to his duty. It is a very common nautical observe, that every man has his lucky and unlucky days, which, of course, since they are unavoidable, he must just take as they come, with as much coolness, or as much heat as he pleases; and the eventful day that Edward joined the foresaid Richard's mess was no doubt one of his unfortunate ones. It had so pleased the stars, (probably *Ursa major*, &c.) that Dick should, that very morning, take the *tantrums* for something or other he wanted, and that to such a violent degree, that the flag of Mrs Harley's defiance was still hoisted when Edward made his appearance at her table. She was then in the very act of resorting to her old dernier; and consequently bore all the marks generally exhibited by a certain professor, when demonstrating a geometrical colligation, *i. e.* she would bite her nails, scratch her ringlets into a fine disorder, survey her shoe points, then mark down her hieroglyphic, which the next moment she would erase as being wrong or unsatisfactory; ever adding at the end of every failure, a hearty ejaculation on the absent Dick, which it would be very wrong to interpret a blessing. It is impossible for us to say by what sort of sympathetic attraction Mrs Susie was led to behold our hero with a favourable eye—it could not be his clothes, for he was nearly in rags—nor could it be his "speaking eyes," for grief and inquietude had dimmed their lustre—certain we are, however, there was a something about him which attracted her regard; for, contrary to her usual and well-known practice,—being fond of shewing strangers that she was somebody—she was remarkably civil to him, and even kind; while he, on the other hand, grateful for such unlooked for attention, and observing her somewhat perplexed in her accounts, gallantly offered her his assistance, which was gladly accepted, and in half the time Dick would have taken, he had all her debits entered on her journal. Without meaning it, after consequences shewed that this was a master-stroke for a person in Edward's forlorn situation; for it matters not whether he had the far-famed Ledyard, or the politic and smooth-tongued Marmontelle in his eye at that lucky moment, since he happily succeeded in making a friend of Mrs Susan Harley, who, besides her own powerful influence as the senior quarter-master's wife, and the most invincible scold in the ship, possessed an almost unlimited patronage in being femme-de-chambre and washerwoman to the first Lieutenant—a power of itself, indeed, almost equivalent to the command of the vessel. As the accidental discovery of our hero's abilities made her completely independent of her *dear wag Richard and his tantrums*, whom she had apparently spoiled by her flatteries, she could not conceal her high satisfaction from her new found auxiliary, but insisted, as the day was far advanced, that Edward should stay with her, promising to introduce him to her husband, who, she assured him, "was a dear good old creature, and might do him a kindness." This request, it may be easily imagined, was too agreeable to Edward, to meet with a refusal; and he accordingly, nothing loth, sat still until the arrival of the quarter-master, who appeared to be a hale stout old man, between fifty and sixty years of age, with ruddy cheeks, a fine figure, and a very pleasant open countenance.

"O, you are there, Harley, my love," cried Mrs Sue, "I were quite moppy for want on ye."

"And well, my sweet wench, what dost want, or what art to give me, now I am come?" said the good humoured smiling quarter-master, seating himself.

"Whatever you please, my love.—Shall I hand you the beef platter, for sure you must be hungry, after being on deck so long? or wilt rather choose a nice comfortable basin of warm coffee with I and this young Scotchman? Vy, you don't see as how I've got a young Scotchman, Joe, since you left the birth?—Ay, that I have, my old blade, and such a one, too, you can't think."

The quarter-master, who had commenced eating, turned round to Edward, "You would come on board to day, my lad?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"O, Davis, Davis," cried the lively Scot, "you must drop that there shore way of talking, now you're on board a man-of-war. We have no such fine names in five fathom water I can assure you, unless it be to the officers, who, you know, are all real gemmen, though some of them, God he knows, are poor and mean enough, as my pocket can tell to-day. Whenever you speak to husband again, just call him plain Joe Harley, or quarter-master, which you please,—for I can assure you, he likes either far better, and thinks it more friendly."

Edward nodded assent.

Mrs Harley now commenced an eulogy to the praise of our hero, for the assistance he had given her—very cordially d—d the fifer for an ungrateful thankless ingrate and swab, and concluded with declaring her determination, while she punished the one to look after the welfare of the other, by allowing our hero to sleep that night under her mess-table, and promising to make him more comfortable next day.—"You know, my love," continued she, addressing her husband, "that every hammock I have got is in use at present, and I warrant you, Davis, I've got a good two dozen lent out; but you can have no difficulty, I should think, Joe, in coming slily over old O'Reilly, the yeoman, for one more. God bless you, it would make the poor fellow sleep so comfortably, you know, besides keeping all his bedding so snug from these blasted thieves, that lurk about so of a night. Recollect, Davis, we have got a great many thieves on board, so look sharp after all your little things; for 'twas but t'other night that poor Sam Morgan, who had got a little hazy, and lain down somewhere, had the very ear-rings pinched out of his ears while sleeping—now Sam is a very old man-of-war's-man."

"I have very little to lose, ma'am," said Edward, "except my bed and blankets, and these are of a description which I should'nt think would be worth any one's coveting—they would absolutely bring nothing."

"Nonsense, child," cried Mrs Harley. "Lord love you, there is nothing more common than such poor devils as you losing their bed and blankets. Not bring them much quotha! that's more than you know on. They'll bring them a dollar, though, or six shillings a-piece; and many a thing walks ashore that won't turn out so well. But never mind, my lad, your's shan't walk that way, if either Joe or Susan can prevent it—and you don't know what we may not do for you, if you're a good boy and behave yourself."

In such like conversation was the evening spent; for Mrs Susan having by this time packed up all her enviables, felt herself quite at leisure, and inclined to talk. At last, however, the hammocks being piped down, put an end to it for a night; and Edward, tired and weary, spread his lowly couch below the mess-table, and was soon asleep.

Next morning, after stowing his bedding, he was no farther disturbed until about an hour after breakfast, when the boatswain's mate piped "*All the Whippersnappers to muster, hoy!*" a call which immediately hurried him on deck. Here he found the master-at-arms and officers in waiting, and immediately fell into line on the quarter-deck. After a minute examination of each individual, the ceremony concluded with the separation of the seamen from the landsmen; the former being stationed to various duties in the vessel, and the latter, among whom was our hero, handed over to the boatswain's mate, who, commanding them to follow him, immediately retired to the main-deck. Having here ranked them up with much formality, he next thundered out for the Captain-sweeper, and the Captain of the Head, who at last made their appearance, and were a couple of the filthiest ragamuffins Edward had ever set eyes on. On the approach of these beauties, the boatswain's mate exclaimed with disgust: "Faugh! what a precious couple of walking dunghills!—D—n me, Higgins, keep to leeward, and don't murder the blessed sea-breeze with the funk of your abominable carcase—and avast there, Williams, and stay where you are if you please, for the devil a straw's to draw between you. Here are six landcrabs for you; and it's the first lieutenant's orders that you take each on you a share, and learn them to handle a swab and a broom without de-

lay, for, by God, they're fit for nothing else."—And so saying he immediately retired.

A serious altercation now took place between these dirty worthies, who should have the first choice; and the claim on both sides was argumented with a warmth, and in a style of language, quite novel to the ears of Edward. At length they agreed to determine the knotty point, by tossing for the supremacy—but a halfpenny could not be raised in the whole party.

"Come, come," cried the sweeping captain, a little, greasy, lively cockney, "I'll settle the matter with your honour, Monsieur Swab-washer, in a brace of shakes." Then producing the very spectre of a knife, and advancing to Edward, he without ceremony seized him by the button and said, "Come, my brave fellow, you must not get ill-natured if I borrow one of your shiners to settle this important affair with—you shall have it again in a trice."

Aloft went the button, and the captain of the head was the victor.

"Well," cried the sweeping-captain, "I see I've got my usual luck—so take your choice."

"Dang it, Williams," said the swab-captain, scratching his dirty head, "if I knows which to take, now I've got my choice—for your large overgrown chaps are generally d—d lazy, and your small ones, again, drive a poor fellow mad with their gallows tongues. But come, shipmates, dang it I'll follow my old plan wid you—open all of you your fists, so, and let's have a squint at them—for I'll be teetotally d—d, if Matt. Higgins shall allow either a tailor, or any other loblolly to enter his crew, without his knowledge." He then went along feeling the palms of their hands, rejected those of Edward with disdain, and chusing three others, carried them off along with him, to initiate them into the mysteries of the Head.

Not so the sweeping captain:—he loved to talk—thought himself no trifling morsel of a wit—and now that he was installed in his little brief authority, thought the opportunity of indulging it too good to be allowed to escape. As most of his crew had by this time assembled round him, he threw himself into what he thought an elegant theatrical attitude, and clothing his greasy countenance with something as near a smile as could be seen for the dirt with which it was begrimed,—"Comrades, and heroes of the broom!" he cried, "I am happy to compliment you on an increase of force to our honourable crew; and I know you will rejoice on the occasion, were it for no other reason than the bright one of giving you less work; and the less the better, I say. For why should it not be so?—It is our birth-right. Were we not all born on good feather-beds, or comfortable pallets of straw, and enured from our infancy to a delightful lazy half the day? To be sure we were, and that's heaven's truth. Besides, are not all our characters already established? and are we not lubbers, and swabs, and lazy, idle, good-for-nothings? To be sure we are;—sir, shew me the officer, high or low, (myself always excepted, who knows your merits,) from his worship, the skipper, down to Jack in the dust, who expects any thing from a fellow with a broom o'er his shoulder, and I'll give you up my commission in a moment. [Here the bell struck six.] But I must belay, my gallant lads, for our time is approaching, and our canaries will be chirping for us directly. You, Scroggins, I make you my inferior officer,—fly down to that old son of a sea-horse, O'Reilly, and tell him I demand three new brooms, with proper handles, for three fresh volunteers we've got. Now see that the old skin-flint doesn't flam you off with some of his worn-out gear."

The lad disappeared, and soon returned with the brooms on his shoulder, which the captain examining, declared to be tolerable, and delivered them to Edward and his two companions, cautioning them to take great care of them, and always to appear with them on deck, when the boatswain's mate piped "Sweepers."

The sweeping commander, having thus contrived to engage the attention of his crew, continued his harangue until the bell had struck seven, and the boatswain's mate had begun his call: then, seizing his broom, and flourishing it aloft, he cried,—"Take three good hands, Dan, and march your bodies off to the lower deck,—You, Serjeant Scroggins, stay where you are, and here are five darlings for you to go along with you. And now, my own fancy men, follow your gallant commander. I'm not like that lazy humbug, Higgins, who sits loitering and pigging it away in the galley,

and smoke and grease, while my fine fellows are working and tearing away, —no, no, that none of you can say. I love to head my jolly lads, shoulder my broom, and shew how decks are swept."

Ere this was accomplished, however, dinner had been piped for some time, so that it was late ere Edward appeared at the mess-table.

"God bless me, Davis, where hast been, lad?" cried Mrs Harley.

Edward told her the story of his new appointment, to which she made no reply until dinner was over, and the table cleared, when, beckoning to him, she told him, in a half whisper, not to be cast down, for it would be her care that he should not be over fatigued in the execution of that duty. "I have only to speak to that nasty fellow, Williams, and he must not, nor shan't, be too severe in requiring your attendance, for sweeping, at any rate; for if he won't, I knows another that will;—so keep up a good heart, child."

Edward began to express his grateful sense of her goodness to him, but Mrs Harley would not hear him. She playfully put her hand on his mouth, crying—"Lord love thee, child, I've got better news to tell you than that there. Harley, good soul, has got you a hammock, and I'll sling it for you myself, if he han't time, and you shall lay, this very night, right over head there, as snug as e'er a captain in the fleet;—so come, come, child,—there's your book for you—be handy,—for I've got such a vast number of trifles to chalk down you can't think,—pray God I had my own money for them again."

Mrs Harley was as good as her word. What passed between the sweeping captain and her, Edward never learnt; but, at his next appearance on deck, Williams took him aside, and, with a vivacity peculiarly his own, thus addressed him,—"Give me your flipper, my canny Scotchman, for, hang me, but I rejoice in your conquest. It is not every one, I can assure you, that could have cut our magical musicioner so completely in pieces in such a short time. I'd only advise you, my young pell, now since you are in her books, to 'ware falling out with her, for, as sure as my name is Tom Williams, I can honestly assure you, that if our precious Mrs Sue is a warm friend, she is quite a sky-rocket of an enemy—a complete tartar, matey—has the fist of a Belcher, and the tongue of the devil. You needn't join us now, if you've got any thing to do for her. I can do without you passing well, except of a morning, when the decks are washed, and to excuse you from that, my soul, is above my commission;—so take your body off, and thank your stars in being the fancy man of the high and mighty Lady Soft-tack." With this brilliant speech, and laughing heartily at his own wit, he turned on his heel, and joined his comrades.

It may be easily imagined, that, under the patronage of such a zealous friend as Mrs Harley, our hero had abundance of leisure to mark the singular mixture of human frailty, craft, and rascality, which formed such prominent features in the society of most of our guard-ships about ten years ago, —peculiarities which have amused us so often, and which have struck us so forcibly, that we really think them worthy a passing description, even at the hazard of being thought tedious by a prominent class of our intelligent readers, whose suffrage and applause we would, nevertheless, think it our highest honour to enjoy.

The Grab, then, was a veteran of the old school, fitted with light topmasts, and slightly rigged, every rope being unrove, and sail unbent, which were not indispensible to make her swing properly, and keep her moorings clear, stationed by the wisdom of government in Yarmouth roadstead, for the threefold purpose of, first, Receiving all those individuals belonging to the service who had left their ships in bad health, on duty, or leave of absence, and keeping them comfortably, at their country's expence, until an opportunity occurred of forwarding them to their respective vessels; secondly, Of receiving all volunteers, impressed men, and gentlemen *from* the bar, with every other species of the desperado, whom the justice or fear of the laws of their country had possibly driven to seek that shelter on the waters which the land refused them; and, thirdly, Of serving as a victualler and restorateur generale to such of his majesty's vessels as might reach her station in circumstances of distress.

With this general explanation, it

may easily be conceived what a vast diversity of incongruous matter such a vessel contained; and that, amid such an ill-assorted mass, it was by no means unnecessary, as Mrs Harley observed, to bestow some extra attention on any little moveables you might be possessed of. The iron discipline of the navy, it is true, was by no means unable to meet all this, had it not been for the circumstance, that the very pith and soul of that discipline was lost in such a vessel as the Grab, it being impossible to bring it to bear properly on men who came probably one day, and were gone the next. When it is recollected, too, that the people actually belonging to such a vessel formed but a small proportion of her inhabitants, and that, even after enumerating her limited number of officers, petty officers, boats-crews, and marines, you have left a large majority of able and ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys, with their attending females, disposable, like her other stores, for the exigences of the service, it was less a matter of surprise that such a laxity should exist, than that such a tensity of discipline should have been so firmly upheld. It was from the unavoidable and comparative idleness of a large body of this mass, that the most prominent features and peculiarities of a guard-ship took their rise; because human invention could not scheme steady work for the whole, and because skulking, which is impracticable in every other vessel, is deemed highly meritorious in a guard-ship. A great body of men were thus very often assembled together, totally unconnected and unknown to each other, who naturally resolved themselves into two distinct classes, as hostile and as completely separated as any two casts of the Hindoos.

The first of these classes, commonly terming themselves *Sea-goers*, were such individuals as, having been separated from their own vessels by any of the causes already mentioned, awaited here the first opportunity of joining them again; and, of course, having what they were pleased to call *ships of their own*, they considered themselves nearly as passengers in every other, worked very unwillingly, and skulked without shame. Besides, as in most guard-ships, they were looked on as men who deserved every indulgence, from the natural supposition of having undergone recent hardship or fatigue, they generally availed themselves of this friendly feeling towards them, and did little else but lounge away the idle day below, or formed part of the mob of galley idlers.

The second, and by far the most numerous class, are termed *Waisters*, and were the simple, the unfortunate, and bandits above mentioned—a body of men who were always held in the utmost contempt, and most of whom, in regard to clothing, were wretched in the extreme. Having, in many instances, figured away in former years in very superior stations of society, it could hardly fail to excite a smile in the spectator to hear two such fellows quarrelling in a style of language which would reflect no dishonour on more elevated company. "Pon my soul, George," cried one of these ragged heroes to another one day, "I really understood from Jennings that you had been at the bread-bag, which has suffered severely from some ravenous scoundrel, and that was my sole reason for being so testy with you; but I sincerely congratulate you on my bad information, and can positively assure you, that, while I ask your pardon for my ill-mannered suspicions, I shall certainly embrace an early opportunity of taking my foot from Mister Jennings's inexpressibles."

Nothing is considered too vile or too mean for a *waister*, a term which is equally applicable to sweepers, swab-wringers, menials, and drudges of all descriptions. He belongs to a class accounted the very groundlings of the navy, and literally, in fact, live lumber; and it is against this unhappy class of men, in particular, that all the artillery of a guard-ship's discipline is directed. All the hardest and most disagreeable duties in the service, therefore, which can possibly be practised, are from them rigidly and minutely enforced; and, from the circumstance of such vessels giving and receiving nearly daily supplies of almost every article in demand by the navy, there is a species of steady bustle kept up, which leaves the unfortunate waisters but little leisure for injuring each other. In defiance, however, of this hard and unceasing labour, and of the most rigid and unrelenting discipline, the few hours of darkness, devoted to repose, are by no means idly thrown away; for most of them, in general,

have both heads to plan and hearts to dare; and as the luxurious and licentious prodigality of the first class furnishes a tempting bait to the necessities of the second, neither talent nor ingenuity are awanting to keep up a species of petty depredation not altogether unamusing to an unconcerned person. The proximity and daily intercourse which is held with the shore, too, renders these nefarious practices not only more safe, but makes discovery nearly impossible; for the boats crews generally participate in the spoil, and of course wink hard, and say nothing. In this way amongst many others, do the waisters supply themselves with many trifles, which, however insignificant they may appear in the eyes of a thorough-bred seaman, are, from early habit or long gratification, become indispensible to them for life and comfort.

An instance of this kind, which occurred on board the Grab while Edward was there, excited a greater degree of merriment than pity. Our hero was lying awake one morning, very seriously scanning his past and present circumstances, and the marines were busied in placing the morning watch, when the whole lower deck resounded with a medley of howls and imprecations, bellowed in the strongest Irish accent, which was almost instantly followed by a crash, as of something bulky falling, and rolling down the hatch-ladder. In a trice the bawler was surrounded by lanterns, carried by the ship's corporals and marines, and they certainly exhibited as laughable a sight as often occurs. There sat, squat on the deck, a brawny Irishman of the largest dimensions, of the name of Michael Brennan, in a state of almost complete nudity, within a circle of lanterns, gazing wildly around him with all the stupidity of one suddenly awakened. To all the inquiries that were made as to how he came there, &c. he returned no answer; but rubbing his eyes, and recovering himself a little, he clenched his ponderous fists, and exclaimed, "By the Powers, now, if my own day-lights could come over the spalpeens that hoisted me, bed and all, up that d—d ladder there, and then rould me down it again, like an ould clothes bag, if I wouldn't be after sarving them a ticket or two in the bread-baskets that would make them remember Michael Brennan, sure, to the latest hour of their blasted lives, so I would now!—Och! but they didn't roul my bed down after me?—No, no! that would have been too much of a good thing for poor Michael.—It was, Give me your bed, says they,—and the devil may fly away with you, Myck, says they,—and bad luck to them!—Och! I'm complately ruinated, sure now!—All's gone, by Saint Patrick, now, to the last blessed skirrach!—My bed—my blankets—my tobacco—and six silver thirteeners my ould father left with me!—Blood and turf, master corporal, and all of you glim carriers, what were you doing now that couldn't be after keeping a better look-out; but you must allow people to be robbed, and kilt, and murdered in this rascally manner?—Och! bad luck to you all, I say! and bad luck to the hour, and the day, and the old man, and the boat that first brought me among you!"

This pathetic harangue, and particularly the conclusion of it, was delivered with a rapidity and in a tone so irresistibly ludicrous, that a loud peal of laughter was the reply; which nettled poor Michael so effectually, that, regardless of consequences, he sprung to his feet, and every blow he gave brought a guardian of the night to the deck. This speedily made matters worse.—Michael was overpowered and put in irons; but the next day, in consideration of his loss, the narration of which convulsed every hearer with laughter, his punishment went no farther than a few days in irons, and the deprivation of his grog.

In such refined and cultivated society it was our hero's happy lot to remain for nearly six weeks; at the end of which period a Nore tender paid the Grab a visit, for the purpose of picking up her gleanings. Having taken an affectionate leave of his kind friends, Joe and Susan Harley, Edward immediately embarked, along with the other supernumeraries, to the number of about 150 men and boys, with the happy Michael Brennan at their head, leaping for joy. He no sooner got on board the tender, than wheeling about, and waving his piece of a hat in the air, he cried, taking what he meant to be a last view of his old dwelling, "Bloody sessions to you,

you ould tub of the devil!—May every tester you have nibbled from poor Michael Brennan, and that's my father's son, turn a red-hot shot to sink and to confound you! and may the ould fellow receive you, ship's corporals, boatswain's mates, sodgers and all, into his own ugly bosom!"

They now hoisted sail, and gave the Grab three hearty farewell cheers, which were as cheerfully returned; after which, throwing off the lashings, they set sail, and in less than forty hours were safely along the Namur at the Nore, who received them with the usual formalities.

We think it quite unnecessary to say any thing of the Namur, after being so minute in our mention of the Grab; for excepting a necessary enlargement of scale and magnitude, the good and bad qualities of the one were those of the other. She was a fine large three-decker, remarkably crowded, having nearly 500 supernumeraries on board at that time. Edward was hardly eight days on board her before he became so heartily sick of the monotonous life of a guard-ship, that he determined to volunteer for the first vessel that offered, whatever she was. As they were coming almost daily down from refitting in the rivers, his wish was not long ungratified; and in a few days thereafter he went on board the Tottumfog sloop of war, Charles Switchem commander, along with fifty others of all denominations in the service.

S.

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LETTER FROM FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ.

*Inclosing his Journal and Poem.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM at length enabled to address you myself, and am the more gratified at having it in my power to do so, as those whom I have employed at different times to forward my labours to Edinburgh, have always made my interests subservient to their own, and (anxiously desiring to scrape an acquaintance with the Editor of THE MAGAZINE,) filled your pages with lying unintelligible trash, very much to the detriment of my poem, and to the deterioration of good taste and morals in general. I have done with secretaries for ever.

I enclose you the last Canto of Daniel O'Rourke, and a continuation of my Journal. You should have had it long ago, but that my time was almost entirely occupied since my recovery, with accepting the social invitations of my neighbours here, who do not think a party complete without my presence. This has been owing partly to my own convivial talents, but principally to the character of your Magazine. Indeed, like Mr Duffle your worthy contributor, it was no sooner known that I was Mr O'Fogarty who corresponded with Christopher North, Esq., than every door in the neighbourhood moved spontaneously on its hinges to admit one of the supporters of Blackwood's Magazine, (and, as I have been frequently termed) the Poet of Blarney.

Now that Daniel is finished, what shall I do next for you? Prose or poetry? it is all the same to me; grave or gay, humorous or pathetic, sober or satirical, morality or romance, history or—no, I cannot promise *that*, for I once threw off a folio History of Blarney Castle, which I offered to Mr ****, and he refused the concern, alleging that I was not dull enough. Ever since, I have an aversion to the business; however, please yourself, but let me know as speedily as convenient.

I suppose Odoherty has already informed you that he is to spend the Christmas with me in Blarney; and the devil's in it if we do not make the "welkin ring" when *we both* put our heads together for Maga. Remember me to him, and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

*Myros Wood, Nov. 2, 1821.* FOGARTY O'FOGARTY.

DANIEL O'ROURKE.

*An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.*

BY FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

## CANTO VI.

THE PAIL OF WATER.

Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio alarum:
Volitans argenteus anser
Circum littora, circum
Piscosos scopulos humiles volat æquora juxta.

*Lucr.* i. viii. iv.

Ὦ πόποι, ἦ μάλ' ἀλαφρὸς ἀνὴρ, ὡς ῥεῖα πιθοιτο.

*Iliad.* ii.

She went down to the well, and filled her pitcher and came up.

*Genesis*, xxiv. 16.

Πίλαιους—χειμῶνας τ' ἀνάξεται.

*Eurip. Iphig. in Aulide.*

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, &c.

*Par. Lost.*

דָּנִיֵּאל חֶלְמָם חָזֶה וְרָאשֵׁי רֵאשָׁה

*Dan.* vii. 1.

[We have not room for the remaining 47 mottos.

C. N.]

1.

'Tis said a *gander once preserved a Capitol,
The truth of which I do not mean to doubt;
It might be so perhaps, and yet mayhap it all
Was merely humbug, though not yet found out;
But, readers, what you learn from me, pray clap it all
Down in your minds, as sterling fact throughout,
As certain as that flirts are taught to titter,
That claret's toothsome, or that gall is bitter.

2.

The metre that I write in, I am told,
Has lately got much into disrepute,
Since the last cantos of the Don were roll'd
Forth on the world, good morals to pollute.
I therefore, as is right, intend to hold
My friends in short suspense. I'll soon be mute,
For this is canto sixth and last, and when
I've finish'd it, I lay aside my pen.

3.

For this I know the public all will grieve;
But, by my faith, I've other fish to fry
Than writing for their pleasure; none believe
The trouble 'tis to find words to apply
And jingle sweetly: If I can achieve
This business well, 'tis true I mean to try
Some other matters. But (I do not puff)
Six clever cantos I think quite enough

4.

Upon this subject. And since I can see
Apprentice boys, and Cockneys, dare to string
Their low ideas, patch'd up shabbily
Into this noble metre, I must fling

* Vid. Tit. Liv. Lib. Quint. Cap. Quadrag. Sep.

Such rhyme away: their filthy ribaldry
Will into shame the octave measure bring,
For every thing within the grasp of such,
Receives pollution from their filthy touch.

5.

The goose—(I here jog onwards with my tale)
Address'd our hero in a way so bland,
That Dan no more appear'd to weep and wail,
But as he was desired stretch'd forth one hand,
And seized the leg, with t'other caught the tail.
The wings of his conductor broad expand,
And quickly, through the balmy morning wind,
The gander moves: the geese steer on behind.

6.

Dan here address'd his guide,—"Pray, fly more down,
For I cannot as yet descry the earth;
And when I can discern sweet Bantry's town,
(The darling place from whence I take my birth,—
A spot, I can assure you, of renown,
And where there's many a hospitable hearth)
I'll shew you where I live, and you can pop
Down to the door with me, and let me drop."—

7.

"Right well I know the place," the bird replied,
"And every rock that guards its wond'rous bay;
And often, when I feel inclined to ride
Upon the blast, I make that course my way,
And dash along Glangariffe's woody side,
And sometimes dally there the live-long day—
At other times, ere you from bed have risen,
I take a turn or two around the MIZEN."—

8.

"A dangerous rock it is," quoth Dan, "I know,
When the wind something southward sets from west;
And many a merry soul, both friend and foe,
Has made this bay his watery road to rest."—
"Twice fifteen men I once saw dash'd below,"
Exclaim'd the goose;—"'twas there I had my nest
For full three years; but truly, such a shock
Made me desert my long-frequented rock."—

9.

"Indeed," says Dan, "we sometimes have a wreck
Much nearer home; and though I cannot say
That I would wish one sailor broke his neck,
Or that the crew had aught but fairest play,
Yet when there's rum or sugar at your beck,
He must be mad who'd not take both away;*
For, if the wind *will* dash them on the shore,
We haste to save the cargo—nothing more."—

10.

With chat like this, the pair pursued their way,
Apparently with Daniel's approbation;
The noble goose indeed seem'd quite *au fait*
At free and gentlemanly conversation;

* See Dr Coplestone, and T. D. on Necessitarianism.

The same, in fact, that we hear every day,
When, in the sweet, though tiresome situation
Of sitting next a girl, we're bound to find
Small talk and news to occupy her mind.

11.

And here, to bring my tale to due perfection,
I should inform my friends the route they took;
But as I have for them some small affection,
And always for their approbation look,
I shall not pen just now, for their inspection,
Words that their throats, I think, could never brook;
But lest I should be blamed even by a stranger,
I'll give a few that will not jaws endanger.

12.

They bravely sped o'er Thoumuldheeshig's* plain,
And cross'd the summit of Glendeeloch's mount;
Scudded along †Lord Bantry's rich demesne,
And poised a moment o'er Bosfordha's fount;
Then dash'd above the wilds of dark Drishane,
And other grounds too tedious now to count.
For why should I such information purvey,
For those who can procure ‡Hor. Townsend's survey?

13.

'Twas here Dan first obtain'd a glimpse of land;
But what the place, he knew no more than he
Who dwells among the Antipodean band,
That walk upon their heads so merrily.
Again he groans, and, slipping up his hand
From off the tail, grasps fast in agony
The goose's wing, and sobbing like a child,
With trembling accents, and with features wild,

14.

Asks in submissive terms the gander's route,
And whither he was going: "Home, my lad;
To take you home."—"Oh! Lord, sir, you are out
Much in your reck'ning, and you'd make me glad,
If you'd just stop yourself, and turn about,
For none that were not altogether mad
Would seek for Bantry in a place like this."—
"Be quiet, Dan, the way I shall not miss."—

15.

"But sure I know where Bantry's very well,
And this is not the road. Oh my! Oh my!‖
I think that all of you came out of hell,
To use a Christian this way in the sky;
I'd rather sure that from the moon I fell,
Than be this shuttlecock. God bless you, try,
And fly down lower. Oh! I knew, I knew
The rogues were all one party. *Alleluh!*§

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* Places about Bantry-bay.

† The family, at the date of this poem, was not ennobled; but then, as now, it was good.

‡ Survey of Co. Cork, by Rev. Hor. Townsend—the best work of the kind extant.

‖ A Hibernian Lamentation, corresponding with the Italian rhyme, which Vallancey would say was derived from it.

§ An exclamation not to be confounded with Alleluia, it being rather different.

16.

" Och! now I see you plainly want my life,
And I may just as well be murder'd here;
So let me drop upon the rocks; my wife
Will find me out, and fetch the parish bier,
And wake me, notwithstanding all our strife;
So let me drop down straight there, do you hear?
And when they find my carcase cold and bloody,
The folks will mind my brats, the priest, poor Judy."—

17.

The goose made no reply—but journey'd on,
Silent and calm as infancy asleep;
And now the travellers o'er land had gone,
And moved above the bosom of the deep,
The mighty deep, whose glorious surface shone
One boundless mirror; while the sails that sweep
Along its surface in perspective seem,
Like little motes within the solar beam.

18.

And here could Contemplation fill her soul,
And weave her holy deep imaginings;
Here as the ever-living waters roll,
Could Fancy soar upon her airy wings
To other worlds that " gild the glowing pole,"
As Pope (whom Bowles says is no poet) sings.
(These controversies sure the devil sent them
To bother us with *Byron, Bowles, and Bentham.)

19.

This would have been a famous time for judging
Whether the ocean's picturesque or not,
When on its surface not a ship is budging,
Nor aught its clear unruffled face to blot;
Byron and Bowles, I fear, would then be grudging
Dan, if he cut so Gordian-like a knot.
They need not fear. Dan ne'er read Aristotle;
His taste being solely given to the bottle.

20.

" This evening," blubber'd Dan, " I had no notion,
When I left home, to take a cup of ale,
That I'd be thus a-soaring 'bove the ocean,
Stuck to the feathers of a goose's tail;
Oh! then I promise if I e'er this woe shun,
Never to taste a drop at any meal:
But 'tis all over—I'm half froze"—A groan
Bursts from his heart, a piteous Hullagone.

21.

And now the bird had wing'd it far away
Over the waste of waters. Not a stain,
Or spot of land, deform'd the mighty bay,
But all was one immeasureable main,
As calm as lake in summer's mid-noon ray,
Parent alike of pleasure and of pain,
One day of thousand deaths the mighty spring,
The next a pillow for the Zephyr's wing.

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* Authors of certain pamphlets noticed by us. C. N.

22.

As for myself, I own I'd feel inclined
To visit foreign parts: could I provide
That we should always have a favouring wind,
I would not care so much about the tide.
Just to a tittle it would suit my mind
On nice smooth water merrily to ride,
And as at sea I always eat much more
Than when on land, I'd have of prog good store.

23.

On these conditions I should like to take
A trip "around" the world like Captain Cook."
It would be just a pretty sort of freak,
And then I could endite a handsome book.
Some dozen leaves of manuscript would make
A good sized quarto, if we only took
Some pains to put a type, round, tall, and large in,
And leave about a half a foot of margin.†

24.

I'd like to visit China very much,
And crack a bottle with a Mandarine;
I'd like to rove through Russia, at least such
Places as where Circassians can be seen;
I should not care a damn about the Dutch,
Though I must own I love their racy gin:
No Spain for me, though raised to be a Grandee;
But France I always relish'd for its Brandy.

25.

I'd wish to spend a month in Italy
For many reasons. There the wine is good;
The dark-eyed damas are all frank and free;
But I am told they overboil their food.
In Switzerland they don't live jollily,
And mountaineers‡ are somehow always rude.
But lest my readers should not like my taste,
Back to my tale I make all proper haste.

26.

The goose, as I remark'd before, had fled
Some dozen leagues to sea, and Daniel gave
In thought at least his frame a wat'ry bed;
When steering forward, dashing back the wave,
A ship along the foaming waters sped:
Dan here began to bawl. "Oh! save, Oh! save
A Christian from a wat'ry grave," he cried
To those below, when he the vessel spied.

27.

She seem'd a cutter from the west of France,
Seventy ton burthen, thirteen hands on board,
Which drove a trade 'twixt th' Irish coast and Nantz,
With silks and lace, but most with brandy stored.
Close to the wind she lay; a single glance
Would see 'twas Bantry she was making tow'rd.
Her sides were painted black, she lay quite low,
And both for reasons which perhaps you know.

---

* Either Whistlecraft stole this from me, or I from Whistlecraft. I leave it to the reader to decide.

† Charta impressorum maxima, lineæ, ubi
Apparent raræ nantes in margine vasto.
*Epil. to Phormio at Westminster School.*

‡ Witness the Gallovegian, and other Borderers.

28.

*In fact* she was a smuggler. At that time
France did with us a great deal in that way,
But at this period when I pen my rhyme,
'Tis all given up—extinguish'd I may say.
The war has changed the taste, and we must chime
In with the times, and smuggle what will pay.
Instead of lace and silk for those who lack hose,*
What we run now is commonly tobaccoes.

29.

Dan roar'd, but might have roar'd for ever there;
None could have heard his wailing or lament;
He then address'd the goose in suppliant prayer,
And begg'd him to have pity and relent;
But he might just as well address the air,
For still the bird on wing expanded went.
"Then, since you'll neither travel down nor stop,
Will you be kind enough to let me drop?"—

30.

"Pray, don't be foolish, Dan!" exclaimed the goose;
"You can't be in your senses,—you'd be drown'd."—
"I do not care," quoth Dan, "I see no use
In staying here, and, if I fell on ground,
I must be dash'd to bits; oh! don't refuse;
The crew perhaps will catch me safe and sound.
So open just your claw and let me tumble!
I'll trust in God, with faith sincere and humble."—

31.

"Had you not better let some body fall,
To ascertain the spot whereon you'd light?
Some piece of money, though it were but small,
Would be sufficient."—Dan search'd left and right,
But not a farthing could he find at all,
Or aught to drop. "They're going out of sight,
I'll try my chance; oh! dear sir, let me go,
Or I shall never reach the ship below."†

---

* Silk stockings were a principal article of contraband trade.

† Here follows Buzzhun's account of the affair, for the benefit of the literati:

Fogartius homo erat tam modestus,
Ut finem verum carminis celaret;
Non videar (spero) parum nunc honestus,
Si narrem ut amicus mî narraret.
Est delicatis auribus infestus;
Fogartius igitur non eum daret;
Sed in Latina possumus loqui clare,
Quod non audemus Anglice susurrare.

Cum Daniel navem videt, missionem
Petit enixé a duce anserino;
"Hui!" dixit anser, "mox petitionem
Mœreres, si hinc cadere te sino;
Nisi in æquor velis mersionem;
Nam super ratem sumus non omnino.
Dejiciens aliquid experiare,
Utrum in navem caderes an mare."

"Nil habeo," inquit. "Nihil! O projicias
"Nummulum aliquem auri vel argenti."
"Aurum! Argentum! Unde has divitias
Mihi ne æs‡ aheneum habenti?"
"Rem aliam quæras."—"Odepol conficis
Si porto quicquid præter excrementi
Pondus haud parvum, quod contineat venter,
Et hoc in mare mitterem libenter."

Anser "Merdose" clamans veniam dedit:
Et braccas Daniel usque ad pedes solvit,
Strepitu multo atque vi pepedit,
Merdamque magni ponderis devolvit—
Territus hoc, somnium statim cedit,
(Nam somnium erat) oculos resolvit,
Et ait, "Quam fui astro malo natus
Obdormio ebrius, surgŏque cacatus."

The learned reader will remember a somewhat similar conclusion to a story in Poggio's Facetiæ.

‡ *Anglice*—a brass farthing.

33.

The goose, on finding him so obstinate,
Stretch'd out his leg, and opening wide his paw,
Again dash'd Dan at his accustom'd rate
Down through the air. The goose above him saw
His body splash within the waves, and strait
A whirling eddy oped its ravening maw:
But all Dan suffer'd from his evil luck
In upper air, was nothing to this duck.

34.

He felt the waters compass him about,
Ring in his ears, and gurgle in his throat;
And every wave would dash the luckless lout
Bump on a rock, or some long founder'd boat.
He flung his arms around him, sinewy, stout,
And to the surface oft essay'd to float:
While every monster of the deep, with grim
And fiery eyes, gaped awfully at him.

35.

At one time he was thrown upon the mud,
But the next wave upraised him in a dash;
He saw upon his arms the streaming blood,
Where fishes bit;—and now another splash
Would fling him back again to where he stood
But just before; when suddenly a crash
Of thunder bursts above; a known salute
Deafens his ear,—"Take that, and that, you brute.

36.

"You do not care how you desert your door,
You dirty, drunken, beastly-looking sot!
Oh! woe's the day I ever met you, sure,
And when I wed you, 'twas a bitter lot:—
Get up there, from that filthy, dabbled floor;
If served aright, you should rest there to rot."
Dan rubb'd his eyes, leap'd up, and, with a scream
Sung out, "Where am I, arrah? 'TWAS A DREAM."—

37.

The fact was, Mistress Rourke and Mistress Blake,
Who were as constant cronies as their mates,
And often at their cabins met to take
A cup of tea, when granted by the Fates,
This evening met; and having vowed to wreak
Their vengeance on their guilty husbands' pates,
Furnish'd with washing-tub, or pail quite crazy,
Follow'd our heroes to the MOUNTAIN DAISY.

38.

There, having fill'd their vessels to the brim,
Stout Mistress Blake, upon poor Daniel's head
Pour'd the contents, in which a man might swim,
And straight, to fill it for her husband sped;
But Dan, arous'd, leap'd up, with mug quite grim,
And at the monster (as he thought) he fled;
For he knew not the object of his fear,
His fuddled brain as yet not being clear.

39.

But when he saw 'twas neither shark nor whale,
  But Judy his own wife, in act to cast
Right on his dripping pate a second pail,
  A bumper just as brimful as the last,
He brush'd aside, light as a mountain gale,
  And 'scaped the waterspout, which by him past;
"Leave off," says he, "and better manners learn:
O Judy, Judy, why art thou so stern?"—*

40.

"How can you ask?" quoth she, "you drunken dog,
  Who never come beneath this wicked roof,
That you can move away, but like a log,
  Lie quite knock'd up, and helpless. Keep aloof
From Mountain daisies—that you shall, you hog,
  Next time I catch you this way, hand and hoof
I'll have you pinion'd smartly, I engage:
You know not yet what 'tis to rouse *my* rage."—

41.

"Och! peace!" says Dan; "I promise on my word,
  Never to drink as I have done to-night;
But 'twas no joke—or rather 'twas absurd,
  To souse me so with water: such a fright
I got as made me dream that things occurr'd
  Queerer than ever chanced to mortal wight:
So don't be angry any more, but come,
Come home, my heart, and do not look so grum."—

42.

This said he stagger'd forward, caught his wife
  Full in his arms, and smack'd her with a kiss;
(The plan most excellent, upon my life,
  Of stopping women's angry mouths is this,)
When Mrs Blake return'd, for mischief rife,
  Her hands of water full, of fire her phiz:
But Judy, who had grown quite soft and loving,
Begg'd off poor Paddy in a style most moving.

43.

What points she urged—how Mrs Mulshenan
  Vapour'd about the honour of her house—
How Mrs Blake's well practised clapper ran,
  Reviling men addicted to carouse—
How she at last was pacified—how Dan
  Begg'd (but in vain) permission from his spouse
To take for fear of cold, but one more glass—
Being in haste I here beg leave to pass.

44.

In fine, they routed Blake, who stretch'd along
  The hearth was dreaming, but more pleasantly,
And sallying out, moved off the staggering throng,
  (For, *entre nous*, the girls had spiced their tea.)
But, spite of vows, next night, believe my song,
  The friends attack'd the grog, and gallantly
Got drunk again—the which I do attest:
I have it from authority the best.

MORAL OF THE WHOLE POEM.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.

PINDAR.

MANKIND! ye learn from this with truth, that slaughter
Of brandy can't be cured by pails of water.

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* See Milman's Samor, the Lord of the Bright City.
"O duty, duty, why art thou so stern!"
Somewhat similar. I prefer my own.

## Explicit.

Daniel O'Rourke is at length concluded.

The composition of this poem has beguiled many a weary moment, and, I trust, purified by the sweet sentimentalities of poetry many an hour which might else have been devoted to subjects less sacred. That it can make a deep and lasting impression on the morals of my country, is my wish, though my modesty forbids me to say my expectation: but if one reader rises from its perusal with a heart better adapted for the reception of the sublime and devotional—if one spirit has been refreshed by the inspiration of holy musings while reading it—if one better citizen, one better man, has been made by the work I have just finished, I shall not look upon my labour to have been in vain.

F. O'Fogarty.

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## SONNET.

FOGARTY! FRIEND AND PARTNER OF MY HEART,
GLORY OF BLARNEY'S CASTELLATED TOWN;
NOW THAT THY POEM, WORK OF HIGH RENOWN,
EQUALLY DEAR TO NATURE AS TO ART,
TO BYRON AS TO BOWLES, HAS FOUND AN END,
I HAIL THEE IN THIS SONNET, BARD DIVINE!
IN VERSE PERHAPS NOT DELICATE OR FINE,
BUT HONEST, SUCH AS FRIEND SHOULD WRITE TO FRIEND!
HIGH ABOVE EARTH, THY FAME SHALL MOUNT, AS HIGH
AS O'ER THE BOTTLE SHOOTS THE ASPIRING CORK,
WHEN GAS CARBONIC MAKES IT FORTH TO FLY
FROM THE CLOSE FLASK WHERE STREAMS OF SODA WORK,
LEAVING THE FIZZING FUME BEHIND, SO THOU
SHALT O'ER THE MURMURING CROWD TO ETHER PLOUGH.

Quoth Thos. Jennings,
Founder of the Soda-Water School of Poetry.

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[In addition to the Sonnet presented to us by the great Bard of Soda, we have been favoured with the following lines from the able pen of a favourite Correspondent. We trust our friend Mr Fogarty's notorious and national modesty will not be put to the blush by the well-deserved encomiums contained in them.—C. N.]

TO FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

Bard of the West! thy lay shall still be read
Long as a mountain-daisy rears its head;
Long as the moon shall gild the glowing scene;
Long as her man shall o'er her surface reign;
Long as an eagle dwells near Bantry Bay;
Long as towards heaven he wings his airy way;
Long as a goose a cackling cry shall give,
(That is at least while Wood and Waithman live;)
Long as a wife shall chide her drunken lord,
When in an alehouse she beholds him floor'd.

While England's tongue survives—or, what's the same,
While North's great Work keeps flourishing in fame,
So long shalt thou, my Fogarty, impart
Ecstatic pleasure to the feeling heart.
And ages yet unborn, and lands unknown,
Shall chaunt thy verses in melifluous tone;
And pilgrims shall from far Kentucky roam,
Or from still farther Australasia come,
Or Melville Island, in the icy foam,
That they, with thirsty reverent eye, may see
The scenes immortalized by Fogarty!

Quoth D. Dick,
Of the C. L. and S. S.

## BRIEF ABSTRACT OF MR O'FOGARTY'S JOURNAL.

On looking over my journal I find it so barren of incident, that I do not think it worth my while to send it entire. Take then this short abstract. On the 5th ult. I rose after nearly four months' confinement to bed. I had experienced a sad randling during that time. My skin like a lady's loose gown hung about me—my jaws were drawn in—my face hatchety—my eyes sunk and hollow—and my clothes invested my once goodly person with as little congruity as a flour-bag would act the part of waistcoat to a spit. The entries for a week in my diary, consist chiefly of notes of squabbles with my doctors—who one and all seemed leagued in a conspiracy to starve me. I was firm, however, and succeeded in unkennelling them; from which day I got visibly better. I was soon able to despatch my commons with my usual activity. My person acquired its wonted amplitude—and my eye resumed its old fire. I could give a halloo with ancient fortitude of lungs, and in fact was completely re-established. On the 14th, while I was in the act of polishing the wheel of my salmon-rod, my old friend, the Earl of ******** called on me *en passant*. "The good-natured, black-whiskered," (to speak regally, for it was by this title, you know, the King addressed him on the pier at Howth,) was delighted to see me pulling up, and congratulated me on my recovery. He told me all the Dublin chit-chat about his Majesty, who, he said, was quite pleased at meeting him, and shook his hand with the utmost cordiality. I had many an anecdote from him which escaped the knowledge of the mere mob. The king's private parties were quite *au fait*—and he captivated those who had the honour of being admitted to his own immediate circle, as effectually as in public he by his demeanour won the hearts of the rest of the population. Our conversation then turned upon my poem, of which he, like every body else, spoke in terms of the highest commendation—but modesty forbids me to detail what he said on this point. But who the devil, says his Lordship, is North? I told him he was a gentleman of good family residing in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where his wealth, talents, and general virtues, render him the life of society, and the idol of Auld Reekie. He amuses himself, I continued, by conducting the greatest literary work of modern times—by which he makes about six thousand a-year,* (was I right?) which, as well as his private property, (a very considerable one,) he spends in such a bounteous hospitality, that he is in general suspected to be an Irishman. "Yes," said my noble friend, "my son, who was, you know, of Exeter, Oxon, told me he heard as much from a friend of his, Mr Buller, of Brazen Nose, who spent some days, a couple of years ago, with him on a party in the Highlands, when Lord Fife, Prince Leopold, and other distinguished persons, were part of his company. He had with him at that time a pleasant, and very prime poet, of the name of Hogg, in his train, of whom Buller told queer stories. My son, who was a crack-man in Oxford, had an idea of contributing to North, but since he has been returned for this ruinous county, he he has not an hour to himself." In this way his Lordship and I beguiled an hour, chatting about the two prominent subjects of discourse in Ireland at present, his Majesty (if indeed it be proper to call the King a subject) and the Magazine. He pressed me hard to go with him to Myros, offering me his carriage, if I did not find myself well enough to bestride my chesnut, Donnelly, but I then declined it. I am, however, there this moment, and am writing this Journal in great haste in his library, on some of his best wire-wove. On the 15th, Father Buzzhun, with whom I have corresponded from the commencement of my poem, wrote me from Glangariffe, enclosing some Latin verses, narrating the catastrophe of the poem in a different manner. To oblige the old gentleman, I put them in my notes; they appear to me to be as good as Frere's, in his 3d Canto of Whistlecraft, which, after all, is the best and most pleasantly humorous thing in the *ottava rima*. From this to the 29th, I

* Considerably under the mark. C. N.

spent my time in ranging the hills, glens, and bogs, to the devastation of the feathered tribes, and the demolition of the dinners of my friends. I am once more stout as buck or bear—Fogarty's himself again, as I displayed on the 25th, (the day of Crispin Crispian, as Harry the Fifth remarks,) at a great dinner party on the rocks, where I played a knife and fork to the manifest astonishment of the native tribes. We were quite jolly,—a boat-race in the morning, right well pulled, and a ball in the evening, flanked by a supper by no means to be sneez'd at. There was a good deal of singing,—none, however, equal to Braham's. I have a great mind to write a full account of this affair, as I think it would make a decentish article for the Star of Edina. Thorp sung, pretty well, a song of his own composition, in honour of the Coronation-day. It is well enough for one not yet hardened in the ways of poetry.

1.

"Come round me, ye lads, that I value the best,
From the mountains, the valleys, the east, and the west,
For this is the day that our monarch has been
Crown'd King of Great Britain and Erin the green.

2.

"Then why should not we, in a full flowing cup,
Drink a health to King George in a long choking sup?
For we are the lads can drown sorrow and spleen,
When we thus meet together to sport on the green.

3.

"This day is a glorious one, boys—let us quaff
Our primest of liquors, be merry, and laugh;
And when we have drain'd off our bottles quite clean,
We'll hop off to the girls, and we'll dance on the green.

4.

"Let Lords, Dukes, and Earls, keep feasting away—
Let the shrill trumpet sound, and the champion's horse neigh—
Let ladies in diamonds adorn the scene—
We'll have mirth here at home, and our dance on the green.

5.

"We have ladies as lovely and brilliant as they,
Though no jewels are borrow'd to make them look gay;
Their eyes are the diamonds that sparkle so keen,
When lit up by love in the dance on the green.

6.

"We have Princes in plenty among us, 'tis true—
Of good fellows, I mean, and but rivall'd by few;
The goblet's our star, and our ribbon is seen
Round the waists of our sweethearts, who dance on the green.

7.

"Then come, let us close with LONG LIFE TO OUR KING,
And then, each a champion, his glove let him fling,
To the fair one who rules o'er his heart as the queen;
And, till Sol's in the ocean, we'll dance on the GREEN."

It is superfluous to say that the evening was spent quite in a genteel manner, and that many gentlemen, of the most sagacious understandings, were highly indebted to the intellectual faculty of their horses in their return homeward.

On the 26th, I got the last Number by express, and a right good one it is. But what a sputter about personalities! If I were in North's place, I should not give myself a moment's uneasiness about the crying out of the whigs, who are the most personally abusive animals of the species. They only cry now because they are hurt. I perceive rather an impertinent allusion to my poetry, by Mr Trott of London. *I know* that shaver. I remember one night, or morning, after coming from the eccentrics, meeting him at the Cyder Cellar, in a state of civilation; and he was so impertinent about Hireland, that, to avoid disputes, I was obliged to throw him up stairs into the street. This is the meaning of his slap at Blar-

ney—but I do not value him a handful of turf. * I am more annoyed at the news which I see in last night's paper, that Blarney Castle is going to the hammer, and that the breach old Noll made in its battlements, will be nothing to the gutting it will receive in consequence of the assault of the auctioneer. This is an unkind cut indeed, but I hope the new purchaser will be a man of soul. On the 27th, I seized my gun—buckled on my shot-pouch and powder-horn, whistled to my dogs, (I back Sheelah against any pointer in the county,) and set forward to look for a covey of partridges. I found it—shot seven—but made a better hit on my return—for I met the hospitable Lord of Barley-hill—one of the fairest fellows in the West-country. I dined with him—slept at his house—and next morning had a fine dash at a fox, with his famous pack. We found in high style, and he led us a chase of about sixteen miles. I cannot say that I came in for the brush, being, through some accident, thrown out rather early. I attributed this to my late illness, for Donnelly was in prime order. But though not distinguished at the hunt, I flatter myself I distinguished myself after dinner, by putting every man under the table, and retiring with head unhurt, at three next morning. On the 29th, I shifted my flag to Myra's Wood, where I still continue. The house is full of company, and we are all as gay as larks. I wrote my last canto in half an hour before dinner, in a room full of people, which is next to be done by your every-day bards. I read it in the course of the evening, and it was voted to be a "singularly wild original and beautiful poem," as Lord Byron says of Christabel. Lord Bantry was quite flattered that the scene of so fine a lay should be placed on his estate, and invited me to spend a month with him. I am beginning to think the Leg of Mutton School of Poetry is the only one which is worth the attention of a true poet. Its principles are *really* invariable. I shall consult Aristotle to see what he says about it, for I have a great mind to join the corps. On the 30th, we enjoyed a fine cruize in the Lord Exmouth, a noble yacht, and fitted up in great style. My noble host is a prime seaman, and handles the rudder well; he cruized round the harbour till dinner time, and took a few fish on our way—returned at six, just in ripe order for the venison.—This is the last entry in my Journal; for these last two days I have been too busy to write any thing; and, besides, I hear the dinner bell.

* We must interpose our authority to prevent this dispute between our contributors going any farther. There should be peace and good will between our men.—C. N.

### THE YELLOW LEAF.

The yellow leaf has fall'n,
And the stubble braes are brown,
The mountain burns are roaring,
And the swallows a' are flown;
The school-boy with his fellows,
Cowers in aneath the lea,
And wide and wild o'er the bleak dry land,
Flies the grey gull frae the sea.

But its no that summer's fled the bower,
Nor the stubble fields are brown,
Nor for the hill-burns roaring,
And a' the birds that's flown,
Nor yet to see the schoolboys
Stand cowering in the lea,
That my weary heart is press'd with dule,
And the tear is in my ee.

But a' because I see no more,
By bower or burn, or brae,
The rosy look and the cheerful eye,
That sunn'd my summer day,
The fairest face that e'er I saw,
Lies with the gather'd flowers,
The leelest friends that e'er I knew,
Are gone like sunny hours.

The foreign turf in a far far land,
Grows o'er my brother's tomb,
My sister dear that lov'd me best,
Sits in a foreign home.
And low beneath yon lone grave stone
My kindly father sleeps,
And all alone in yon sad bower,
My widow mother weeps.

O ye may fill the cheery bowl,
And troll the catch and glee,
And spare na of your merry wine,
And merry ye may be;
But no a song that e'er was sung,
Nor bowl of merry wine,
Can cure the pain that's in my breast,
The pain, O Time! that's thine.

G. B.

## LETTER FROM MR SHUFFLEBOTHAM,

### *On Cheese, Civilization, North Country Ballads, &c.*

[We had, as Hamlet says, after our usual custom in the afternoon, seated ourselves, as majestically as our gout would permit, in our arm chair of state, to ruminate upon a little article, which we intend shall be cayenne to the palate of the public. Somehow or other, we were a little misty, and the struggle to screw our ideas "to the sticking place" ended, as such attempts sometimes do after dinner, in that state of quiescent pleasure, beyond the reach of opium, during which we read an almanack, or a newspaper nine days old, always returning to the top of the page, to save the troublesome duty of turning over the leaf. Our quiescence, however, was suddenly interrupted by one of those itinerant bands of musicians who play, after dusk, about the streets of our own "good town." As it happened, they struck up, within twenty yards of our window, a little simple air, which, deep as we are in Scottish and Irish melody, was entirely new to us. It struck through us with a thrill like the discovery of a new sense. We hobbled to the window, laid our ear to the pane, although a sharp current of air blew into our neck through a crevice in the sash, and drank until the liquid eloquence of the melody was drained to the last drop. We had hobbled back again to our fire-side, with a strong feeling of enthusiasm, and a chilliness about the small of our back, and had just swallowed a bumper of claret, by way of corrective, when the following letter was handed in. We have a good deal of respect at bottom, for old Shufflebotham, though he is sometimes given to prosing, and we were just in the humour for him. Indeed, the old fellow never writes so passably as when he is not, as he calls it, "upon his Ps and Qs," a state which inevitably renders him marvellously absurd and formal. We accordingly made up our mind to keep our little Crystal of *Merum Sal*, as a gem for the concluding number of this volume, and to insert the old boy's letter just as it was, "in puris naturalibus;" and we hereby give warning, that no one need read it unless he be as we were, in what philosophers call "a state of negative electricity." C. N.]

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

I dare say you'll be thinking that old Shufflebotham has fairly forgotten you; but I've only been out a brace of weeks, from a bout of my old complaint, at which—as we've had our turn for the muggy weather—you'll not wonder. I reckon, that on the rheumatic score, you and I are much of a muchness. I did not like very well to write neither, till I had the ewe-milk cheese to send; and if you have been thinking it long in coming, the fault is neither mine, nor Dinah's, nor Ralph Hepple's, who says he left it for Dickinson three weeks ago. It's to be hoped you'll think we are improving in the manufacture; and, doubtless, the improvement of all sorts of cheese is a proof of the agricultural progress of a countryside, as it were, just as ballads are of the mental. It requires a handing down, as I may say, from father to son, to establish a well-charactered cheese, and this, when done, not only betokens the improvement of the dairy, but likewise of the taste of the country round about, which encourages it. As for the ballads, Dinah says you only encourage me in my whims and nonsense; but nobody shall persuade me that they are not a barometer of the refined part of the manners of a district, just as the stocks in London are of the wealth that's passing from one to another. I've heard you say that yourself. There's nobody knows, Mr North, but people who have a natural feeling for these sort of things, what a hold some of them take of the imaginations of us country-folk, who have never been debauched by living in the smoke, and bustle, and finery of towns, as these conceited Londoners do, that ye're so hard upon, though, after all, some of them are clever chiels too; but that's neither here nor there; you your-

self would hardly believe, on a time, what pleasure a body like me takes in looking over an old thumbed "Ballant-book." Roger sometimes brings one in from some of the hind-folk; and what a pleasant sensation the very sight of the poor awkward-looking cuts, and the worse doggrel, which minds one of young days, can afford. The view of the "King and the Cobler," the "Young Man's Garland," or "Robin Hood," with their queer scrawls of men in odd hats, and broad tailed coats, upon chequered pavements, or amongst scrubby trees, brings up many a sweet dreamy recollection.

But we are wonderfully improved since these times. Burns and Bewick, as I sometimes say, have been the great reformers, the Luther and Calvin both of the souls and bodies of the "ballants." If you give a halfpenny to the lads now, they'll bring you in a neat leaf, with may be one of Burns's best songs, or some other, marvellously smoothed down, since the "*sixteenth* of May" used to be a crack song in every ale-house. And for cuts, may be a gay decent imitation of one of Bewick's best tail-pieces, with the beasts and birds looking something like Christians; for before his time one never knew what they were. But you'll wonder what has put all this ballad-singing into my head; and I should have told you before—however, I must begin at the beginning.—I went the other day to bring my nephew Roger home from school, which he was obligated to leave on account of a fever that had got among them; and a speat of rain coming down the river, we stopped at O——— to give the beasts a feed till the wet was over. The landlady had left the door ajar, as she was righting the table and setting me down a warm glass of rum and water, and Roger a sup of ale, when a callant in the kitchen began that song I've heard ye admire, Mr North,—at least when your cherry-cheeked favourite, as ye used to call her, poor little Thomasine Charlton sang it,—"He's far awnt the hills the night, but he'll be here for a' that." The lad lilted well, and there's a charm even in the worst of these simple ballads, when sung with feeling and a clear voice. I know that most of the tunes I hear about our onstead, are far behind your real Scottish airs—for Scotland and Ireland after all are the lands of song; but still they have a swatch of feeling about them, poor ditties though they be, and you may call them, if you like, a sort of *half way house* between your soul-stirring melodies and the fond modern things one gets deaved with, when one's fool enough to patronize, as they call it, the players at a race or assize time. However, as I was saying, the lad sung gaily—"Whisht," says I to Roger, "set the door open, shut thy mouth, and cock thy lugs, for the life of thee—here's something to stop a gap with;" and accordingly they soon gave us another specimen. Both words and tune were new to me—and the last appeared to be Irish; but to my judgment, though I'm what your scientifical folk would call no judge at all, I've heard worse stuff. Not that I would name it in the same day with your friend Mr Hogg, or Mr Cunningham, or Dr Scott, or Mr Jennings; but still, what with the fine feeling of the ditty, and what with the simplicity of the ballad, it went down.

1.

Though I must go to a foreign land,
And wait my leader's stern command;
Although my breast I must oppose
Unto my country's hostile foes,
The stormy seas—the battle's roar,
Shall never make my bosom sore,
If Nancy takes me by the hand,
Before I go to a foreign land.

2.

I've been in many a foreign land,
By many a dangerous reef and sand;
I've heard the Baltic billows roar
Among the mists of Elsinore;
But wheresoe'er he's forced to roam,
A jolly sailor's still at home,—
Till Nancy takes him by the hand,
Even England is a foreign land.

3.

Though I must go to a foreign land,
The hour-glass shall run out its sand,
However distant be the clime,
Her William will come home in time;
Abroad, at home, where'er I be,
My Nancy there shall sail with me;
And when she takes me by the hand,
I'll think no place a foreign land.

When he ended, some observations seemed to be making, probably of the sentimental sort, in their homely fashion; but you would have been pleased with the bold way in which the singer, who had really a fine manageable voice, broke in with an air that has been familiar to me ever since I was "penny-can-high," as the saying is, but of which I never was aware of the merit till now. I have forgot what we used to call it, but it goes now by the title of "My Love is newly listed." It is just one of those ditties which Gay would have put into the Beggar's Opera, —monotonous, yet original,—full of mannerism, yet with a vein of unexpected feeling. It embodies, in a faint degree, that mixture of passions, which is the top of what you call *musical expression*, and which is so wonderful in your Scottish air of "Dinna think," where bitterness and love, grief and contempt, mix and get the better of one another, as the colours do on a bit of *shot-silk*. The lad gave the emphatic places a touch of sarcasm half plaintive, half playful, particularly at the conclusion, and seemed to feel the intention of the tune in a way that pleased me mightily.

1.

O, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing;
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frosts are setting in;
And when a woman tells me that my face she'll soon forget,
Before we part, I wad a crown, she's fain to follow 't yet.

2.

The snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing;
And the swallow skims without a thought as long as it is spring;
But when spring goes, and winter blows, my lass, an ye'll be fain,
For all your pride, to follow me, were 't cross the stormy main.

3.

O, the snow it melts the soonest when the wind begins to sing;
The bee that flew when summer shined, in winter cannot sting;—
I've seen a woman's anger melt between the night and morn,
And it's surely not a harder thing to tame a woman's scorn.

4.

O, never say me farewell here—no farewell I'll receive,
For you shall set me to the stile, and kiss and take your leave;
But I'll stay here till the woodcock comes, and the martlet takes his wing,
Since the snow aye melts the soonest, lass, when the wind begins to sing.

The next was an even-down ballad both in words and music; and, in its noble contempt of mood, tense, person, and propriety in general, might almost vie with the verse I have known you quote, Mr North, from the old ditty of Lord Derwentwater.

"Macintosh was a gallant soldier,
He carried his musket on his shoulder;—
Cock your pistols and draw your rapier,
And damn you, Forster, for you're a traytor."

Still, to my silly old notion, there was something redeeming about it.

1.

O, I'll cut off my yellow hair,
A musket give to me,
And wheresoe'er thou goest, there,
My love, I'll follow thee;
And when our foes we must engage
Upon some foreign strand,
Howe'er the bloody battle rage,
I'll stand at thy right hand.

2.

But when the battle's over,
Then soldiers will be gay,
And if I prove a rover,
What will my Nancy say?
If then another win your heart,
What will your Nancy do?
She'll only weep, and stand apart,
And hear her talk with you.

3.

Thou hast my heart, so take my hand—
My hand I give to thee,
And not again be sure that hand
Another's e'er shall be.
And should my lovely Nancy share
The battle by my side,
The Power above that hears our prayer,
Would shield the soldier's bride.

Here the landlady made such a clatter with plates and dishes, that for a minute or two I could hear nothing. When the noise and dirdum had slackened a little, I could just hear a weak voice lilting carelessly a little air that, under many varieties, is common in Northumberland—

Your spinsters and your knitters in the sun,
And those free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it—it is silly, sooth.

Like most ballads, however, its vulgarity has a touch of the plaintive. I could only make out—

O! the weary cutters—they've ta'en my laddie frae me,
O! the weary cutters—they've ta'en my laddie frae me;
They've press'd him far away foreign, with Nelson ayont the salt sea.
O! the weary cutters—they've ta'en my laddie frae me.

You may think I was contented with this specimen, and as the noise continued, Roger made an errand into the kitchen to try to procure me some copies of the songs. Meanwhile a sprightly voice struck up, and in an interval I discovered that a fishing song was the order of the day. I could not collect the first stanza—the second ran thus:

Nae mair we'll fish the coolly Tyne,
Nae mair the cozy Team,
Nae mair we'll try the sedgy Pont,
Or Derwent's woody stream;
But we'll away to Coquetside,
For Coquet bangs them a',
Whose winding streams sae sweetly glide,
By Brinkburn's bonny Ha'.

In the next stanza that I heard, the spirit of the song had changed.

At Weldon brigg there's wale o' wine,
If ye hae coin in pocket;
If ye can thraw a *heckle* fine,
There's wale o' trouts in Coquet.
And we will quaff the red-blood wine,
Till Weldon's wa's shall reel,—
We'll drink success to hook and line,
And a' wha bear the creel.

. . . . . .

And O! in all their angling bouts,
On Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
Whether for maidens or for trouts,
May anglers still succeed.

By Till, or Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
In sunshine, or in rain,
May fisher ne'er put foot in stream,
Or hand in purse in vain.
Then luck be to the angler lads,
Luck to the rod and line;
Wi' morn's first beam, we'll wade the stream,
The night we'll wet with wine.

The chorus at the end of the third stanza seemed to be more noisy than the rest. When Roger came in, he told me that when he went in he found a pale-faced lad, in a blue jacket, blue stockings, and red garters, trolling the simple chant I mentioned. The fishing song, Roger said, was sung by a "betterly looking" young man, in a shooting dress. He willingly shewed Roger a copy of the song, but would not part with it. It was printed in better taste than ordinary, with a tail-piece of Bewick's at the top, and the initials of the author of the "Reed Water Minstrel" at the bottom. The sentimental now seemed to have given way to the comic; but by this time the day had cleared up, so we only heard a fellow with an Irish twang and a portion of sly humour, sing a verse or two to the tune of "The Pretty Maid of Derby, O," which you may

Thomas Moore, Esq. has claimed for the Irish, though to my mind there go two words to that bargain. This last seems to hit Roger's fancy; for I since find he can skirl through it, from beginning to end, under the alluring title of the "Irish Captain's Garland." I give it you just to fill up the sheet.

There was a Captain bold
At Sunderland, 'tis told,
And he was a gallant gay Lothario;
So Irish was his air,
No one but did declare,
That he was the very Paddy Carey, O.

His ancle it was small,
His stature it was tall
As a camel, leopard, or dromedary, O;
And straight was his back,
And his whiskers were black,
Och! no one could mistake Paddy Carey, O.

His jacket it was laced,
A sash about his waist,—
By his side hung his Androferary, O;
With his spurs of polish'd steel
That jingled at his heel,
There was none could compare with Paddy Carey, O.

He loved a maiden tall,
Whom some call'd "Pretty Poll,"
Though her god-fathers only called her Mary, O,—
Her shape and janty air,
Soft eyes and sunny hair,
Play'd havock with the heart of Paddy Carey, O.

Though lovers would annoy,
This damsel still was coy,
And always to their suit was contrary, O;
And little did she dream,
When to Sunderland she came,
That ever she should sigh for Paddy Carey, O.

On Sunderland Parade
He saw her first, 'tis said,
And straight the gallant Captain so wary, O,
Said "Ladies, I request
The tune that you love best."—
She sigh'd, as she whisper'd—"Paddy Carey, O."

Then straight unto the band
The Captain waved his hand,
Having bow'd to his charmer so airy, O;
And, determined to engage her,
He order'd the drum-major
To play up the planxty Paddy Carey, O.

While the tune it was lilting,
Sweet Polly's eyes so melting
Bewitch'd him, like an angel or a fairy, O;
And, when the tune was play'd,
He whisper'd her, and said,
"Have pity on your own Paddy Carey, O.

"I am a soldier tall,
An Irishman and all,—
I came all the way from Tipperary, O;
And, though I'm something frisky,
I'll love you more than whisky,
If you can love again your Paddy Carey, O.

"I fought at Waterloo,
Where Boney got his due,
And ran away from Pat in a quandary, O;
I've pocket-fulls of plunder,
So, joy, you cannot blunder
In striking up a match with Paddy Carey, O."

Her voice it was hush'd,—
Like the morning she blush'd,
And red unto white did she vary, O;
And though she hated violence,
She pocketed in silence
A squeeze and a salute from Paddy Carey, O.

Now, good luck to the tune
That melts the girls so soon,
And puts them into such a sisserary, O;
Let us stick to the plan
Of being happy when we can,
So, piper, rattle up with Paddy Carey, O.

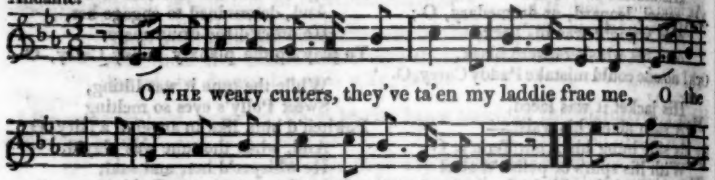
Many of the local songs of Northumberland are full of exquisite humour; but these, as you know, Mr North, would require an interpreter. They say the Lord Chancellor's very fond of them; but I am getting to the end of my tether. Dinah begs her dutiful respects, and so does Roger. You will be sorry to hear poor Mr Charlton of Heatheryside is dead. He stinted himself, latterly, to three or four chearers; but would never hear any thing against the malt-liquor, and the Doctor said it was just as bad for him. With much respect, I am, honoured Sir, your servant to command,

JOSIAH SHUFFLEBOTHAM.

Gowk's-Hall, Oct. 27th, 1821.

P. S.—Your clearing receipt will be well hanselled, as John is brewing a double quantity this year. We are expecting the Lieutenant, Roger's brother, home, poor lad, by and bye. I know you're just frightened at the name of a month, but cannot you spare us a fortnight, Mr North?—As I know you like these sort of nick-nacks, I got Stavely the clerk, who pretends to be very clever at music, just to prick down a couple of the wildest of the airs. Indeed, the last is so wild, that he says it is hard to tell what key it is in. It is so simple, however, on the whole, that I hope it may be intelligible; though I rather suspect his "sol-fa" knowledge is none of the deepest, and that he would soon be lost among the quirks and quavers, and *whattis-whuts* of one of the *Bravura* things, as the fiddler folks call them.

Andante.

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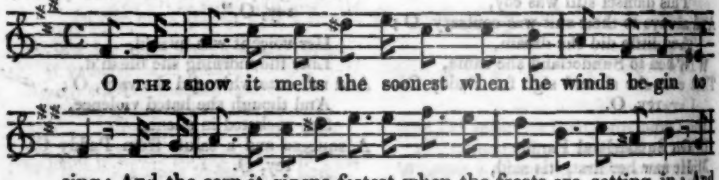


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LETTER FROM CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. TO MISS SARAH M'DERMID.

*From our Attic, 12th November,* 1821.

Dear Miss M'Dermid,—We received your note, stating that your brother Willy's version only gave you a distant glimpse of the merits which you justly supposed were latent to you in the *Adventus*. As it is quite right that the ladies should enjoy the joke as well as the learned, we wrote off to the Corkey, who has dedicated his translation to you. You must come up to-morrow evening to your cookies and tea, and you shall see the first of it.

Yours affectionately, C. N.

## A TRUE AND PERFECT ACCOUNT OF THE LANDING OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH IN IRELAND.

(*Translated from my own original by myself.*)

DEDICATED TO MISS M'DERMID.

Muse! take up your joyful fiddle,
And twang it *pizzicato*, (1)
But don't attempt the folks to diddle,—
A fib I've nought to say to.
Where's the use of telling stories,
When you're to sing of so great glories,
As foreigners, both Whigs and Tories,
May wonder and cry "Nay!" to.

2.

The coming of so great a King
Would need some lore to tell on:
Madam! my tale's no common thing,
It is one to think well on.
For mighty powers it sure requires,
The Dukes and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Their grand processions and attires,
That graced that day, to dwell on.

3.

But fear won't further my design,
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,
And want of pluck's no crime of mine,
So I'll describe this gay day.—
There is a village called Dunleary,
Where all did crowd from far and near; I
Ne'er saw the like—so loud and cheery,
"God save the King!" they said aye.

4.

Thither came Justices of Quorum,
To punish any rash one,
Who'd break the peace—and just before 'em
I saw Lord Talbot dash on.—
The Corporation tried to wedge in
Bellies so huge you can't imagine!
Midst men, wives, tailors, in a rage, in
Order to learn the fashion.

5.

The crowd was great! in number more
Than sands upon the sea-shore!
So much the folks their King adore,
And love him without measure!
They came to see and know the worth
Of George the Good, of George the Fourth.
The roads were cramm'd from south to north
As full as they could be, sure.

6.

Och! ye can't read the Book of Fate
While standing there so weary,
And thinking still, as it grows late,
The King must sure be near ye.
That King, whose much-desired arrival
Would give your wearied bones revival,
Has changed his mind! Off ye may drive all,
He won't come to Dunleary.

7.

There is a harbour, Howth by name,
That he'll for certain steam on; (2)
Stewart and Fate ye have to blame,
For this which ye ne'er dream on.
But pleasure oft comes after pain,
You shall be christen'd o'er again; (3)
When he returns, he'll not disdain,
Your town his grace to beam on.

8.

But now the ships began to fly (4)
Like swallows through the sea, ma'am,
Or swim like fishes in the sky,
As swift as swift could be, ma'am,
And as they came still nigh and nigher,
Hope made our hearts beat high and higher,
And all cried out aloud, "I spy her;
That surely must be she, ma'am!"

9.

But, Murraboo! This crowd of folks
Will get a mighty take-in;
They might as well have worn their cloaks,
Their blue coats are mistaken. (5)
Past them the fleet doth swiftly sail,
Their hopes and wishes can't prevail,
And borne on wings of steam and gale,
Howth they their rest will make in.

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(1) The Plectrum is admitted to have been a sort of hook used by the ancients (who had not at that time learned the use of their fingers), for twanging their stringed instruments,—a mode of performance, called by our more accomplished violinists, "Playing *Pizzicato*."

(2) Another instance of modern improvements, is the use of steam. To think that it was reserved for modern times to find out the use of fingers and hot-water! The latter discovery has introduced, and is introducing, great changes in all the departments of mechanics—in language among the rest. On board a steamer, instead of saying "Up with the main-sail!" the cry is, "On with the steam!" In like manner, instead of "sailing on a point," we must say "*steaming*."

(3) Dunleary was afterwards called Kingstown. George the Fourth stood sponsor at the ceremony.

(4) *Volare Æquore* cannot be translated in *English*. In *Irish* it signifies *uti supra*.

(5) Blue coats were worn in honour of his Majesty's expected arrival.

10.

Like hungry, disappointed Whigs,
In vain for places praying;
Like starving, desperate, gambling prigs
Losing each bet they're laying;
Like such, were all the doleful people—
Like them, the female sex did weep all,
When from their sight, they from the steeple
Saw George their King astraying.

11.

About two hundred Irish lads,
Were standing on Howth height, ma'am,
Whose heart sufficiently it glads,
Far off to see the sight, ma'am,
Of all the frigates, yachts, and steamers,
And royal standards, flags, and streamers,
About the King—They were not dreamers
That he'd be there that night, ma'am.

12.

But when they saw, that to their town,
The Royal Navigator
Approach'd—And when all bearing down
Came boat, sloop, ship, first-rater—
Lord! what a row the fellows raised!
And how his Majesty they praised!
The shout the very shores amazed!
No King e'er caused a greater.

13.

At length with fav'ring steam and gale, (6)
The Lightning safe did steer in;
The crowd the Royal Ensign hail,—
Each bright eye bore a tear in
Token of joy! The foremost ranks
Slid down a gangway from the banks:
With silk they carpeted the planks—
THE KING HAS STEPT ON ERIN!

14.

Could I write melodies like Moore,
Or ballads like Sir Walter,
Or any such great poet, sure
My strain should be no halter.
I'd sing a song without a blunder,
Should make posterity all wonder,
And George's praise should sound like thunder,
Before my voice should faulter!

15.

But since poor I am not the least
Like them, a wight rhetorical,
My reader's precious time to waste
With Blarney a damn'd bore I call.
But yet I needn't hold my tongue,
I'll tell how round the King they hung,
Although this story be not sung
In language metaphorical.

16.

Our gracious King to all the crowd
His willing hand extended,
And even the poorest Pat felt proud,
So much he condescended.
And *willing hands* the pockets picking,
Gold watches grabbing, brass ones nicking,
Made no distinction more than the King,
Lest folks should feel offended.

17.

Mounting the carriage steps with grace,
"My friends," he cried, "I thank ye!"—
The coachman takes his reins and says,
"My tits soon home shall spank ye."—
Then came the horsemen on with pride,
Some of them their own chargers ride,
While some paid half a crown a-side,
And some had but a donkey.

18.

The crowd increased as they went on,
Because their hearts were loyal;
They ran so fast their breath was gone,
They scarce could speak for joy all.
But of their great politeness judge,
When they came to the Porter's Lodge,
They not one other step would budge,
Because the grounds were royal.

19.

But when the King cried "Come along,
My friends, pray don't be frighted;"
No sooner said than all the throng
Rush'd on to where he lighted.
Again, at stepping on the ground,
He shook the hands of all around,
And made their hearts with joy rebound,
When he with face delighted

20.

Exclaimed, "My soul is glad to day,
My own dear Irish nation;
I love you more than I can say,
So great my agitation.
I've loved you always—man and boy—
And here I'm come, and will employ,
To drink your health, without alloy,
Of whisky a libation."—

21.

Thus said the King, and then the stair
He royally ascended.
God save the King! through all the air,
With four times four was blended!
This being all I had to say,
About this memorable day,
Contentedly my pen I lay
Down—for my tale is ended.

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TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

But as you tell me Miss M'Dermid
Delightfully can sing, Kit,
And has a voice like any mermaid,
I'm willing such to think it.
Ask her to find a tune, whose nature
May suit my ditty, and then say to her,
While I've a bumper of the crature,
To her and you I'll drink it.

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(6) I don't remember whether I meant *Ignis* in the original, to signify "The Lightning," which was formerly the name of the steam-packet, which brought the King, (now the Royal George the Fourth,) or the fire which boiled the water, which made the steam which made her go. The fact is, I was engaged at the time in the two occupations of writing about George the Fourth, and drinking his health; and my aunt tells me, I never can do two things clearly at once. I never chuse to alter what my muse inspired; and, therefore, to be safe, I have preserved both meanings in my translation.

## "THE GOOD TOWN."

We have often resolved to call the attention of our Scottish readers to a very interesting subject, no less than the state caparison of the metropolis. In shewing, however, the nakedness of the capital, we have no insidious design of supplicating charity in behalf of "the good town," for it possesses funds abundantly adequate to do all that we would recommend, namely, to place the magistracy on a proper metropolitan footing. But to the point, for it is not our humour to deal in long prefaces.

On the 2d of September, our Magistrates were chosen, and the event was celebrated in the evening, (in the great room of the Waterloo Tavern,) at a sumptuous dinner. The entertainment was highly creditable to our friend Charlie, though he took a little longer time in setting down the ices of the desert than he should have done. We could have dispensed with the ceremony of having every dish for two hundred guests set upon the table by his own particular hands, even although it was intended to mark his patriotic and profound respect for the company.

But the great charm of the evening was the singular good sense, urbanity, and taste of Mr Arbuthnot (now chosen a second time Lord Provost,) in the short speeches with which he introduced the different standing toasts. We were exceedingly delighted at the felicity with which he pointed out the peculiar virtues and merits of the individuals who had claims on the applauses of their country, and the skilful tact with which he avoided every thing that might have impaired the harmony of the company, while he firmly and decidedly maintained the political partialities of our own friends. We were also particularly gratified by the unaffected manner in which the two sons of the late Chief Baron thanked the company for the distinction with which their father's memory and their family were regarded by the citizens of Edinburgh. It is impossible indeed to deny the possession of great talents and many virtues to a family who have so long held the most distinguished place in the public affections of their native town. Altogether, the entertainment of the evening was of a superior kind, and worthy in every respect of a metropolis that boasts of being one of the most enlightened in Europe.

It was, however, to be regretted that such a civic festival should have been held in a tavern; and we heard it justly observed, that the Great Hall of the Parliament House is the proper place for the banquets of the Scottish metropolis. Occasions of this kind ought to be rendered contributory to the fostering of national feelings; even national prejudices should be cherished at such solemnities, and it is on this account that the Parliament House should have been the scene of the city feast. The many ennobling sentiments associated with the venerable aspect of the Hall, the recollections of history, and the hallowing of the public principle that would naturally be produced by the genius of the place, all combine as so many reasons to make us wish that the Magistrates would hold their annual festival in that fine monument of the ancient independence of Scotland; and we hope that hereafter this will be duly considered. What other place, indeed, can be so appropriate for the celebration of those Scottish remembrances, which are necessarily recalled at a meeting calculated, both by the occasion and the guests, to partake in some respect of the august character of a tribunal? For public banquets, especially as they are conducted in this island, are analogous to the distribution of rewards at the Olympic Games of antiquity—at them, the statesman and the hero are singled out and shewn forth, adorned with their merits, and by the measure of applause bestowed at the mention of their names, they are enabled to appreciate the estimation, in which their characters are held among their fellow countrymen.

But the bad taste of the corporation of Edinburgh is not confined to holding their banquets in a tavern. The appointments of the magistracy are all equally mean. While many of the second rate towns, both in England and Ireland, have splendid establishments for their mayors, all the exhibition of the Lord Provost of the capital of Scotland consists of a marrowless pair of paltry gilded lamps before the door of his private residence in Charlotte Square. It is

said he is allowed a thousand pounds a-year for the expences of the office: it may be so; but we have heard that the citizens of the black and smoky town of Newcastle give their chief magistrate two thousand pounds, a splendid equipage, and a superb mansion. The very sight of the Mayor of Bristol, in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of office, would astonish the worthy deacons of the different crafts, who are so largely implicated in the object of our complaint.

Now we would ask why such things should be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder? For surely, saving and excepting London, there is no other town under such obligations to exhibit her chief magistrate, with appropriate splendour, as the ancient capital of the oldest of all the British monarchies. What makes the shame of the thing more striking is, that the whole of what is wanted might be easily obtained, and in a style too, which would even bear comparison with the corpulent and cumbrous magnificence of the London appointments. But, before stating them, we would beg to lay it down as a principle, that ALL PUBLIC OFFICERS SHOULD, IN THEIR OFFICES, BE APPROPRIATELY MAINTAINED, and therefore a judicious economy would discern between the paraphernalia requisite to the dignity of the provost, and the ministration to the personal pomposity or vanity of the individual occupying the station. Nothing, in our opinion, can, for example, be more absurd than the vulgar ostentation of the Mansion-house of London, where, for a year, every year, some honest, thrifty, and prudent family are afflicted with the necessity of mimicking the style and manners of the nobility. While we would therefore recommend a Mansion-house to be provided for the Lord Provost, we must beg to be understood not to mean a residence, but only a proper place where he could entertain illustrious strangers, or perform those hospitable courtesies to his fellow-citizens and assistants in the magistracy,—courtesies which constitute no inconsiderable portion of his public duty. For this purpose, it occurs to us, that, at an inconsiderable expence, a very splendid suite of apartments might be easily constructed within the same pile where the sittings of the Council are held, and in them, on all corporation occasions, the ordinary entertainments of the Lord Provost should be given. The inauguration banquet, as we have already said, should be held in the Parliament-house.

We would also seriously recommend the hint of our ingenious correspondent, Mr Christopher Columbus, with respect to a state-coach, to be gravely considered, though we disapprove entirely of his Tontine scheme, of sending our Provost to dwell so far from the centre of Auld Reekie. Can any thing, for example, be more ridiculous than a batch of elderly, well fed, perhaps gouty gentlemen, struggling against the wind, and grinning as if they would bite off the nose of Boreas, endeavouring to make their way towards the door of an inn, to give the freedom of the city to some renowned or illustrious character. The proper way of bestowing such honours—the most obvious and the most flattering, is to invite the personage on whom it is intended to be conferred, to meet the magistrates; but if circumstances render this inconvenient, as was the case when Prince Esterhazy was lately here, then, and in such cases, the Provost, with suitable officers, emblems, and ensigns of authority, should be enabled to represent the rank and dignity of the city. It is, we are aware, not very easy to speak gravely to many minds on such subjects, but our well-known free and desultory style had never a more suitable topic; and although many wise, many learned, &c. bodies of gentlemen have been accustomed to think with much levity of city usages, the gingerbread coach, and the big bellies of Aldermen and Bailies, the acquiescent homage paid in all ages to those invested with the trappings of visible grandeur, is a moral demonstration that the decorations of office are agreeable to the common sense of mankind. The great object is, to take care that they are in unison with the taste and spirit of the age in which they are assumed. But when once assumed, they ought to be preserved in their original state, as consecrated things.

The cause which essentially contributed to denude the magistracy of Edinburgh of their ancient costume and municipal pomp, was undoubtedly the removal of the court to Eng-

land. Had the monarch continued to reside here, or condescended to pay us an occasional visit, we have no doubt, that, instead of those sable suits, in which so many of our esteemed friends appear, as if in constant mourning for some hanged thief or other, we should have seen them apparelled as in the days of Provost Maccalzean, when the Town-council entertained Queen Mary; namely, in coats of black velvet, doublets of crimson satin, and hose of the same colour; for we hold the recommendation of the Council in 1718, by which the magistrates were advised to wear coats of black velvet, (and in consideration thereof, ten pounds Sterling were ordered to be paid to each of the Bailies, Dean of Guild, and Lord Treasurer, yearly,) to have been a corrupt job of modern degeneracy. And we beg, by the way, to know if the said ten pounds continue to be still regularly paid;—if so, where are all the velvet coats? The Provost is the only one we have ever seen so dressed.—Let the Reformers look to this.

In contemplating the probability of a visit from the King, we would advise Mr Arbuthnot, and his friends in the magistracy, to imitate their worthy predecessors in Queen Mary's time, and forthwith equip themselves accordingly, in order to give his Majesty some notion of the olden time of this his most ancient kingdom.

But alas! Scotland has survived her royalty. When the King comes, where shall we put him? We shudder to think of the squalour and misery that have thrust their pale faces and dirty lean hands into the most revered recesses of the palace. What an avenue must he pass to the well-sung towers of Holyrood, in his descent by the Canongate.

"There oft are heard the notes of infant woe—
The short, thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.
And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
And brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by."
POPE.

The very thought of such a sight, to shew a King, and a King of such refinement as George IV. is hideous. For God's sake, Bailies and Deacons of Edinburgh, set to work instantly. Let all your shovels, barrows, and besoms, be put in requisition. Commissioners of Police, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, up and at it. Though you should want drink for a month, wash the causeway. Seize every nocturnal vase, boyne, tub, and crock, or by whatever other name they may be known; and instead of the Flowers of Edinburgh, let them be filled with earth, and planted with fragrant shrubs and odoriferous balms, and placed in rows, from the Tron Kirk to the Abbey gate, to subdue the irremediable odours—the breath of abomination, that taints the air from every wall and corner round the defiled and deserted home of royalty.

But though the magistrates of Edinburgh do their part ever so well, what is to be done with the palace itself? Had it been the property of any private nobleman, instead of belonging to the crown, is it probable that so fine a mansion would have been allowed to sink into such absolute decay? We know not how the Dukes of Hamilton have been able to reconcile to their honour, as men, the neglect and ruin which, without remonstrance, they have allowed to fall upon this venerable and interesting edifice, the more especially, as it is still required for several national purposes. The election of the Peers of Scotland is still held there, and the Chapel Royal is the place where the Knights of the Thistle can alone be installed. It is indeed inconceivable, how the royal residences of Scotland, from Dunstaffnage of immemorial antiquity, to Linlithgow and Holyroodhouse, should have been allowed to sink into ruin—the latter in particular, when the preservation of it might not only have been honourable to the country, but a source of wealth and of pleasure to the metropolis. The environs of Holyroodhouse are singularly picturesque, and, with very little trouble, the cliffs and the mountains might have been so adorned with trees, that the King's Park would have become one of the finest walks that the vicinity of any city could boast of;—as it is, nobody that is not actuated by some strong motive of necessity, or of antiquarian curiosity, can bear the thoughts of approaching a place so

desolate, wild, and melancholy. We have often wondered that the spirited boys of the High School have never thought of laying out some of their pocket-money in buying hazel-nuts to plant the Salisbury Crags. The speculation would redound to the infinite profit of their successors; and by so simple a process as occasionally throwing a few handfulls of forest-tree seeds down the steeps, they might clothe those naked rocks, and create a woody and picturesque effect, of which the finest landscape painters only dream in their most poetical moods. It is, however, of no use to talk or to suggest on this subject, while those whose duty it is to attend to all that may be said, are seemingly alike insensible to the ancient renown and modern glory of their country;—who move as if they felt not the inspiring influence of hallowed places, and were incredulous to the power of that solemn and affecting genius which presides over the ancestral abodes of chivalry and patriotism.

And here we take liberty to controvert a notion that seems somehow to have got into circulation, that "the good town" shall not be able to give the King such a welcome as he received in Dublin. Certainly, if an attempt is made to follow modern devices, the thing will be a failure; but if we revert to the ancient customs of the kingdom, the Scots will beat the Irish out and out. Nothing, for example, in the King's public entry into Dublin could compare with a revival, but in a modern taste, of the ancient weapon-shawing *, for the occasion; which would have the effect of turning the attention of the people from radical nonsense, and of making them emulous in loyalty. With this view, we would therefore recommend to the deacons of the trades, and the heads of other public bodies, to begin, as soon as the period is ascertained when his Majesty is likely to come, to provide themselves with banners, and appropriate ensigns of their crafts and professions, to march in procession before the King. The very interest which such an occupation would give to the minds of the multitude, could not fail to cure thousands of those afflicted with the Radical distemper. The result, merely as a spectacle, would be one of the finest imaginable. It would, besides, afford the people an opportunity of seeing the King, in his state, as a monarch, in some appropriate balcony, rendering the procession, as it were, a levee holden to receive the homage of the hardy and industrious. Those who saw the King proclaimed will easily form some idea, though but a faint one, of the magnificent pageant which we contemplate. Let them suppose, for a moment, the fronts of the stupendous houses of the High Street all decorated with garlands and green boughs, and the windows filled with beauty,—the balcony in front of the Royal Exchange occupied by musicians, and the King, attended by his great officers and the magistrates, seated on an elevated platform in front of the Cathedral, commanding a view of the street to the Palace. Let them then paint to themselves the pavement, thronged with countless spectators, and the array of the citizens, glorious with waving plumes and banners, ascending to the foot of the royal platform, then defiling into the Lawnmarket, and counter-marching by the Parliament-Close back into the High-Street, with the clangour of all accorded instruments of sound, mingled with the shouts and acclamations of the people, and they must be convinced, that neither Dublin, nor any other town in Europe, can produce such a spectacle as that with which the loyal inhabitants of "the good town" might verify to their King their just right to that venerable appellation. Let Sir Patrick Walker marshall as he may the decorated orders and ranks of nobility and knighthood, and Sir John Sinclair get all the Highlanders, in all their tartans, that the mountains of the North may send forth, we will stake our crutch, which we cannot move without, that a procession of the honest trades and crafts of Edinburgh, closing with the time-honoured pageantry of King Crispin, will present a scene of popular splendour, unexampled in the annals of all similar shows and processions.

* We do not mean, that the revival of the weapon-shawing should extend beyond the different corporations and citizens mustering in their best, and forming a properly marshalled array, to give his Majesty some idea of their numbers and respectability.

## ON THE SCHOLASTIC DOCTORS.

*Cork, Nov. 6th,* 1821.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I WAS some time ago looking over an old theological work, which, among many other curious things, expatiated considerably on the merits of the old Scholastic Doctors, and dwelt much on their several titles—such as *Irrefragabilis, Ponderosus, Subtilis, Profundus,* and twenty others of equal celebrity and import. But what the author seemed particularly to take delight in, and indeed what gave me the greatest pleasure, was the collection of their different epitaphs and celebrated sayings, and the concentrating in one place so many quaintly-devised and crabbed specimens of the distorted ingenuity of those ages, I could not help thinking, Kitt, how amusing it must have been to behold one of these worthies, Tostatus for instance, of whom it was said,—

Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile, discutit omne,

seated at work, in an easy-chair, with his doctor's cap pushed on one side of his head,—his cloak thrown backwards from absolute sweating through excess of thought,—his left hand pulling strongly his long grey beard,—his pen stuck for a moment in his inky girdle,—his right hand scratching the side of his head,—his feet striking rapidly against the ground,—and his long, thin, swarthy sour face contracted into as many wrinkles as your own round, fat, ruddy, good-humoured phiz would doubtless be seen forced into, in a fit of the rheumatism, if the mysterious veil which encompasseth it did not hide its features from mortal eyes.—Would not you laugh downright at seeing him in this curious situation? I am sure you would, Kitt, notwithstanding all you may say about humanity, &c. But if you knew that all his travail would be set at nought,—that his immense turmoil would be of no avail,—that the productions of his pen, which now reposes in his girdle, (untill suddenly pulled forth to indite the ingenious thought when arrived at maturity,) would sink into everlasting oblivion, I am sure your kind heart, far from indulging in mirth, would melt with grief on the occasion. At least mine would. It is with these feelings you must consider this letter, which is an attempt to rescue from forgetfulness some of the effusions aforesaid, by sending them to you. I am sure the ingenious writers will bounce with joy, when from the silent tomb they hear your mellow voice ordering Ebony to imprint their lays, and will cry out, in classic chorus, through the clay-cold caverns of the earth,—

Ecce, vir Septentrionalis
Extitit homo specialis,
Bonus homo validè!

Suo nam mandavit ore
Nostras res imprimatori,
Bona habeat edere!

which classic and appropriate chorus may be Englished thus, with equal elegance:—

Behold! the mightie man, Kitt Northe,
Hath shewn himselfe of speciale worthe,
A goodlie man indeede;

For with his owne mouthe he hath told,
Our verses that his prynter bolde
Should 'prynte: (welle may he feede!)

Already art thou celebrated *on* the earth by millions, and *above* the earth, in the garrets of hundreds. Be it your study now, to be celebrated and honoured *under* the earth, as infallibly thou shalst, by giving light to the productions of its inhabitants. But, besides these considerations of glory and humanity, they are really so curious in themselves as to deserve your notice, as you will perceive by the few following specimens. The first I give you is on Alexander Alensis, the celebrated Doctor Irrefragabilis. Here it is:—

Conditur hoc tumulo, famam sortitus abundè
Gloria Doctorum, decus et flos Philosophorum,
Auctor scriptorum vir Alexander variorum.
Inclitus Anglorum fuit Archilevita, sed horum
Spretor cunctorum, fratrum collega minorum
Factus egenorum, fit Doctor primus eorum.

What beauty!—What's your epitaph on Sir D. Donnelly to this?—What a majestic succession of *orums!* not to speak of the pretty compliment to your Southron friends in the second last line. How the writer must have worked to make out these verses! I ought to know something of his trouble, as I had a pretty fair tug myself at a few lines you inserted in your last; but I must fairly yield to him in the ingenuity with which he strings together that noble succession of sonorous cadences. What can be finer than the third line, when, after having raised our expectation to the highest by his encomiums in the two preceding verses, he suddenly and sublimely declares who the subject of them is:—

"Auctor scriptorum vir Alexander variorum!"

All your modern nick-nacks are nothing to this! Lost in admiration as you doubtless are, at the above specimen, the next will far outdo both *it*, and all others I ever read, in quaintness, conceit, and moral instruction. It is written on Peter Comestor, (mind his surname,) the author of "Historia Scholastica." Read and admire!

"Petrus eram, quem petra tegit, dictusque Comestor,
Nunc comedor; vivus docui, nec cesso docere
Mortuus: ut dicat qui me videt incineratum,
Quod sumus, iste fuit, erimus quandoque quod hic est."

What do you say to that, Kitt? As a farthing rush-light, in the hands of an ancient maiden, yields to the brightness of the mid-day sun,—as the narrow defile of Faulkner's Lane, in our lordly city, is inferior to the spacious area of the Parade,—as the dry pages of Constable's shrink before those of Blackwood's as if before a parching fire,* so does every other epitaph appear nought, when compared with the perfect model you have just read. Not a member of the sentence but contains a point. "*Petrus* eram quem *petra* tegit." Which of your now-a-day scribblers would ever hit on such a thought? But, above all, "dictusque Comestor, nunc comedor." What a sublime idea of retribution does not this contain. He who was called Eater, (and, haply, for a good reason,) is now eaten,—by the worms, rats, &c. Also the continuance of his Doctorship in the grave, and the lecture he thence delivers to the world. Ah! the times are gone by when such things could be written. As for these degenerate days—Alas! I fear I may safely defy any one to match these lines, without the gauntlet being taken up!—I perceive I have not paper for much more; but I must give you one on a countryman, either of yours or mine, it is hard to say which, but he is

Richardus a Sto. Victore *Scotus.*

Moribus, ingenio, doctrinâ clarus et arte
Pulvereo hic tegeris, docte Richarde, situ
Quem tellus genuit felici Scotica partu
Nunc foret in gremio Gallica terra suo.
Nil tibi Parca ferox nocuit, quæ stamina parva
Tempore tracta gravi rupit acerva manu:
Plurima namque tui superant monumenta laboris,
Quæ tibi perpetuum sint paritura decus,
Segnior ut lento sceleratas mors petit ædes,
Sic propero nimis it sub pia tecta gradu.

Although some of your very classic readers will probably admire this more than any of the others, yet I must beg leave to differ with them. What can equal the *concetti* in the two first of those epitaphs? Besides, I think that although in the fourth couplet it is prophesied that his writings will obtain for him immortal fame, it will be to your mention of his epitaph that

* A fact.

he will be indebted for any portion of it in this his native country. I will conclude, my dear Kitt, with some advice of a contemporary of these men, which will be of use to you this cold weather, and may prevent your catching cold, which would be of great detriment to one of your rheumatic tendency:—

Mensibus *R* atis ne super lapidem sedeatis.

Never sit on a stone in a month that has an *r* in it.

Yours, &c.

JAMES DAP. COLLEY.

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## THE EMIGRANTS' VOYAGE TO CANADA.

I SAILED from Scotland for Quebec, in the beginning of summer, and had a great number of emigrants as fellow-passengers. Being all of the lower class, they occupied the steerage, which was divided into various small compartments, that different families might be separated from each other. At first this arrangement seemed unnecessary, for every one evinced the utmost good-will towards his neighbours,—novelty of situation having created a community of feeling among people who had no connexion or acquaintance with each other. Most of the emigrants were natives of Scotland; but the new circumstances in which they found themselves placed seemed to divest them of much of their natural caution and reserve. When they first came on board, they conversed freely about their private affairs, confided to each other the causes that had respectively induced them to leave home, and mutually offered to use their endeavours to alleviate the inconveniences and uncomforts which they expected to encounter during the voyage. Those who felt most afflicted at leaving their native country, employed themselves in anticipating the happiness which they supposed would await them on the other side of the Atlantic, while some, who apparently cared little about home, talked without intermission of the anguish they had suffered when quitting it. All idea of danger seemed to be studiously avoided by every one, and calm seas, cloudless skies, and favourable winds, were talked of, and looked forward to, as the inseparable attendants of a sea voyage.

For two days after we had put to sea, the weather was bright and beautiful. The waves scarcely rocked our ship, as we glided slowly down the Mull of Cantyre, and watched the Highland hills rising in majestic succession on each side of us, and gradually fading into undefined masses as we receded from them. The emigrants remained almost constantly upon deck. Men, women, and children, loitered about promiscuously, in a state of indolent good humour, and made remarks upon every thing they saw. Some pointed to particular hills, telling their names, and describing the country near them; others dwelt upon the advantages they had foregone in leaving home, and spoke of the wealth, influence, and respectability of their relations; and a few, who appeared to have weighty reasons for not talking about their own affairs, wandered among the various groups, and listened carelessly to what was passing. One man derived a great deal of temporary importance, from his possessing a small work which treated of North America. He placed himself in an elevated situation, and occasionally read such portions of the book as were best calculated to excite the admiration and astonishment of those around him. Many began to consider him a perfect oracle, and when any dispute took place about the new country to which we were hastening, it was invariably referred to his decision. An old woman and her daughter assumed the lead in the female circles. They enumerated the disagreeables of a sea voyage; lamented that they had not become cabin passengers; declared there was no one on board with whom they could associate; and made many allusions to the terrors and anxieties which they believed their friends would suffer on their account. Their auditors permitted them to talk without interruption; for every one seemed willing to let his neighbours exhibit their respective pretensions and characteristics, that he might be the better able

to form a correct estimate of what they really were, and likewise attain some knowledge of the different persons with whom circumstances had placed him in such close contact.

On the evening of the second day, most of the emigrants appeared to think that they had already had large experience of a sea life, and that nothing worse than the past was to be feared or anticipated. Some affected to talk knowingly of nautical affairs; while others ridiculed all idea of danger, and expressed a wish that a storm might speedily arise, and afford them evidence of the exaggerated accounts which they believed sailors usually gave of the perils and terrors of tempestuous weather. The wind had been gentle and baffling all the afternoon; but, towards sun-set it freshened and blew a steady breeze. A small sea soon got up, and our vessel, being under easy sail, began to pitch and roll about a little. At first, the emigrants walked backwards and forwards unsteadily, and often caught hold of the ropes that hung within reach; but, after a little time, most of them stopped, and leaned upon the bulwarks. The conversation gradually became broken and disjointed—those who had taken the most conspicuous part in it said least, and total silence soon ensued. Every one looked scrutinizingly into the face of his neighbour, but seemed averse to undergo a similar inspection himself. The groups that had covered the deck slowly dispersed, and those who composed them could be seen stealing away one by one, and cautiously descending into the steerage. Before the night was far advanced, all were in their births except the seamen.

The wind continued to increase in violence, and next morning it blew hard, and there was a heavy sea and a good deal of rain. A few of the emigrants, who had ventured out of the steerage, were crawling along the deck on all fours, with looks of alarm and anxiety. One man ventured to ask the mate, if he had ever seen such weather before; and the latter gave a significant look, and said, he hoped not to meet with such again; but, that God was merciful, and, for his part, he never despaired as long as the planks of the vessel kept together. This reply was listened to with dismay by all who heard it; and several immediately went below, and informed their companions that we were in imminent danger. In a moment the steerage became a scene of tumult and confusion; parents were heard calling their children around them; the old women asked for their Bibles; the young ones sought consolation from their husbands; prayers and ejaculations were mingled with inquiries which the questioners seemed almost afraid to have answered; messengers were sent upon deck at intervals, to ascertain the state of the weather; and some proposed that they should petition the Captain to make sail for the nearest harbour.

The mate distributed the provisions among the emigrants every morning after breakfast, and when the time for doing this arrived, he made the seamen bring the casks of beef and flour upon deck, and likewise a large pair of scales to weigh out the rations. The noise produced by these arrangements, made the people below conceive that the crew were in the act of putting out the boats, and that the ship was in a sinking state. Next moment confirmed their fears, for the mate called down the gangway, "All hands upon deck!" Males and females, and old men and children, began to ascend the stairs with furious haste, and the steerage was soon completely deserted. They all rushed towards the bulwarks, struggling to get as near them as possible, that they might have an early opportunity of embarking in the boats. But when their agitation had a little subsided, and when they saw the mate standing between two casks, and coolly weighing out their rations, they seemed at a loss what to think, and viewed one another with a mingled expression of shame and apprehension. The laughter of the seamen soon made them suspect that they had been imposed upon by imagination; and the mate bid them advance to receive their respective allowances, saying, it was not likely the vessel would go to the bottom till after dinner, and declaring, that the panic he had occasioned was for the purpose of bringing them upon deck for the benefit of their health. This explanation restored tranquillity, and every one good-humouredly bore the ridicule of his neighbours, because he could retort upon them whenever he chose.

In the course of the day, the wind became more moderate, and we entertained hopes of soon having fine wea-

ther. Many of the emigrants resumed their stations upon deck, and began to amuse themselves in the various ways that their respective circumstances permitted, though they evidently were not so cheerful and confident as when we first set sail. But, towards the afternoon, the increasing violence of the wind interrupted their recreations, and it was not long before we had a strong gale from the west, which reduced us to our courses. The sea ran so high, that the Captain took the helm; and the passengers, on seeing this, thought that things had come to the worst, and manifested strong symptoms of terror and despair. Our ship pitched and rolled very much, and they could hardly stand without support; but, nevertheless, seemed unwilling to go below. The crew, being employed almost everywhere, hurried backwards and forwards, pushing them unceremoniously from side to side, and answering their questions and exclamations with oaths and looks of derision. At last a wave broke over the vessel, and they all, as if under one impulse, descended into the steerage; the gangway hatch of which was immediately closed above them.

A severe attack of sea-sickness obliged me to retire to my birth, which was separated by a thin partition only from the place where all the emigrants lay. I sought repose in vain. The sea beat against the vessel with dreadful noise, and made her timbers creak and quiver from one end to the other; and during the short intervals of external quietness that sometimes occurred, my ears were filled with the moans, sighs, and complaints of those who occupied the steerage. Much tumult, anxiety, and confusion, seemed to prevail among them; and every time the ship rolled more violently than usual, a host of ejaculations, shrieks, and screams, burst from the mouths of men, women, and children; while the rolling of casks, the crashing of earthen ware, and the noise of articles of furniture tossing from side to side, completed the discordant and terrifying combination of sounds.

While listening to the clamours which prevailed on all sides, the mate entered the cabin, and informed me that a man had fallen down the gangway, and was much hurt. I immediately forgot my sea sickness, and rose from my birth and went to his relief. On reaching the steerage, I found myself in the midst of a scene that was equally ludicrous and distressing; all the emigrants occupied their respective compartments, many of which were so crowded that their inmates actually lay upon one another; and each, at the same time, in his anxiety to retain his place, totally disregarded the comfort and convenience of his neighbours, and extended his legs and arms wherever he thought fit. As often as the motion of the vessel indicated that she was on the point of rolling violently, a general commotion took place among the emigrants—some clung to any objects that were within reach—others stretched themselves along the floor, and a third set tried to resist the anticipated shock by wedging themselves closely together. However, notwithstanding all these precautions, a sudden heave of the ship often dislodged whole families from their births, and hurled them headlong among their companions, who lay on the opposite side. Then screams, complaints, and exclamations of dismay, were exchanged by both parties, while the intruders crawled cautiously back to their former quarters, and began to fortify themselves against the recurrence of a similar accident. The pale countenances, dejected looks, and tremulous motions of the different groups in the steerage, were strikingly opposed to the ruddy complexions, confident deportments, and robust gestures, which they had exhibited when they first came on board. The ardour of enterprize was completely damped, and many of them inveighed bitterly against emigration, and vowed that if they could but once reach home, they would rather starve there than again endanger their lives by making a voyage to a foreign land. I observed one man staggering backwards and forwards, with clasped hands and eyes full of tears. He said he had left a wife and five children on shore, and was certain they would think we were all in the bottom of the sea; for a wind much less violent than that which now raged around us, had once blown down three stacks of chimneys in his native place. An old woman, whom some one was attempting to console with the hopes of favourable weather, replied, that it mattered little to her how things went, for all her best clothes had been spoiled by the breaking of a jar of honey, which she had

foolishly put it to the bottom of her trunk. A young girl went about inquiring what we would do when it got dark, for if the wind blew out the lights upon deck, the Captain could not possibly know which way the ship went; and her mother, who was a fisherman's widow, said that her experience of sea matters taught her to know that unless things were differently managed on board, our vessel would soon go to pieces. The man who had fallen down the gangway, met with no sympathy or attention, and I was obliged to order some seamen to carry him to his birth, otherwise he would have been totally neglected.—However, on examination, we found that he was but slightly hurt, and therefore consigned him to the care of one of his relations, and then left the steerage.

The gale continued without the least abatement, and as the violent pitching of the vessel rendered it impossible for one to sit up, or employ himself any way, I returned to my birth. It soon after grew dark, and the situation of all parties became doubly disagreeable and alarming. In the course of the evening I was started by loud cries, and next moment an old woman and her daughter rushed into the cabin, with looks of terror, and dropping on their knees, said that their time would not now be long, for the vessel had twice been half under water. I at the same moment, heard the brine trickling down the gangway, and consequently supposed we had shipped a sea, but endeavoured to remove their fears, by saying that such things occurred frequently, and did not prove the existence of danger. However, as they remained nearly speechless with dread, I got up, and having taken a bottle of brandy and a glass from the locker, gave the one to the mother, and the other to her daughter, telling them to revive their spirits by drinking a little cordial. They readily agreed to this, and the old woman was in the act of filling up a glassful, when an unexpected rolling of the vessel made her and her daughter slide suddenly over to the opposite side of the cabin. Next moment we swung tremendously in a contrary direction, and the two females were again hurled to leeward, along with a table, several chairs, and a large trunk. The noise was now distracting, and they increased it by loud shrieks, but still kept firm hold of the articles I had put into their hands; the mother gliding across the floor with the brandy bottle, and the daughter following close behind with the glass. At last, the trunk came into colesion with the back of the former, and hit her such a severe blow that she began so gasp for breath, and soon fell prostrate, on which situation she was firmly pinioned by the weight of a couple of chairs that happened to roll above her. The Captain now entered the cabin, and the scene before him seemed so ludicrous, that he could not refrain from laughter. He immediately released the old woman from her jeopardy, and then administered a liberal portion of brandy to both females, telling them that the worst of the gale was over, and that we would soon have fine weather. Consoled by these assurances, they returned to the steerage, and made the happy intelligence known there, and all we had hoped for was soon realized. The wind suddenly changed its direction, and abated to a gentle breeze, and long ere midnight, tranquillity prevailed both above and below decks.

Next morning we found ourselves sweeping along under the influence of favourable and moderate wind. Most of the emigrants having alike recovered from their fears and their sea sickness, kept the deck, and began to display their respective characters more fully than they had hitherto done. The person who seemed most inclined to take the lead, was a man named M'Arthur, and by profession a distiller. He was tall and raw boned, and had something very whimsical in the expression of his countenance, and in his whole deportment. He walked the deck constantly with his hands in his pockets, observing all that passed, and making remarks upon it to those around him, and whoever disputed his opinions was sure to feel the weight of his ridicule and sarcasm. The person next in importance, bore the appellation of Spiers, and was a thread-maker, according to his own account. He professed to be a man of education and knowledge of the world, and often hinted that misfortunes alone had induced him to abandon his native country and become a steerage passenger. He held, as it were, the situation of master of ceremonies on board, and adjusted all points connected with conduct and be-

haviour. A cooper bore the third rank among the emigrants; however, he did not enjoy this elevation because he possessed any personal or intellectual superiority, but merely in consequence of his broad humour, want of perception, and undisguised vulgarity of character. Several other males of the party distinguished themselves in various ways, among whom was an individual who had a smattering of navigation and astronomy, and who usually made his appearance upon deck about mid-day, with a quadrant in his hand. Whenever he saw the Captain preparing to take an observation, he set about doing so likewise, and afterwards committed the results to paper, and remained absolved in the contemplation of them during some hours. He then strutted consequentially along the deck, and scarcely deigned to reply to his fellow-passengers, when they ventured to inquire in what latitude we were, or how many miles we had sailed within a certain space of time. The old woman and her daughter, who were named Burrel, took the lead among the females on board. Having resided in a small village, and been of some importance there, they seemed resolved to maintain the dignity they had once enjoyed, and to exact a proportionable degree of deference from their fellow-passengers. They usually sat near the companion, and entered into conversation with the captain and mate as often as opportunity offered. When they did address any other person, it was with an air of condescension and reserve, and they affected to despise, and undervalue all those things that astonished, amused, or interested, the other emigrants.

The gale of wind we had experienced formed a subject of conversation on board for several days, and almost every one expressed his opinion concerning it. "The hand of Providence alone preserved us from the deep," said an old man; "I warrant ye the best sailor in this ship never saw such weather before. I've been in the way of seeing Lloyd's list, and getting a notion of nautical affairs, but yesterday's tempest beats all I've yet read about."—"We're no accustomed to such adventures," returned another of the emigrants, "and so we think more of them. The Captain took little head of the weather—there was a greater stock of courage in his little finger than in all us passengers put together."—"Say nothing about the Captain!" cried a woman; "his behaviour made my blood curdle cold,—instead of saying his prayers, or thinking about the preservation of the Christian people on board his ship, he passed his time in turning round that bit wheel there," (pointing to the apparatus for moving the tiller.)—"You speak without knowledge," returned Mrs Burrel, "if it was'nt for that wheel it would be impossible to manage the ship."—"Ay, ay," answered the first, "I fancy the captain told you so; but I'm rather unfond of believing every thing I hear."—"Keep your tongue in order," cried Mrs Burrel; "have you the impudence to tell me that I speak an untruth? Well, well, I thank my stars the ship's no under your command."—"If it was," replied her enraged opponent, "I would give you a hot birth."—"I daresay that," interrupted Mrs Burrel; "and I half deserve such already, for demeaning myself by taking a place in the steerage—I'll be a cabin passenger the next voyage I make—my rich friends will never forgive me for *disconvenienceing* myself in this fashion."

"We have at least one comfortable reflection," said Spiers, stepping forward, and raising his voice, "none of us shewed the least want of courage during the hour of danger."—"There was a fine shew of pale faces, though," observed M'Arthur.—"Yes, because we were all sea-sick," replied a young man.—"Sea-sick!" exclaimed Mrs Burrel; "I don't know what you mean. I wasn't sea-sick. I never was sea-sick in my life, and I've made voyages before this."—"I wish I could say as you do, mistress," observed the old man who had spoken first; "however ill I was at the heart, I noticed some things that made me doubt our Captain's skill. I never was on the sea before, indeed, but then I've read Lloyd's List. The wind was direct ahead, but still he kept up the sails. Now, what could be the purpose of that? just to drive us back to the place we came from. In my notion, he should have taken down all his canvass, and cast anchor."—"I have my doubts if he could have found bottom to do that," said a sedate-looking man, who had not hitherto spoken.—"It is astonishing what mistakes prevail about the depth of the sea. It has bottom

everywhere," cried Spiers.—"Ay, ay, your right," returned M'Arthur; "but the longest thread you ever wound off a pirn, wouldn't reach it where we are now."—"What are you all speaking about?" said Mrs Burrel; "we've been made acquainted with the depth of the water every two hours since we set sail. Haven't you seen the mate throw a cord with a bit wood at the end of it, over the ship's side, and let it run off a reel till it sinks to the bottom? He then draws it in and looks at it, and so finds out how much water we have below us. The last time he did this I asked what the depth was, and he said, eight miles."—"You are under an egregious mistake," cried the man with the quadrant; "the instrument you mention is used for the purpose of ascertaining the rate of the ship's progress, and is denominated the log-line. It was invented about the year ——" "Oh," interrupted Mrs Burrel, "it's a fine thing to have a greater share of lear than one's neighbours, or maybe impudence. I suspect the mate's wiser than you, notwithstanding the whirligigs you carry about the deck."—"My grandfather had great skill of the sea," said an old woman; "he used to tell me that it was fifty miles deep in some places, and had mountains of salt in the bottom."—"There's nae use of speaking here," exclaimed Mrs Burrel, angrily; "the less some folks know, the less they wish to learn."

On the first Sunday that occurred after we had set sail, the weather was calm, sunny, and delightful. The emigrants strolled about the deck in groups, or sat in different parts of the vessel reading their Bibles; and the seamen, having no duty to perform, participated in the general inactivity. About mid-day, a man who had often before attracted my attention, came up from the steerage, and began to look around him, as if desirous of ascertaining if all the passengers were present; he then mounted a large cask, and gave out a text from the Scriptures, and proceeded to expound it. A general commotion took place among the emigrants, most of whom seemed too much astonished to think of interrupting him; however, they soon became quiet again, and listened with undivided attention. The enthusiasm of the preacher became greater the longer he spoke, and he dealt in a species of eloquence that was well suited to the peculiarity of the scene, and the novelty of his situation. Indeed, the objects around him could hardly fail to have an inspiring effect. On every side a silent and unruffled expanse of ocean stretched to the horizon, which was skirted by long ranges of pyramidal-shaped clouds. These floated, as it were, upon the verge of the sea, and received the full radiance of an unobscured and almost vertical sun, while their serene and unchanging masses had an aspect of mute attention that harmonized completely with the religious impressions produced by the sermon which our orator was then delivering. The ship sometimes rolled gently from side to side, and made the sails flap against the masts, but the noise of this did not at all overpower his voice, which was strong, impressive, and melodious. His audience, consisting of men, women, and children, sat or stood around in various groups; and several ardent hearers had climbed up the rigging, that they might have a full view of him. After some time he brought forward, and endeavoured to support, a doctrine so new and extravagant, that many of the emigrants began to express their disapprobation by significant looks and gestures. However, he paid no regard to their implied censures, but continued to defend his opinions with additional vehemence and fluency of language, till a slight heaving of the ship made him lose his equilibrium, and he fell down the main hatch, and was followed in his descent by the cask upon which he had stood. Its head unfortunately came out, and a large quantity of flour dropped upon the ill-fated preacher, and whitened every part of his body so completely, that his audience started back, and scarcely knew him when he appeared upon deck again. The Captain, who had sat near the companion during the whole sermon, immediately rose up, and swore he would throw him overboard if he did not pay for the flour he had been the means of destroying. "Can ye expect good without evil, when human creatures are the agents?" said the preacher. "I am unable to pay for what is lost, but will gladly have it taken off my allowances during the voyage." This proposal was received with great applause by the emigrants, many of

whom, notwithstanding their aversion to the tenets he had inculcated, offered to share their provisions with him; however, the mate succeeded in appeasing the Captain, and all further altercation ceased.

After this was adjusted, those who had stationed themselves in the rigging began to descend to the deck, but on getting a certain way down the shrouds, they were astonished to find their farther progress impeded by three seamen who stood in a line, and occupied all the foot-ropes. On requesting permission to pass, they were informed that it would not be granted, unless they agreed to pay the forfeit of a bottle of rum, which it was usual to exact from each person when he went aloft the first time. They all declared they had no rum, but the seamen informed them that the Captain would sell as much as they chose. Being unwilling to part with their money, they were puzzled how to act, and began to exclaim against the justness of the demand that was made upon them; however, their fellow-passengers, instead of attending to these complaints, laughed at their embarrassment, and encouraged the sailors to persist in requiring the customary tribute. Those who had ignorantly exposed themselves to its exaction, would not consent to pay it, and remained on the shrouds, exposed to the jeers and taunts of the spectators below, for nearly half an hour. At length a breeze sprung up, the sea became agitated, and the ship began to roll; their terror was then so great, that they seemed willing to agree to any terms rather than be forced to remain aloft, and therefore promised the sailors all they wanted. They were then permitted to descend to the deck, which they soon reached, amidst the derisive scoffings of their fellow-passengers.

The place in which the seamen slept and took their meals, was close to the bows of the vessel, and on a level with the steerage, from which it was separated by a wooden partition. The hold lay under all, but neither the crew nor the emigrants had any access to it except through the main hatch. About a week after we left port, the former began to complain that they were often disturbed during the night by noises which they could not account for, as they took place in that part of the ship where the cargo was stowed, and where no person could possibly be. A sailor asserted, that one dark morning, while at the helm, he had seen a white figure standing upon the bowsprit, and that he called to the people of the watch, who were lying about the deck half asleep, but before he could rouse them, the spectre had vanished. Another said, he sometimes heard voices whispering beneath him when he lay in his birth, but could neither tell what they uttered, nor from whom they proceeded, though he believed that the thing that made such noises was at least a fathom below the steerage floor.

The superstitious alarm produced among the seamen by these circumstances, was speedily communicated to the passengers, and the subject underwent so much discussion, that it soon reached the Captain's ears. He affected to treat the matter lightly, saying, there was no room for ghosts in a ship so crowded as ours, and at the same time remarked, that if the stories told by the sailors had any foundation, they were to be accounted for by supposing that some of the emigrants had been playing tricks upon their credulity. The mate, however, did not seem to be satisfied with this explanation, and he took me aside, and stated, that as a strange figure had been seen near the bows of the vessel the preceding night, he intended to watch for its reappearance, and hoped I would second his purpose.

About twelve o'clock we took our station near the companion; all the emigrants had retired to their births, and the helmsman and five of his comrades alone remained upon deck. The latter had laid themselves down apparently half asleep, and every thing was silent except the waves, which made noise enough to render our voices undistinguishable at the other end of the vessel. We therefore talked without fear of being overheard by the mysterious visitor whom we expected to see, and as our conversation turned chiefly upon sailors' superstitions, my companion related a story in illustration of the subject. "After making three voyages to the West Indies," said he, "in the capacity of a common seaman, I was discharged, the vessel having changed its owners. I could find no employment for some time, but at last got myself appointed to take charge of a large ship that had been laid up and dismantled during several years. My duty consisted in washing

her decks, keeping her clean, and repairing any thing that went wrong about her works. She lay in a retired part of the harbour, and far from the rest of the shipping, and no one lived on board of her but myself. For the first few days, things went quietly enough, though I must confess I felt rather lonesome at night, particularly when the weather was bad, and often wished that some of the boats which I heard passing and repassing at a distance, would come alongside and leave me a companion. One morning, when in the hold, I observed an old rudder wheel lying among some rubbish. I took it up, and was shocked and astonished to find the skeleton of a man's arm, as far as the shoulder, bound to it with a rope. The flesh had completely decayed, but the sinews and bones remained entire, and the hand still grasped one of the spokes of the wheel, as if in the act of steering. A cold shivering came over me, and I threw the whole into a dark corner, and went about my usual occupations; however, my mind felt unsettled and uneasy, and I was continually thinking of the human remains I had seen, and wondering how they could have come there. The night that succeeded all this was a very tempestuous one, and the ship being crank and indifferently moored, laboured dreadfully. I lay down in my birth soon after dark, but the more I tried to sleep, the less did I feel inclined to do so; the wind made a wild and dreary sound among the old shrouds and dismantled masts, that was far more terrifying than its fiercer roarings round a ship in full trim would have been. At length I got tired of lying awake, and went upon deck to see how the weather looked. The moon was in the top of the heavens, but gave almost no light, in consequence of the immense layers of broken black clouds that swept along before her; however, they sometimes opened for a few moments, and then she suddenly blazed forth like a flash of lightning, and shewed every object around. The second time this happened I thought I saw a man standing at the helm; I shouted with terror, but no one replied, and I began to suspect that fancy had deceived me; however, on looking again, I was convinced of the reality of the appearance. He was dressed like a sailor, and stood close to the wheel, having his hands upon the spokes, and remained motionless, notwithstanding the violent and sudden labourings of the vessel. He had a pale and dejected countenance, and kept his eyes fixed upon the topmasts, like a careful and experienced steersman; and though I called out several times, he neither changed his position nor appeared to notice me. I took my station within a few yards of him, not daring to approach any nearer, and became, as it were, entranced by fear and curiosity. I gradually thought we were in the middle of a wide ocean, and scudding along before a gale of wind so tremendous that the dismantled masts rung under its violence. The most terrible seas seemed to swell and burst around us, but the mysterious helmsman brought the ship safely through them all; and when I looked astern, I saw everything bright, sunny, and tranquil, though black clouds, lightnings, and a hurricane frowned, flashed, and raged before us. On regaining my recollection, I found myself standing in the very place where I had first left it, but the spectre had vanished, and no trace of him remained.

"I spent the next day in dreary expectation of again encountering my supernatural visitor; however, I was agreeably disappointed, and a week passed away without my having once seen him, though I regularly watched for his appearance. At length a gale of wind again occurred, and when midnight arrived, I observed him take his station at the helm in the same way as before, though I could not discover from whence he came, or how he got on board. I soon had a vision similar to the one already described, and on awaking from it, found myself alone. All this took place every night while the storm lasted. You may be sure I rejoiced in the return of fine weather, and subsequently dreaded a wild horizon as much as if I had been at sea.

"After this, the fear of the apparition made me so miserable, that I resolved to look out for another berth. One morning, while full of such thoughts, I saw a boat coming towards the ship, and soon recognized my old friend, Bill Waters, tugging an oar, in company with several other seamen. They soon got alongside, and asked how I did, and were just pushing off again, when I requested Bill to come on board, and spend the day with me,

and take share of my cot at night, for I knew he had sailed in the vessel I then had charge of, and therefore supposed he would be able to tell me something of her history. He readily accepted my invitation, and, in the course of the day, I related all I had seen, and told him how anxious I was to change my quarters. He seemed very much astonished, and remained silent a few minutes, and then asked for a sight of the rudder-wheel and horns. I immediately conducted him to the hold, and he examined the withered arm with great attention, and, on discovering a small ring on one of its shrunken fingers, exclaimed, 'As I live, this limb once belonged to an old comrade of mine, called Henley! Now, I can tell you all about this business.—Oh that our captain were here!—What an infernal devil!—An angel couldn't have steered a whole watch in such weather as we had that night!—But I will explain every thing.' He now proceeded to inform me, that, about five years before, he had gone a voyage in the ship we were then on board of, Henley being one of the crew. Immediately after making land, they encountered tremendous weather, and had every thing washed off the deck by the waves. The gale continued almost a week without intermission, and the seamen at length became so much exhausted that they were hardly able to do duty. One night, when the vessel was scudding under bare poles, Henley, after steering her the usual time, gave the helm to the man whose turn it was to relieve him. The captain thought the former an admirable pilot, but had a pique at him for some cause or other; therefore, when he saw him abandoning his post, he ordered that he should immediately return to it. Henley protested against this; however, the captain became furious, and swore he would be obeyed, and the poor fellow, though worn out with fatigue, was obliged to take the rudder in his hands again. Meanwhile, the merciless tyrant got drunk, and stood watching lest any one should relieve Henley, who soon grew so weak that we were obliged to tie him to the tiller wheel, that he might not fall down, or be pitched overboard. However, an immense wave struck us a-stern, and the shock was so violent that he lost command of the helm;—a sudden jerk of the wheel tore off his arm, and he got entangled among the ropes, and received various injuries, of which he soon died. Next day they got into port, and shortly set about preparing for sea again; but when every thing was almost ready, the captain declined taking charge of the vessel, and her owners gave the command of her to another person, who made one voyage, and then resigned also. She was afterwards laid up, and they had always found great difficulty in getting any one to keep her, as those who undertook the charge usually begged to be clear of it before the lapse of many weeks, though they invariably refused to give a reason for such inexplicable conduct."

Here the story was interrupted by one of the seamen who came hurriedly towards us, and said he had been awakened by groans and loud noises, which seemed to proceed from some one beneath the place where he slept. The mate immediately procured a lighted lantern, and we all went down into the hold, and examined almost every part of it, without discovering any person, and were on the point of returning to the deck, when the candle flashed on a narrow recess between two rows of water-casks, and shewed a man sitting in it. We started back with horror at the sight of him. He was pale, cadaverous, and emaciated, and his countenance had a frighful expression of villainy and terror. His clothes hung around him in rags, and were marked with blood in several places, while his matted hair and disordered looks combined to render his whole aspect truly horrible.—"In the name of Heaven!" cried the mate, "who are you?—What do you do here?" The figure to whom these questions were addressed made no reply, but sat scowling at us in sullen silence, and we were in the act of advancing towards him, when the seaman who carried the lantern stumbled, and dropt it from his hand, and the candle was immediately extinguished. As none of us felt very willing to remain in the hold amidst total darkness, we all went up the hatch, and waited till our attendant procured another light, and then returned and resumed our investigations.

We found the mysterious intruder in the very spot where we had left him, and would have forced him to give an account of himself, had not our attention been attracted by the

sudden appearance of another being of a similar kind, who was skulking among some bales of goods. His dress and looks betrayed every thing that was abject, depraved, and miserable, and he had a large bloody scar upon one of his cheeks. This second apparition startled us all; however, the mate seized a handspike, and brandishing it over the head of the first, ordered him to tell where he came from.—"I wanted to get out to America," returned he, in a hoarse and faultering voice; "I had no money to pay my passage, so I hid myself among the cargo."—"And who is that behind you?" demanded the mate.—"A friend of mine," was the reply—"He got on board in the same way as I did."—"Villains! devils!" exclaimed the mate; "they must have committed some dreadful crime and fled from justice.—Look what countenances! This is a serious business for us. But I shall inform the Captain, and likewise order down several of the crew to guard them."

He now hastened to the cabin, and roused the Captain, who, as soon as he was made acquainted with the affair, gave directions that the two men should be brought upon deck, where he would shortly attend, and oblige them to give an account of themselves. Meanwhile, the noise of our voices in the hold had awakened some of the emigrants. They easily learned the cause of the disturbance, and of course communicated it to their fellow-passengers, and the whole steerage was soon in a state of commotion. Both men and women got out of their births, and dressed themselves and hurried upon deck; and before the Captain made his appearance there, an anxious and gazing crowd had lined the bulwarks, and surrounded the two prisoners, who surveyed the whole assemblage with an expression of hardened indifference. A large lantern was placed in such a manner as made its light fall chiefly upon them; and different groups of passengers could be seen successively coming within the influence of its blaze, as they crowded forward to catch a distinct view of the disturbers of the public peace. Whisperings, surmises, and exclamations, passed from mouth to mouth, and every one seemed to exceed another in the uncharitableness of his opinions respecting the characters of the mysterious persons before them; while some thanked Heaven that they had not been killed and robbed by such desperadoes, and congratulated themselves that this was the first time they had ever been in the same place with murderers.

However, when the Captain appeared upon deck every one became silent, and listened attentively to what he said. The men being placed before him, he scrutinized them from head to foot, and then asked their names, and inquired what countrymen they were. "I am called Isaac Hurder," answered the one we had first discovered, "and was born in Ireland."—"My name is Michael Willans," said the other; "but I don't know any thing about my native place."—"And how have you lived since you came on board this vessel?" demanded the Captain.—"Just as well as we could, please your honour," returned Hurder. "We took all we found, and helped ourselves to any thing that was in the way."—"Did you intend to remain concealed till we reached Quebec?" inquired the Captain.—"No, no," replied the former, "we would have come up from our hiding place, and begged your pardon long ago, but we were afraid to do so till the ship had got out of sight of land; for you might have sent us ashore again in the boat."—"And what have *you* to say?" cried the Captain to Willans, who skulked behind his companion; "how came you by that wound upon your cheek?"—"May my soul be eternally damned," returned he, "if Hurder didn't give it me this very night!—I was nearly murdered by him. When we first came on board, we agreed to divide equally all the provisions that fell into our hands; but my friend there, curse him! stole two biscuits to-day, and refused to give me one of them. I was half dead with hunger, and so resolved to have my share right or wrong.—We fought about it, and he struck me on the face, curse him! and brought the blood, as you see, and would have killed me, hadn't them men with the lantern stopped him.—But may I be in hell to-morrow if we don't try another bout before long."—"Silence, brutal wretch!" cried the Captain. "What were your reasons for leaving Scotland?—answer this instant."—"Why, because we couldn't live there," replied Willans. "My friend, curse him! persuaded me to go with him to Ame-

ries, saying as how it was a land of liberty."—"You tell me falsehoods!" exclaimed the Captain. "I know that you and your companion have committed some great crimes, and fled from justice. You are either robbers, murderers, or forgers; but you shall not escape, for I mean to deliver you over to the civil power the moment we reach Quebec; so either look to yourselves, or jump overboard at once. Get out of my sight; and, after this, take care how you come farther aft than the mizen mast."

The Captain now ordered that the two refugees should be strictly watched, and kept separate from the other passengers, and likewise bid the mate give them a small daily allowance of provisions. He then went down to the cabin, and retired to his birth. The emigrants immediately commenced a discussion upon the events of the night, and the proceedings that had recently taken place in their presence. They all seemed highly dissatisfied with the lenient treatment which the felons, (as they called them,) had met with, and unanimously voted that they ought to have been thrown overboard the moment they were discovered. "I daresay the like of this was never heard of," said a woman—"The ship is worse than a jail now—we may be robbed and murdered in our beds before morning—It's a shame that such vagrants should be allowed to dwell among Christians."—"Ay, ay," cried an old man; "we've seen the effect of having bad company among us already—What brought on the storm but these two Jonahs that now walk at large before us? If the Captain had read his Bible he would have used them very differently from what he has done."—"Don't speak of their usage!" exclaimed the female, "for it's too bad. Instead of hanging them, he has ordered that they should get provisions like us. Think of that! We honest folks are obliged to pay a heavy fee for our passage, while vagabonds like them get across the seas without putting down a stiver, and are served with meat besides. Nothing but wickedness thrives in this world."—"It's my private opinion," said a man who had not yet spoken, "that the Captain is no great things himself. I suspect these two fellows are friends of his own in disguise, and he has taken this method of smuggling them out of the country, to hinder government from getting air of the transaction. Things on board are not what they should be. It's useless to say much now, but I know what I know—mark my words!" He then walked away with a solemn shake of the head, while his fellow-passengers looked reverently after him, and appeared to suspect that he was acquainted with some important circumstances which he did not choose to communicate.

The preacher, already mentioned, delivered another sermon, on the second Sunday that occurred on board, and received much applause and commendation from his auditors. Encouraged by this, he began to imagine that he possessed greater influence over the emigrants than he really did, and accordingly presumed to interfere with their amusements, and to admonish them about their iniquities, whenever he felt inclined. They submitted to this for some time without openly rebelling, but his popularity diminished very fast, and his congregation often criticised his sermons among themselves, and occasionally hinted to one another that he was no better than he should be.

One evening, when we had calm weather, and a tranquil sea, a young man came from the steerage with a violin under his arm, and proposed to his fellow-passengers that they should have a dance. All parties agreed to this, and the decks being cleared as much as possible, a reel was soon formed, and the musician played a Scotch strathspey, which seemed equally to delight the dancers and the spectators. However, the preacher suddenly made his appearance, and interrupted the gaiety, by commanding the partakers of it to desist from such a profane and sinful amusement, if they valued their safety now, and their happiness hereafter. This speech excited universal disgust and derision, and a lively young woman rushed forwards, and seizing upon the disturber of the festivity, pulled him into the ring, saying she was resolved to have him for a partner. A loud laugh broke from the bye-standers; the fiddler began to use his bow; several couples joined in the dance; and the astonished offender was dragged through it, notwithstanding his violent resistance, amidst the shouts and excla-

mations of those who witnessed the scene. However, he soon recovered his liberty, and darted into the steerage, where he remained during the whole of next day, but never afterwards attempted to preach before his fellow-passengers. On inquiry it was found that he was a tailor, and could neither read nor write. When this became publicly known, those who had at first been his attentive hearers ridiculed him most, and declared that they had always felt convinced of his incapacity, but were unwilling to lower him in the estimation of others by saying so, as long as he did no harm, and only declaimed against sin in a general way.

Meanwhile we were blessed with fair weather and favourable winds, and made rapid progress across the Atlantic. Most of the emigrants had become reconciled to a sea life, and those who still disliked it consoled themselves with the prospect of soon reaching the termination of the voyage. Though day after day passed in monotonous routine, no one seemed ever to wish for the arrival of the morrow, experience having taught us that nothing new was to be anticipated or looked for, while we remained on board. In the absence of all variety, the most trifling circumstances acquired interest and importance. The appearance of a piece of sea-weed, a flock of birds, or a shoal of fishes, excited the earnest attention of the passengers, and furnished them with subjects of conversation during many succeeding hours; and it was highly amusing to listen to the different theories that were brought forward in explanation of such phenomena, by the self-important disputants, as they strolled about the decks, or reclined indolently upon the hen-coops. Discussions respecting the distance we were from Quebec took place every day, and, as the captain and mate disdained answering any inquiries upon this point, the emigrants had recourse to the man with the quadrant, (as they called him,) for a solution of their difficulties. He seemed highly flattered by such marks of confidence, and always told consequentially what number of miles of ocean we had still to traverse, though his hearers, had they recollected his previous calculations, would sometimes have been startled to find, that, according to him, we were receding from our place of destination, instead of approaching it.

The two men who had concealed themselves in the hold soon ceased to excite almost any attention. The emigrants studiously avoided the least intercourse with them, and they generally kept near the bows of the vessel during the day, but walked fore and aft at night, when the former had retired to the steerage. They slept under the bottom of the long-boat, no place having been provided for their accommodation below decks.

While crossing the great bank at Newfoundland, the weather was so calm and favourable, that the Captain resolved to lie to for a few hours, that we might have the pleasure of catching some cod. The emigrants, the moment he announced this determination, began to prepare their fishing tackle. Some baited small hooks attached to hair lines, others brought out reads and pirns, and one man produced a pocket-book full of dressed flies, and asked the mate if any of them would do. However, they were soon convinced of the inefficiency of the angling apparatus which they had provided, and as the tackle belonging to the ship was distributed chiefly among the seamen, few of the emigrants had an opportunity of participating in the sports. But those who possessed the means of engaging in it, betrayed the most extravagant delight when they happened to catch any thing, and would not allow the fish they had pulled out to be mingled with those that had been caught by others, though the Captain informed them that a general division of the spoil would take place in the course of the day. After laying to some hours, the wind began to freshen, and we set sail. The mate then distributed the fish in equal portions among the steerage passengers, but, although he observed the strictest impartiality, much dissatisfaction prevailed, and almost every one thought his neighbour had been more liberally dealt with than himself. Complaints and accusations were heard upon deck all day long, and the morning's diversion, instead of adding to the enjoyment of those for whose sakes it was projected, gave birth to discontent, envy, and recrimination.

While we were in the Gulf of St Lawrence, the Captain and mate began to be on very bad terms. The

latter kept the key of the store-room, which contained the provisions, and daily weighed out to the passengers their respective allowances; but the Captain suspected that he was in the habit of abstracting an extra quantity, and afterwards privately selling it to the emigrants. Various articles had disappeared at different times, and he professed to be unable to explain what had become of them. This roused the Captain's attention, and, being a violent man, he one day accused the mate of fraud and peculation before all the emigrants, and stated, that there were three persons on board who could give evidence in proof of what he said. The former denied the charge with boldness, and a furious altercation took place between the two, which terminated in the mate's requesting permission to go forward among the seamen, or, in other words, to resign his situation. The Captain told him the sooner he did so the better, and, accordingly, he carried his trunk from the cabin that very day, and took up his quarters in the steerage.

All the passengers felt a deep interest in this quarrel, for they conceived, from the hints which the Captain had thrown out respecting the persons who could prove his assertions, that their characters were implicated in it. They therefore discussed the matter at great length among themselves, and almost unanimously agreed that the mate was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge. The females advocated his cause with much warmth; for his politeness, good looks, and misfortunes, had won their hearts completely. Some proposed to petition the governor in his favour whenever we reached Quebec, and a man, who had neither shoes on his feet, nor a hat on his head, urged that a subscription should be raised to compensate him for the loss of his situation. However, it was finally agreed that a certificate of his innocence and good conduct, signed by every one on board, would answer the best purpose. Several of the leading persons soon prepared this document, and went about requesting their fellow-passengers to put their names under it, none of whom made any objection, except the man with the quadrant, who, on the paper being presented him for signature, said he would have nothing to do with it, unless the longitude and latitude in which the events referred to took place, were inserted at full length. No one disputed the reasonableness of this demand, and the business was soon adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties.

The ship remained without a mate during two days, but in consequence of the favourableness of the weather, we suffered little from the want of him. The morning of the third set all things to rights again; for one of the emigrants informed the Captain that he had heard Hurder and his companion whispering together in the store-room the preceding night. On examination, we found that a considerable portion of the floor of the apartment was loose, and that the two fellows could have access to the provisions whenever they chose. They were immediately searched, and several articles being found upon them, the Captain had no longer any suspicion of the mate's integrity, and at once restored him to favour, and begged him to resume his situation, and forget the past. He willingly did so, and received the congratulations of all the emigrants, except those who had drawn up the certificate about his honesty, and who said, they thought the Captain ought to have made him prove his innocence before he reinstated him in his employment.

When a little way above the mouth of the St Lawrence, we were becalmed nearly a whole day within half a mile of a large ship. The emigrants indulged in various speculations about the port she sailed from, her place of destination, her tonnage, her crew, and her cargo; and had got deeply involved in hypothetical mazes, when they saw her jolly-boat let down. A number of men then stepped on board, and immediately began to row towards us. Our female passengers, on seeing this, descended into the steerage, but shortly came upon deck again, arrayed in clean caps, gaudy ribbons, and Sunday gowns; and endeavoured to attract the admiration of our expected visitors by talking affectedly, and leaning over the bulwarks; while the men stood eyeing them askance, with a repulsive, scrutinizing, and suspicious expression of countenance, very often assumed by the Scotch peasantry when they are on the point of coming into contact with strangers. The boat soon came alongside, and most of the party sprung on

board our vessel, without salutation or ceremony. They proved to be Englishmen, but any observer would have instantly discovered this from their ruddy, comfortable-looking countenances, which appeared to much advantage when contrasted with the hard, spare, emaciated features, of the people on board our ship. Nautical inquiries soon took place, and our visitors informed us that they were emigrants bound for Upper Canada. This intelligence did not appear to be much relished by our passengers, one of whom immediately stepped forward, and asked if they had any coopers in their party. Being answered in the negative, he expressed great satisfaction, and said he was a cooper himself, and wished to be first in market. This speech excited a laugh, which, in some degree, removed the restraint that had previously prevailed, and rendered both parties more communicative. The Englishmen were then requested to mention what sort of trades-people and mechanics they had on board their vessel, and the emigrants assembled round them, and listened anxiously to the agitating enumeration. When it happened that persons of the same profession were shewn to be in both ships, a loud laugh of derision took place, and a number of uplifted fingers pointed out the unfortunate man who had, in a manner, encountered competitors before reaching the theatre of action; but an opposite discovery afforded delight to none, but the individual who was personally interested, and sneers about good fortune and lucky fools passed between those that stood around him.

The Englishmen, after having given a full account of themselves, and of their purposes and intentions, returned to their own vessel. At night, we got a fine breeze directly astern, and stood up the St Lawrence under all sail, much to the satisfaction of the emigrants, who were exceedingly anxious that we should reach Quebec before the other ship; for they supposed, that if she arrived first, her passengers would take all the land that was to be granted in the vicinity of the town, and render it necessary for the last-comers to settle far away in the woods. It was useless to attempt to combat this idea, or to state, that the ground destined for them lay in the interior of the country, for they shook their heads incredulously, and said, they derived their information from a man who had read books upon the subject, and knew all about the matter.

In the morning we found ourselves a considerable way up the St Lawrence, the gradually increasing narrowness of which now permitted us to have a more distinct view of its banks, the farther we advanced. The emigrants contemplated with delight, the fields, trees, cattle, and farm-houses, that occasionally presented themselves on both sides, and spoke enthusiastically of the pleasures of a country life, and wished they could get ashore, to drink milk, and lie on the grass. They seemed quite relieved to discover that the habitations, vegetable productions, and general appearance of Canada, were neither comfortless, extraordinary, nor revolting. Their spirits got up, and they began to anticipate the blessings and enjoyments which a residence in such a country would be the means of securing to them, and informed each other what particular branches of agriculture they intended chiefly to pursue, when they had cleared and improved their farms, and overcome their first difficulties. The conversation soon turned entirely upon crops, soils, and manure; and weavers, who, before embarking for America, had never been beyond the suburbs of Glasgow, talked about the management of land with the greatest confidence, and suggested the propriety of partially introducing the British system of agriculture into Canada.

We reached the harbour of Quebec late one afternoon, and immediately dropped anchor in front of the town. The emigrants gazed on the rocks, the tremendous battlements, the shipping, and the boats hurrying backwards and forwards, with deep interest; while those who had any knowledge of history, began to talk of the celebrated siege at which Wolfe was killed, and pointed out, to their admiring auditors, in what manner they conceived the city might yet be taken by an enemy. Others complained how much the prospects around had disappointed them, and said, Quebec was just like a Scotch town, and therefore not worth looking at. One man asserted, that the fortifications of Edinburgh Castle were much stronger than those they then saw, and this produced a dispute, which was interrupted by the arrival

of the harbour-master, who came alongside in a beautiful boat manned with French Canadians. He ordered all the passengers to be mustered upon deck, and called them over, that he might ascertain if each individual answered the description annexed to his name in the Custom-house list. This being accomplished, the Captain desired Hurder and his companion to come forward, and then explained to the harbour-master how they had got into the ship without his knowledge or consent. The former bid the mate detain them on board until farther orders, and then took leave, after his crew had received a quantity of provisions as their usual perquisite.

None of the emigrants went ashore that night. They continued walking the deck till a late hour, and anticipating the pleasure they would have in rambling through Quebec next morning. Montreal was the place of our ship's destination, and the greater part of them meant to remain on board until we reached that city, in order to save the expence of going there in a steam-boat.

At an early hour on the succeeding day, all the emigrants were in motion. The Captain informed them that the vessel would lie at anchor for two days, and that those who chose might go ashore and visit the town, provided they returned on board within the time specified. This intelligence being promulgated, many of the females and young men hastened to dress themselves in their best apparel, that they might be ready to secure places in the ship's boat, the first time it was sent ashore. But some, who had talked much of the great connexions they had in Quebec, the letters of introduction and recommendation they were provided with, and the flattering attentions they expected to receive when they delivered them, seemed suddenly to forget all these things, and to become alike friendless and unknown. They never even proposed to visit that city, which had once been a place of such promise to them, although it lay directly before their eyes. Others, who were prevented by the deficiencies of their wardrobes from making a respectable appearance, declared that they would rather remain on board, than wander through dusty streets, where nothing at all remarkable or interesting was to be seen. Pride soothed the pangs of disappointment during the day, and at night envy found a balm in the triumph of ill-nature; for those who had been ashore came back weary, dispirited, and out of humour, and again took up their abodes in the steerage, and endeavoured to console themselves with the hope of finding Montreal a prettier, larger, and more entertaining town than Quebec.

I left the ship next morning, and on the succeeding day saw her bear up the St Lawrence, under the influence of a favourable wind. The emigrants waved their hats to me, and I accompanied my return of the salute with fervent wishes that the comforts, blessings, and advantages of the land to which they were hastening, might exceed their warmest and earliest anticipations.

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## TRANSLATIONS FROM OSSIAN.

Mr North,

With this I send you some specimens of translation from the great Northern Bard of antiquity, whose works—thanks to the fostering care and fatherly protection of some one or other—have come to us in tolerable preservation; yet whose very existence, (mirabile dictu!) is a matter of the strongest doubt. As to the authenticity of the works ascribed to Ossian, there is certainly abundant cause for scepticism; and from the days of Samuel Johnson, down to those of Malcolm Laing, Wordsworth, and the author of Waverley, it has furnished an inexhaustible subject for the exhibition of hypothetical conjecture and antiquarian research. But to the reader of poetry,—to him who loves beautiful imagery, sublime sentiment, and deep pathos for the corresponding feelings which they awaken in the bosom, wholly unconnected with ther tendency to any particular bias, it must be a matter of moonshine whether the whole, or only a part, was generated by the son of Fingal, or if the entire structure was elaborated within the pericranium of our more modern friend, James Macpherson, Esq. Are the writings of Rowley destitute of merit, because we know them to be the composition of the boy Chatterton?

It is curious to observe what an effect this rage for antiquity produces, and how it is capable of altering our estimation of the intrinsic value of things, as if either age or scarcity ought to confer true value on things which must have been, and ought ever to be considered as trifling; yet they do so, whether it be on a cracked Roman jar, or a Queen Anne's farthing. An additional eclogue of Virgil would weigh down, in our eyes, a whole bale of common-place Herculaneum manuscripts, whether rolled or unrolled; so I suppose I have not the least chance of ever being numbered among the associates of the Antiquarian Society.

Verily, Mr North, the mind of man is a strange thing, and a heterogeneous compound. In confirmation of this particular tendency in our nature of which we are now speaking, we have almost uniformly found, that they who believe in the age and authenticity of Ossian, will award him no lower a station than among the Homers, Dantes, Miltons, and Shakespeares; whereas, such as consider him a modern fiction, will be contented with nothing less than a condemnation of the whole mass, as little better than rant, bombast, and fustian,—merely because it is written by Macpherson; as if there was no such thing as sterling merit, or as if a standard of real poetical excellence could exist only in the reader's imagination. We remember a speech of Lord Chatham's, which says, that "youth cannot be imputed to any man as a reproach;" nor can recent production, we should suppose in the same way, be considered a blemish, (as Mr Hazlitt would fain have it,) in any work. It is surely no fault in Scott, Byron, or Campbell, that they have not lived and been gathered to their fathers some thousand years ago.

The works of Ossian, in the state in which they are served up to us by Macpherson, may be considered rather as the raw materials of poetry, than as exhibiting that art, condensation, and selection of thought, which are requisite to form a finished composition. There is a thronging—a profused assemblage of lofty and magnificent imagery, seen in the distance, rapidly shifting, shadowing, and indistinct "The glory and the splendour of a dream," united with its obscurity and its perplexing remoteness. We hold not converse with human flesh and blood, but with heroic spectres, "who pace about the hills continually," and that come to us from the breast of the ocean. There are neither cities, nor civilization, nor society; but the wanderings, and wars, the impulses of nature, and passion in its untamed empire. Mossy stones mark out the dwellings of the dead; the wind curls the wave, swells the sail, and agitates the forest; and the silence of night is broken by gibbering voices, and "airy tongues that syllable mens' names on sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Yet, in the narration of the adventures, and in the construction of the fables, a wonderful stretch of invention is exhibited; and a method is visible, even in the most irregular and inconsistent parts, which is not a little surprising. The Epic of Fingal contains some passages of heroic beauty, which would thrill the blood of a coward, and make him long to be a soldier; while the Songs of Selma abound in touches of the most deep and the most artless pathos.

It is strange that Wordsworth, who has studied so profoundly, and so successfully, the philosophy of the material world, should make the never-ending delineation of natural objects and appearances in those works, the theme of his scepticism as to their authenticity, and of his non-belief concerning the blind Ossian, as if blindness is not affirmed of Homer, and known of Milton. If Wordsworth has ever dipped into the poems of Blacklock—who was born blind—he may there discover that a power of describing the material world, in all the variety and vicissitude of its presentations, may be attained, either from a successful mental effort in retaining the delineations of others; or, by a kind of intuitive perception,—though, after the experiment of Locke with his blind man, who thought scarlet colour like the sound of a trumpet, we would rather imagine not.

Moore, in his Introduction to his Irish Melodies, has thrown out a needless sarcasm in saying, that if Ireland could have Burns, she would willingly give up all claim to Ossian, as if there was one point of similarity in the constitution of their genius, or as if one point of comparison could be

suggested between them. After these insulting taunts, it is but a poor set-off, that Madame de Staël could conceive the absurdity of Milton having possibly derived advantage from Ossian, in the composition of Paradise Lost; or that Buonaparte, in order to invigorate his martial spirit, slept with a copy of Fingal under his pillow, during his Italian campaigns.

Yours, &c.

CELTICUS.

*Inverness, Nov. 1, 1821.*

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ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou, &c.---*Darthula.*

DAUGHTER of beauty, born of heavenly race,
Sweet is the silence of thy midnight face,
Fair in the east appears thy silvery ray,
The gems of evening hail thee on their way,
The bending clouds their darker tints destroy,
Smile in thy face, and brighten into joy.
Who, in the sky, can match the Queen of night?
The stars obscured are feeble in thy sight;
Far from thy glance a banishment they seek,
And hide their eyes, in low submission meek;—
Where, when thy face of beauty melts away,
Where dost thou fly, and whither dost thou stray?
Hast thou a hall like Ossian there to go,
Or dost thou dream within the shade of woe?—
Hath every sister lost a heavenly throne,
Or why, at eve, rejoicest thou alone?—
Yes, sweetest beam, their glories now are low,
And oft thou leavest heaven to tell thy woe!
But thou shalt also know eternal wane,
The twilight sky shall court thy steps in vain;
Thy sinking in the west no more to rise,
Will cause the stars to triumph in the skies;
They, whom thy lovely beams could once destroy,
Will lift their heads, and weave the song of joy!

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TO THE SETTING SUN.

Must thou leave thy blue course in heaven, &c.
*Carric-Thura.*

AND must thou leave thy azure course on high,
Bright child of heaven, with looks of golden ray?
Have the gates open'd in the western sky,
That there to rest thou shapest thy weary way?
The waves their blue-green watery heads upreur,
And throng around to see thy glory shed,—
Approach thy presence with a holy fear,
And view thy beauty, slumbering on its bed;—
Bright in the morn thy beamy car display,—
Smile from the east, and all mankind are gay!

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TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star of the falling night! fair is thy light, &c.
*Introduction to Songs of Selma.*

FAIR in the west thy lovely light appears;
Serene, above the summit of the hill,
Soft Star of Eve, thy beaming chariot steers;—
What dost thou see? the bursting winds are still,—

The distant torrent now is thundering;
The rock is now besieged by the main;
The flies of evening, borne on feeble wing,
Hum on their drowsy course along the plain:
Thou smilest on the home-returning swain,—
Heaven thou behold'st around, and earth without;
Thou sink'st,—the western wave surrounds thy train;
Thy hair the wave encompasseth about:
Daughter of Eve! thou glory of the dell,—
Star of declining Day, thou silent beam, Farewell!

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### ALPIN'S LAMENTATION FOR MORAR.

*One of the Songs of Selma.*

My tears, oh Ryno! are for the dead, &c.

Tearful, oh, Ryno, is my joyless day;
For those who flourish'd, and have pass'd away,
I raise the song,—Thou on the mountain tall,
And fair like Morar, shalt like Morar fall;
The pensive mourner, at the twilight gloom,
Will weep for thee, and rest upon thy tomb;
The hills forget thy voice,—in silent hall
Thy bow shall hang unbended on the wall!

Swift as the desert roe could Morar fly,—
Dread as the meteor of the stormy sky;
Thy wrath was like the raging of the main,
The bursting cloud, or lightning on the plain;
Thy voice, the stream by tempests render'd deep,
Like thunder echoing from the distant steep!
When war was on thy brow, ah! must I tell
How warriors trembled, and how heroes fell?
But, when the battle ceased, thy placid cheek
Could all thy heart's tranquillity bespeak:
Thy face was like the beaming Lord of Day,
When rain-swoln clouds have shower'd, and pass'd away;
Still was thy look, and gentle was thy sight,
As when the moon-beam silvers o'er the night,—
Calm as the lake, when scarce a zephyr blows,
And weary winds are taking their repose.

No hopes, no fears, across thy bosom roam,
Lonesome, and dark, and narrow is thy home;
Where now, oh, Morar! is thy generous heart?
With trebled step I compass all thou art.
How little now hath all thy glory wore,
Oh, thou so mighty, and so great before!
Four stones, with aged heads of mossy green,
Are all that tell to man that thou hast been!—
A shrivell'd trunk, with scarce one leaf behind,—
The tall rank grass that whistles in the wind,
Point to the passing hunter's haughty eye,
Where Morar, once so mighty, now can lie!

Oh, Morar, Morar, thou art truly low!
No female breast comes here to vent its woe;
Gone is thy mother to the realms of sleep;
No maid comes here to bless thee, and to weep!
Propp'd on the staff of age, who totters by,
The swelling tears hang heavy in his eye;

His hoary locks bespeak his lengthen'd years,
Why quakes his step, or why gush forth his tears?
Ah! Morar, 'tis thy sire, in lonely age,
No son hath he his sorrow to assuage!
Weep, hoary father, he deserves thy tears,—
In misery weep,—although no Morar hears!

No dreams across the silent mansion roam,
The dust their pillow, for the grave their home;—
All in that dreary region is forgot;
Call on thy Morar—but he hears thee not!
When from the east shall rays of joy be shed,
To bid the sleeper leave his dewy bed;
Farewell to thee, the mightiest of the hill
Knelt at thy feet, and own'd thee greater still!
No son hast thou to imitate his sire,
Endued with all thy virtues, and thy fire!
No son hast thou, but still the song shall flow,—
Remotest ages thy renown shall know,
And wrapt in wonder at thy mighty name,
Admire thy valour, and preserve its fame!

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ROUGE ET NOIR.*

The host of tourists who have marauded on the continent within these few years, have made us familiar with its sights, and weary of them. *Paris*, as the most accessible, has been the most infested; and its *caveaus* and *caffés*, its spruce theatres, and squalid churches, have been reiterated on us in every existing dialect, from *Mayfair* to *Whitechapel*. But after this cumbrous plunder, there are left rare *bijoux*, and the eye which will look into the interior of Parisian manners, may be pronounced to have entered, as old *Vestris* said of the *Minuet*, on a study extensive enough to last him his life. The author of the present poem has applied himself to a fragment of the *Palais Royal*, and from this has generated a volume of verses, alternately pathetic and jocular, moral and satirical. The mention of *Frescati*, and the *Salon*, is a mere digression; the systematic interest is gathered round the two apartments in the *Palais Royal*, where so many miserables of all ages and tongues are undone in the most expeditious manner every night of the year. His theme is the *Rouge et Noir* table, at which, he protests, that no man can win, and quotes an authority high among the mighty and undone gamblers of mankind.

"'Tis said, when any told Napoleon
That such or such a man had talents, or
Whose depth of head might be depended on
In mathematics, diplomacy, war,
Or any thing, in short, in which he shone—
He answered—'*Can he win at Rouge et Noir?*'
His keen eye finishing the phrase—'if so,
He does what no one else can do, you know.'"

This is neatly expressed, and the description of the *Board*, probably a difficult task in poetry, our author has executed very cleverly.—P. 35-28.

The *Palais Royal* next comes under this pleasant pen, and its world of wicked wonders is described with unusual spirit. We are not exhausted by a toilsome and feeble recapitulation of the absurdities or allurements of a place, over which the spirit of the *Regent Orleans* seems still to hover; the poem strikes at once upon its characteristics, and then darts away in pursuit of the original topic.

"It forms an oblong square with a piazza,
Parterres and lime tree alleys in the centre:
There's not an inch, I'm sure, from Ghent to Gaza,
Where youthful blood so much requires a Mentor:
Among a thousand other things, it has a
Superb *jet d'eau*, which strikes you as you enter:
But closely wedged *Boutiques* and *Cafés* lend it
An air, I think, much more *bizarre* than splendid.

"It is a focus where each principle
Of thought and act concentrate to a spot;
Where gold is most omnipotent, and will

---

* A Poem; in six cantos, with other Poems. London. Olliers. Pp. 215. 12mo.

Buy love or lace—there's nothing can't be bought:
A world in miniature, where equal skill
Is taught in sin and science—*both* are taught!
With dancing, fencing, metaphysics, cheating,
And other things which don't abide repeating.
"It is the heart of Paris, and impels
Warm poision through her wanton arteries;
The honeycomb of vice, whose thousand cells
Pour forth the buzzing multitude one sees:—
Loose-trowser'd beaux, and looser-moral'd belles;
With ancient quizzes underneath the trees
Reading the daily journals, or conversing;
And, here and there, a black-eyed *Grisette* nursing."

In the *Palais Royal*, the Nos. 109, and 154, have probably had a larger proportion of visitants of all nations than any other spot in *Paris*. Their charm is the possession of the *Roulet*, and *Rouge et Noir* tables. If there ever should be a general history of vice, the annals of those two suites of rooms may form the most pregnant and most original portion. Half the crimes, and all the suicides of Paris, are concocted within those walls. They stand in the centre of the most profligate spot in Europe, and they deserve to stand in its centre. The whole district is the classic ground of iniquity, but within those boundaries are the Campi Phlegræi.

From the *Palais Royal* the poet strays to *Frescati*, the fantastic name of a celebrated gaming-house on the Boulevards, the resort of the better dressed ruffians of Paris, and of London. Want of room prevents us from giving a number of other extracts from this clever and ingenious volume, which we understand is from the pen of a gentlemen of the name of Read, and which does equal honour to his head and heart.

The selection of the *Ottava Rima* was judicious, from the general facility of the measure, and perhaps from it having become popular through *Beppo* and *Whistlecraft*. But the use of any thing that has been used before, seems to sit painfully on the author's conscience, and he accordingly attempts to lighten his obligation to the moderns, by shewing that they were indebted to a remote ancestry. But *Chaucer* and *Fairfax* would, in all probability, have slept unthanked, but for *Lord Byron* and *Mr Frere*. After all, this is an idle delicacy, the stanza is free to the human race, "like a wild-goose flies unclaimed of any man." Imitation is of an altogether different family. If this were the place to trouble ourselves with laying down the law on this subject, we should say, that there is no imitation except where the *peculiarities* of an author are transferred. *Crabbe's* clearness of rustic description, his vigorous seizure of the form and pressure of village habits, and his shrewd and simple pleasantry on obscure ambition and petty vanity, may attract authorship to the investigation of rural life. But the similarity of subject is not imitation, nor is the encreased acuteness of inquiry, nor is the more pointed vigour of versification, nor is the mixture of seriousness and pleasantry; for all of those may have arisen naturally in the course of the general and individual improvement of poetry. It might as well be asserted, that every man who looks through a telescope, is a degraded imitator of Galileo; or that the whole rising generation, with their unshattered faces, are nothing better than plunderers of *Jenner*, and the Glostershire milk-maids.

The true imitation of *Crabbe* would be in his pressure of trivialities into the service; in his sending out, stamped with equal labour, the unimportant and the valuable specimens of his *æmismata rustica*; in the Dutch delight of his painted straws, and flies on tankards, and red-nosed Boors in extravagant frolic or maudlin repentance.

*Lord Byron's* strength of expression, and that decision of view by which he passes over the feebler features of the *terrain*, and seizes on the commanding points, are common property, neither his discovery nor that of any man living, but as old as poetry and nature. He may, like other men of talents, have assisted in leading the authorship of England back into the original track from which bad taste and evil times had turned it away, yet to which it was rapidly reverting. But he was not the earliest even of his day, who stood upon the hill and made signals to the multitude wandering through the shade and the valley. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," if we are to distinguish a peculiar agency, was the *morning star* of the modern age. But the transit of

powerful and brilliant intelligences across the same region, is free and glorious still, and no invasion of the orbit of that glittering leader of the day.

The true doctrine is, that imitation cannot be laid to the poet's charge, but where there is an adoption of *defect*. Servility is the soul of imitation. It must be laid in the indictment that the author has been excited to the commission of absurdity by the instigation of some potential evil spirit that has made the offence prevalent over his feebler love of common sense. To convict him on the statute, proof must be brought not of excellence, but of error. Parnassus will throw out the bill, alleging that a writer has been guilty of Byronism, on no more substantive charge, than that he has force of expression and depth of thought—that his imagination is vivid, or his sensibility exciteable. To secure a conviction, it must be proved that he has a propensity to laud and magnify the bolder vices; to select for his heroes compounds of the desperate and the malignant; and to feel his triumph in making the ruffians of the earth estimate their talents by their profligacy. The same induction may lead us to the imitators of the other prominent writers; but, in all cases, the conclusion is irresistible, that, as imitation is a literary crime, and as excellence is not criminal, deficiency must be the object of the charge. The imitator must imitate to the extent of losing his judgment—he must be so bowed down before his *Pope*, that he cannot recover his posture, but must continue in a perpetual osculation of the pontific toe. He must swear that my *Lord Peter's* loaf contains the essence of bread, mutton, beer, and all other nutriments and condiments. He must gradually acquire the inverted taste that loves the worst as well as, or better than the best of the enslaver's attributes;—not merely worship the jewels on his Sultan's cap, but lick up the dust shaken from his slippers. If he has *Childe Harold* on his table, and reads it at breakfast, he must sleep with *Don Juan* under his pillow, and make it the matter of his dreams.

The nobler genius will turn away from this prone idolatry, both because he cannot stoop, and because, if he could, he disdains to stoop. He will not insolently reject the inventions of other men when they can assist him in the common object of all the greater minds—the delight and instruction of his species. If on the height to which he had climbed by the vigour of his natural powers, he finds the wings which had been invented by some powerful wanderer through the brilliant realm that lies above the reach of ordinary mankind, he would not fling himself wingless upon the air. The noble invention would be turned to a purpose worthy of its nobleness, and some unconquered portion of the new region would be brought within the common dominion of the mind. The perfection of poetry consists in the problem, "to express the greatest number of thoughts in the smallest number of words." Condensation is power. The finest poetic mind is the most fertile of thought;—the most vivid poetic expression is the most compressed. Prolixity is in poetry what expansion is in physics,—the waste, the scattering away into an invisibility and feebleness, the mighty agency that wants only compression to move, or perhaps disrupt the frame of the world. But these truths are as old as Homer, or as man. Lord Byron has failed in dramatic writing, the first in dignity, by the want of this compression. The bonds of rhyme seem essential to his vigour. Blank-verse suffers him to wander away into endless diffusion. He is thus still below the summit of poetry, and must be so until he shall have produced a drama capable of standing beside those of the elder glorious time of England.

# Epistle General.

NOTWITHSTANDING of our having given this month an extra sheet, we find that we shall be obliged to put Asmodeus again into the chest, to satisfy our numerous, kind, and ever-valued Correspondents. In fact, we are compelled to have recourse to this expedient, not only to satisfy Correspondents, but Patrons. Our worthy Subscribers, on binding up our ninth volume, stared with astonishment on seeing us not at all so jolly as we were wont to be. All our attempts to convince these excellent characters, that five Numbers never can be equal to six, have been quite ineffectual. In order to please all our Friends, whether Correspondents or Patrons, we shall indulge them with another extra Number, to crown their Christmas jollities, and Nos. LVIII. and LIX. will therefore appear together on the 31st of December.

In the meantime, although our Devil is one of the most impartial extant, and we have no doubt will give as much satisfaction as on the Coronation occasion, we feel ourselves constrained to say a few words to all whom they may concern:—

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What an abominable hand Dr P*** writes! Here we have been half an hour trying to decypher half a page of compliments to us. Why, if a ram-cat dipt his paw in an ink-bottle, and dabbled it over a page, it would be more Christian writing.—We were horror-struck when we came to this passage, "Δ is a chamber-pot," but on more close inspection, it turned out to be "Δ is a charming poet;" and in the end he describes us as being what we, to our amazement, thought was Grand Lama, &c. but which in reality is "Grande lumen Scotiæ." What a sad thing this would be in the hands of a careless compositor. Indeed, most of our regular correspondents write awfully. Tickler is almost unreadable. We have a mind to give fac-similes of them all, and strike terror into the hearts of the writing-master population of the empire.

P. Q. (Manchester) R. S. (Norfolk) J. P. (Liskeard,) and many more alphabet men, are under consideration.

The first detachment of our Irishmen burst in on us this morning. What a kind-hearted people they are,—and what pretty modes they have of expressing their kindness! For instance, J. N. M. writes us to say, that "Our image shall remain deeply engraved on the marrow of his heart until the last moment of eternity!" How tender! and how true!

Our Sligo friend is too droll,—indeed we think Sligo men are in general most facetious. We know a president of a scientific society from that bonny town; and, good heavens, what a funny man he is!

Doctor U****** writes us from Limerick, that the dysentery raging there is much abated, principally in consequence of the good people there taking considerably to reading us. We have no doubt of the fact, though the trum-

pery men of the faculty here may dispute it. But let them look to Galen, and then deny it if they dare. It gives us great pleasure to hear of the increasing health of that respectable brick-town.

"De arte Punnandi per Johannen Dominum Norburiensem, Libri duo,"—we are afraid is a hoax.

The Rev. T. Kennedy, T.C., Dublin, has had good reason to be surprised at a notice of his edition of Homer, which appeared in one of our late numbers. This, we have ascertained, was a hoax played upon us, and cannot have affected Mr Kennedy in the opinion of any one who knows him.

We shall not publish the letter just received from Sappho the younger, of Blowbladder Street. It is too truculent. The people recommended for chastisement deserve it—but we must mix mercy now and then with our justice. True it is, that forty stripes save one, is infinitely too good for such poachers on the domains of tragedy as Haynes, Cornwall, Knowles, Dillon, &c.; but, gentle reader, we leave it to you, if the following verses do not breathe rather too wicked a spirit, against poor men in this unfortunate situation, to be inserted in our kind and benignant pages:

"Why do you slumber, Christopher the mighty,
While in old Drury or in Covent Garden,
People are venting tragedies terrific,
Brutal and beastly!
There's B**** C*******, alias Molly P*****,
With his weak slip-slop, all of milk and water,
Which petty critics, puffers for the papers,
Three-penny scribblers,
Laud to the skies as most delicious writing,
(As does Leigh Hunt, the King of all the Cockneys,
Link'd with the pretty prating Knight of Pimples,
Table-talk Billy.)
Haynes has no conscience, though he wrote about it,
Else he would never bore us with his verses;
As for Jack Dillon, give him Retribution
Just for his Drama.

(*We skip thirty-seven verses.*)

Tear 'em, don't spare 'em, into pieces share 'em;
Tomahawk, Kit, like Campbell's Outalissi;
Shatter and batter all these folks theatric,—
Skiver and slay 'em.

SAPPHO.

Merciful Heaven, here's a bloody-minded poetess. She mistakes us much. We would not forfeit the character of benevolence which makes us so universally beloved, with such unchristian punishment.

The Noble Lord's letter, relative to Anastasius, has just been received, and is under consideration. We had no idea that we travelled so rapidly beyond the Appennines. But what has become of our promised poetical packet?

Months ago we ought to have acknowleged the communication from our repected friend at John-a-Groat's, "Upon the Present State of Jeffrey's Edinburgh Review." But really that old concern is now a sickening subject; and, judicious as are our friend's remarks, he, as well as our million of readers in both hemispheres, must rather wish to see our pages filled with such good

things as "Mrs Ogle of Balbogle," than with the exposure of the antiquated sophistry and unpatriotic effusions of the Blue and Yellow.

Our fair friends in East-Lothian may expect another slice of "The Widow's Cow" at Christmas.

The elegant poem, "Bombazeen," from Aimwell, is too personal for our columns. It may do for the Morning Chronicle.

Mr Brougham will see that we have lost no time in inserting "The Man in the Bell." He can best explain the true meaning of this most mysterious and appalling narrative.

We received Mr Alfred Beauchamp's polite note, for which we beg to offer him our best thanks. We rejoice to see he is doing so well, and wish him all manner of success.

"December Tales,"—"The Greek and French Tragedians,"—"Regulus to the Roman Senate," and several others, (by Correspondents from whom we hope frequently to hear) are in the chest.

A song beginning "Divinest of all earthly maids"—we have hardly patience with. Does the writer imagine we can cram our columns with stuff of this description? It would do very well for the ancient woman of the High Street; but to give it to us, is the coolest insolence imaginable.

We have a letter from Baillie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow, detailing a very mysterious and delicate transaction in the West Country. We are at present too merciful to publish it; but let the parties beware, or perhaps the benevolent fit may pass.

A very polite note from W. Wastle—the contents of which we must keep private.

"Parson Gobble of Kidderminster;" a spirited sketch, but too strong to be inserted without proper verification. We shall write to our Kidderminster agent about it.

East India mail arrived.—Several parcels for us. Our good friend at Calcutta writes in great spirits. Our last October number had just arrived, and he is quite gratified at the flattering account of our sale in the Hour's Tête a Tête. He sends us what he calls "jottings" of our progress in the Eastern World; and really we conceive we are doing an immensity of good by our increasing diffusion. We have a great mind to manufacture an article out of Mr * * * *'s hints, under the title of "Progress of Civilization in Hindostan."

Our respected Correspondent at Yeovil will see we have availed ourselves of his communication. We hope to have the honour of hearing from him frequently.

While we return a thousand thanks to "Carril," we regret we cannot give a place to his communications.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

Mr T. C. Hansard, printer, will shortly publish in one volume 4to. Typographia; an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing; with details of the latest improvements, and practical directions for the mode of conducting the various branches of the Art, including the process of Stereotyping and of Lithographic Printing.

Mr Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, announces a new work under title of the May-day of the Muses.

Tales of the Drama, by Miss Macauley, founded on the most popular acting plays.

Mr Peter Nicholson's System of pure and mixed Mathematics for the use of schools.

Dr Leach will speedily publish a Synopsis of British Mollusca; being an arrangement of bivalve and univalve shells, according to the animals inhabiting them, intended as an introduction to the study of conchology. Illustrated with Plates.

Mr M. Cary, of Philadelphia, intends to publish, in the ensuing spring, a new edition, revised, improved and enlarged, of Vindiciæ Hiberniæ, or Ireland Vindicated.

Berkeley Anecdotes: or Abstracts and Extracts of Smyth's Lives of the Berkeleys, illustrative of ancient manners, and of the Constitution, with a copious History of Berkeley Castle. By J. T. Fosbroke, M. A. author of British Monachism.

Mr Goörres, the author of some poetical works, is about to produce a new publication, entitled Europe, and the Revolution.

An Apology for the Freedom of the Press. By Rev. Robert Hall, A. M. of Leicester.

A new Metrical version of the Psalms of David. By the Rev. Basil Wood.

A Treatise on the Practice of Elocution, and on the Cure of Impediments of the speech. By Mr G. R. Clarke.

A third volume of the Tour of Africa. By Miss Hutten.

A new and improved Edition of Mr Henry Siddons's Translation of Engel on Gesture and Action.

The Wit's Red Book; or Calendar of Gaiety for 1822.

Dr John Mason Good will speedily publish The Study of Medicine, comprising its Physiology, Pathology and Practice, in four vols. 8vo.

Mr Savage's second volume on Decorative Printing.

Shortly will be published, a new and improved edition of the Rev. David Williams' Laws relative to the Clergy, including Instructions to Candidates for Holy Orders.

In the Press, Cicero de Officiis de Amicitiâ et de Senectute, printed in 48mo. with diamond type. By Corrall. Uniform with Horace and Virgil, recently published.

Memoirs of the Court of King James the First, by Lucy Aikin.

An Abridgment of a Voyage to Madagascar, by the Abbé Rochon, containing a description of that Island, its Manners, Customs, &c. with a Portrait of Prince Ratafia. By Thomas Toune.

On the 1st of January will be published, Part I. of a Technical Repository of Practical Information, on subjects connected with the present daily improvements and new discoveries in the useful arts. By Mr Gill, many years Member of the Committee of Mechanics, of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, assisted by mechanical friends.

Speedily will be published, the Glories of the Messiah; a Poem, in four cantos. By the Rev. Robert Moffat.

Miss Edgeworth will soon publish Frank, a sequel to her History on the Early Lessons.

Biblical Fragments. By Mrs Schimmelpenninch, author of the Narrative of the Demolition of Port Royal.

A Treatise on Cancer; in which will be detailed, a mild constitutional method of treatment for the alleviation and cure of this distressing malady. By W. Farr, author of a Treatise on Scrophula.

Original Tales of my Landlord's School, embellished with Engravings. By W. Gardner.

The third Edition of Rolle's Trader's Safeguard.

The Universal Traveller; containing an Abstract of the Chief Books of Travels in all ages. With one hundred Engravings.

A third edition of the Rev. T. Broadhurst's Advice to Young Ladies, on the Improvement of their Minds.

In the press, a General Index to the First Fifty Volumes of the Monthly Magazine.

Travels in the Interior of Africa, by William Burchall, Esq.

The Beauties of Ireland. By Mr J. R. Brewer, embellished with Engravings by Storer, after original drawings by Petrie of Dublin.

A new volume of the Annual Obituary.

In quarto, a General History of wines; containing a Topographical Account of all the principal modern wines, and a chronological History of the Wines used in England.

The Weald of Sussex, a Poem; by E. Hitchener.

The Conveyancer's Guide; a Burlesque Poem. The second edition, considerably enlarged, with numerous Notes.

A Greek and English Prosodial Lexicon, with Synonymes and Examples, marked and scanned in the manner of the Latin Gradus. By Thomas Webb, author of Greek Prosody and Metre.

A Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol. By Mr Evans, printer, of that city.

In the press, the Eighth and concluding Volume of Howe's Works.

Dr Reade is preparing for publication a Treatise on Vision, founded on new and interesting experiments.

The Rev. Dr Evans, of Islington, has in the press a small volume, entitled Recreation for the Young and Old; an Excursion to Brighton; a Visit to Tunbridge Wells; and a Trip to Southend, with an Alphabetical List of all the Watering Places in the Kingdom.

A new edition of Neale's History of the Puritans, by Toulmin; 5 vols. 8vo. Carefully Revised by W. Jones, author of the History of the Christian Church.

A Short Treatise on the Summation of Series by Increments. By the Rev. E. C. Tyson of Cambridge.

Happiness, a Tale for the Grave and the Gay, in 2 vols. small 8vo. Price 12s. boards.

Mary Nelson, a Narrative, in 1 vol.

## EDINBURGH.

Dramas of the Ancient World, by D. Lindsay, will appear in a few days.

Mr Stark is, we understand, preparing for press, a Biographia Scotica upon an extensive scale. It is meant to be printed in octavo, and published in volumes.

Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk, by the author of Annals of the Parish, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. will be published before Christmas.

In the press, and will be published about the end of November, a Treatise on the Covenant of Works, by John Colquhoun, D. D. minister of the Gospel, Leith.

A continuation of Sacred Harmony, for the use of St George's church, Edinburgh, is preparing for publication. In this continuation various alterations and improvements will be introduced. Besides the four vocal parts, accompaniments for the organ or piano-forte will be given on separate staves. Every tune will have appropriate words connected with it, taken chiefly from the Psalms, Paraphrases, and Hymns that are used in the church of Scotland; and while the first stanza will be engraven along with the music in the usual way, the whole passage will be presented to the eye of the reader on the opposite page in letter-press. The work will consist of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Sanctuses, Doxologies, Dismissions, and Thanksgivings; and great care will be taken to exclude every thing that is not recommended by real excellence. It is to be published in Numbers, for the convenience of subscribers. Each Number, price Three Shillings, will contain sixteen pages of music, and a proportionate quantity of letter-press. The first Number we appear in March next; and will be enriched with the productions of C. Bach, Beethoven, G. F. Graham, C. H. Graun, Handel, Haydn, Jomelli, Mozart, Rossini, R. A. Smith, &c.

Letters of Junius; with Preliminary Dissertations, and Copious Notes. By Aticus Secundus. In one neat pocket volume, with Seven Portraits and Vignette Title.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the Sixth Number of Dr Watts' Bibliotheca Britannica; price L.1, 1s. in bds.

Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature; improved and enlarged by George Fulton, author of a Pronouncing Dictionary, Spelling-Book, &c.: To which are subjoined, Vocabularies of Classical and Scriptural Proper Names; a concise Account of the Heathen Deities; a Collection of Quotations and Phrases from the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Languages; a Chronological Table of Remarkable Events from the creation of the world till the present time; and a brief List of Men of Genius and Learning, in one vol. 18mo.

The Philosophical History of the Origin and Progress of the European Languages. By the late Dr Alexander Murray, with a Memoir of his Life, written by himself, is printing in two octavo volumes.

Colonel David Stewart has in the press Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, with Military Annals of the Highland regiments, in two octavo volumes.

The Works of John Playfair, F.R.S.L. and E., late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; with an Account of the Author's Life. 4 vols. 8vo.

The Works of John Home, Esq., Author of Douglas, a Tragedy, &c. To which is prefixed, an Account of his Life and Writings. By Henry Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S.E. 3 vols. 8vo.

Illustrations of the Geology, Antiquities, and Scenery, of the Shetland Islands. By S. Hibbert, M.D.F.R.S.E. In quarto, with a large Geological Map and other Engravings.

The Fairy Minstrel, and other Poems; by William Miller, Dumfries; in one vol. post 8vo. price 5s. to Subscribers.

# MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

### AGRICULTURE.

A Treatise on the Smut in Wheat; the Nature of the Disease, and Effective Means of Prevention, without injuring the Germ of the Raw or Damp Seed. By Thomas Blakie. 1s. 6d.

### ASTRONOMY.

An Astronomical Catechism. By C. V. Whitewell. With 25 splendid Engravings. 8vo. 21s.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Notice Necrologique sur John Rennie, Esq. Par Cha. Dupin. 1s.

### BOTANY.

A Treatise on Bulbous Roots; with Coloured Plates. By the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert. 5s.

The Botanical Register, No. 81. 4s.

### CLASSICS.

Selections from Livy; with Notes by Crevier, 12mo. 6s.

Apuleius's Golden Ass, from the Vatican MS. 8vo. 2 vols. 24s.

### EDUCATION.

Greek; First Book Simplified. 12mo. 4s.

Retrospection; a Tale. By Mrs Taylor of Ongar. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Observations on the Idiom of the Hebrew Language. 8vo. 6s. 6s.

A Compendious History of Greece. By Edward Baldwin. 12mo. 7s.

Essentials of Modern and Ancient Geography. 18mo. 4s.

### FINE ARTS.

A Course of Lectures on Drawing, Painting, and Engraving. By W. M. Craig. With Plates and Wood Cuts. 8vo. 14s.

A Tour through North Wales; Describing its Scenery and General Character. Illustrated with 40 Select Views, engraved and elegantly coloured from the originals of Messrs Turner, R. A. £5, 5s.

### HISTORY.

A Picture of Ancient Times, and a Sketch of Modern History, in a most exact Chronological Order, forming a Pair of Maps for the Study of Universal History By S. E. Thomson. 8s. the pair.

A Concise History of the Kingdom of Hanover, from the Earliest Periods to 1813. By W. H. Reid, Esq. 4to. £3, 3s.

An Inquiry Concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland; Illustrated by Ptolemy's Map of Erin, Corrected by the aid of Bardic History. By Thomas Wood, M. D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

### LAW.

Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws and Constitution of England; abridged for the Use of Students, and adapted to Modern Statutes and Decisions. By John Gifford, Esq. To which are now added, the Laws and Constitution of the Athenians and Romans. 8vo. 15s.

### MEDICINE.

A Practical Treatise on Gutta Serena; illustrated by Cases. By John Stevenson, Esq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Jackson on Fever in Spain. 8vo. 8s.

Johnson on Tropical Climates. 8vo. 16s.

Wilson on the Urinary Organs. 8vo. 14s.

### MISCELLANIES.

Time's Telescope, for 1822; or a Complete Guide to the Almanack. Being the Astronomer's, Naturalist's, Botanist's, and Historian's Companion throughout the year. Interspersed with amusing Anecdotes, and Illustrations from our best living Poets. With an Introduction containing the Outlines of Conchology, and a Coloured Plate of Shells. 12mo. 9s.

Remarks on Mr Godwin's Inquiry Concerning Population. 3s.

The History of George Desmond, founded on Facts that occurred in the East Indies; and published as a useful caution to young men going out to that country. Post 8vo. 7s.

Third Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. 3s.

Pararmythia, or Mental Recreation; being Historical, Descriptive, and Humorous Anecdotes, collected during a long residence at the Court of Russia. 6s.

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Anecdotes, interspersed with Observations; intended to furnish Entertainment and Instruction for Leisure Hours. By J. Thornton. 12mo. 2 vols.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

A General History of Birds. By John Latham, M.D. F.R.S. 4to. £2, 12s. 6d.

Illustrations of the Linæan Genera of Insects. By W. Wood, F.R.S. &c. With 86 coloured Plates. 2 vols. royal 18mo. £1, 10s.

The Natural History of British Quadrupeds; accompanied by Scientific and General Descriptions. By E. Donovan, F.L.S. &c. With Coloured Plates. 3 vols. royal 8vo. £5, 8s.

### NOVELS.

Minstrel Love; from the German of the Author of Undine. By George Soane, A. B. 2 vols. 12mo.

Ancient Spanish Romances, relative to the Twelve Peers of France, mentioned in Don Quixote. By Thomas Rodd. 8vo. 2 vols. £1.

The Recluse; a Translation of Le Solitaire. By M. le Vicombe D'Arlincourt. 2 vols. 12s.

Conversation; or, Shades of Difference, a Novel. By Mrs Heron. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

The Hall of Hellingsley; a Tale. By Sir S. E. Brydges, Bart. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

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# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*November* 12, 1821.

*Sugar.*—The Sugar market continues unsteady and depressed, particularly for the coarse descriptions. The stock in London is 2100 casks less than at the same period last year, and the average price about 6s. 6d. lower. The price of very fine sugar, compared to the inferior descriptions, is good; but the present state of the sugar market, taking it altogether, affords a very gloomy prospect for the planter. The accounts from all the different Islands, and in a more particular manner from Jamaica, are, as far as regards the ensuing crop, very unfavourable. Excessive dry weather, till a very late period in the season, has scorched the canes to a degree that they cannot recover; and in the Islands which had suffered less severely from that cause, severe gales of wind in the beginning of September have done great injury to many plantations. Provisions, also, are become very scarce in many places, and thus an additional expence, at a period when he can so ill afford it, is heaped upon the planter. The cultivation of the foreign colonies, from the increase of the slave trade, proceeds with great activity, and the French Government are now seriously turning their attention to a plan long since recommended to their attention, namely, to cultivate sugar and other colonial produce by colonies established in Africa.

*Cotton.*—In the London market the inquiry for the home market has been limited, but has increased for exportation. In Liverpool, the market has of late been dull, and prices declined about ¼ per lb. The sales are, however, considerable, and in general well attended.

*Coffee.*—The market for Coffee, after a considerable decline, has become more steady, and a small advance has been maintained in the late sales. Havannah coffee is in request—St Domingo less so. The public sales in general go off briskly. In Liverpool, however, the coffee market is less brisk than in London.

*Corn.*—The price of grain has declined to nearly the level at which it stood before the late speculations and unnecessary alarm raised the market. Vast quantities of grain were bought up in Russia, Poland, and the Austrian States, upon the first alarm of a bad harvest in Great Britain, and on these purchases there must be a very great loss. The harvest is now completely concluded, and although the crops in some places are short, and in others have suffered a little from the weather, still upon the whole the crop may be stated as a fair average.

*Rum.*—The market for Rum is in a ruinous and depressed state. The stock in London is upwards of 35,000 casks, 15,000 more than at the same period last year. Sales can scarcely be effected at any price. Brandy has advanced considerably, and the market is more steady. Geneva is very flat. Indeed the immense quantity of this latter article smuggled into Great Britain has rendered the sales of the legally imported article altogether impracticable. Logwood remains steady. Pot-Ashes are in fair demand. The sales of Tobacco are limited. In Oils very little business is doing. Good Hides continue in demand. Palm Oil has declined in price. Dyewoods are steady. Carolina Rice is in limited demand. Other articles of commerce do not require to be particularly noticed from our quotations.

The advices from foreign markets are by no means cheering. The Mediterranean continues to be agitated by civil war and rebellion. Spain and Portugal, from prohibitory decrees, and a pestilential fever in the former, renders all commercial transactions doubtful, insecure, and unprofitable. Spanish South America is agitated throughout with political convulsions and changes; and in the Brazils the seeds of revolution are so thickly sown, as to leave scarcely any room to doubt that these will produce the most fatal consequences, and a state of anarchy and confusion. The agricultural interests in Great Britain are suffering so severely as to keep the home trade in a depressed and unprofitable state. The troubles in Ireland are also most detrimental to the commercial prosperity of that country.

## EDINBURGH.—*November* 14.

| Wheat. | Barley. | Oats. | Pease & Beans. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st,.....36s. 6d. | 1st,.....24s. 0d. | 1st,.....19s. 6d. | 1st,.....18s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....31s. 0d. | 2d,.....22s. 0d. | 2d,.....17s. 6d. | 2d,.....16s. 6d. |
| 3d,.....24s. 0d. | 3d,.....20s. 0d. | 3d,.....16s. 6d. | 3d,.....14s. 6d. |

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 10d. 6-12ths. per boll.

*Tuesday, November* 13.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) | 0s. 4d. | to 0s. 7d. | Quartern Loaf . . | 0s. 10d. | to 0s. 0d. |
| Mutton . . . . | 0s. 4d. | to 0s. 6d. | New Potatoes (28 lb.) | 0s. 10d. | to 0s. 0d. |
| Veal . . . . . | 0s. 6d. | to 0s. 8d. | Fresh Butter, per lb. | 1s. 3d. | to 0s. 0d. |
| Pork . . . . . | 0s. 5d. | to 0s. 6d. | Salt ditto per stone | 16s. 0d. | to 18s. 0d. |
| Lamb, per quarter . | 2s. 0d. | to 2s. 6d. | Ditto, per lb. . . | 1s. 0d. | to 1s. 2d. |
| Tallow, per stone . | 7s. 0d. | to 8s. 0d. | Eggs, per dozen . | 1s. 4d. | to 0s. 0d. |

## HADDINGTON.—*Nov.* 9.

OLD.

| Wheat. | Barley. | Oats. | Pease. | Beans. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st,.....36s. 0d. | 1st,.....23s. 6d. | 1st,.....18s. 0d. | 1st,.....17s. 0d. | 1st,.....17s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....33s. 0d. | 2d,.....21s. 0d. | 2d,.....16s. 0d. | 2d,.....15s. 0d. | 2d,.....15s. 0d. |
| 3d,.....32s. 0d. | 3d,.....18s. 0d. | 3d,.....15s. 0d. | 3d,.....13s. 0d. | 3d,.....13s. 0d. |

NEW.

| Wheat. | Barley. | Oats. | Pease. | Beans. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st, ... 35s. 0d. | 1st, ... 24s. 0d. | 1st, ... 18s. 6d. | 1st, ... —s. 0d. | 1st, ... —s. 0d. |
| 2d, ... 31s. 0d. | 2d, ... 21s. 0d. | 2d, ... 16s. 0d. | 2d, ... —s. 0d. | 2d, ... —s. 0d. |
| 3d, ... 29s. 0d. | 3d, ... 19s. 0d. | 3d, ... 15s. 0d. | 3d, ... —s. 0d. | 3d, ... —s. 0d. |

Average, £1 : 10s. 7d. 4-12ths.

*Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended November 3d.*

Wheat, 55s. 1d.—Rye, 24s. 4d.—Barley, 26s. 7d.—Oats, 20s. 1d.—Beans, 28s. 1d.—Pease, 31s. 10d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.

---

*London, Corn Exchange, Nov.* 6.

| | s. | s. | | s. | s. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, red, new | 38 | to 45 | Hog pease . | 26 | to 27 |
| Fine ditto . . | 46 | to 50 | Maple . | 28 | to 29 |
| Superfine ditto | 54 | to 58 | White . . | 32 | to 35 |
| Ditto, old . . | 56 | to 72 | Ditto, boilers. | 34 | to 35 |
| White, new . | 46 | to 46 | New ditto, . . | — | to — |
| Fine ditto . . | 48 | to 55 | Small Beans, new | 28 | to 30 |
| Superfine ditto | 60 | to 64 | Ditto old . . . | 30 | to 33 |
| Ditto, old . . | 56 | to 78 | Tick, new . . | 21 | to 25 |
| Foreign, new . | — | to — | Ditto, old . . | 30 | to 33 |
| Rye . . . . | 28 | to 29 | Foreign . . . | — | to — |
| Fine ditto, . . | — | to — | Feed oats . . | 17 | to 20 |
| Barley . . . | 22 | to 24 | Fine . . . . | 18 | to 22 |
| Fine, new . . | 24 | to 26 | Poland ditto . | 20 | to 22 |
| Superfine . . | 27 | to 30 | Fine . . . . | 22 | to 26 |
| Malt . . . . | 52 | to 62 | Potato ditto . | 22 | to 25 |
| Fine . . . . | 63 | to 66 | Fine . . . . | 27 | to 30 |

*Seeds, &c.*

| | s. | s. | d. | | s. | s. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Must, Brown, | 8 | to 12 | 0 | Hempseed . . | — | to — |
| —White . . | 5 | to 9 | 0 | Linseed, crush. | 44 | to 50 |
| Tares, new, . | — | to — | 0 | New, for Seed | — | to — |
| Turnips, bsh. | 30 | to 36 | 0 | Ryegrass, . . | 23 | to 28 |
| —Red & green | — | to — | 0 | Clover, red cwt. | 50 | to 66 |
| —Yellow, | — | to — | 0 | —White . . . | 64 | to 90 |
| Caraway, cwt. | 60 | to 60 | 0 | Coriander . . | 10 | to 16 |
| Canary, qr. | 50 | to 60 | 0 | Trefoil . . . . | 16 | to 27 |

Rape Seed, per last, . £23 to £30.

*Liverpool, Nov.* 6.

| | s. | d. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, per 70 lb. | | | | |
| Eng. Old | 10 | 0 to | 11 | 6 |
| Foreign . . | 4 | 6 to | 6 | 0 |
| Waterford | 6 | 0 to | 7 | 4 |
| Limerick | 6 | 0 to | 7 | 4 |
| Drogheda | 7 | 0 to | 7 | 8 |
| Dublin | 5 | 0 to | 6 | 9 |
| Scotch . | 9 | 0 to | 10 | 9 |
| Irish Old . | 9 | 0 to | 10 | 0 |
| Barley, per 60 lbs. | | | | |
| Eng. . . . | 5 | 0 to | 6 | 0 |
| Scotch . . | 5 | 0 to | 6 | 0 |
| Irish . . | 3 | 4 to | 3 | 6 |
| Oats, per 45 lb. | | | | |
| Eng. pota. | 2 | 10 to | 3 | 2 |
| Irish do. . | 2 | 9 to | 3 | 11 |
| Scotch do. | 3 | 0 to | 3 | 2 |
| Rye, per qr.— | | to — | | |
| Malt per b. | | | | |
| — Fine . | 9 | 0 to | 10 | 0 |
| —Middl. . | 8 | 6 to | 9 | 0 |
| Beans, per qr. | | | | |
| English . | 35 | 0 to | 36 | 0 |
| Irish . . | 35 | 0 to | 35 | 0 |
| Rapeseed, p. l. | £30 to 31 | | | |
| Pease, grey | 28 | 0 to | 33 | 0 |
| —White . | 42 | 0 to | 44 | 0 |
| Flour, English, | | | | |
| p. 240lb. fine | 44 | 0 to | 46 | 0 |
| Irish . . | 40 | 0 to | 43 | 0 |

| | s. | d. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amer. p. 196 lb. | | | | |
| Sweet, U.S.— | 0 | to — | | |
| Do. in bond | 28 | 0 to | 30 | 0 |
| Sour do. . | 38 | 0 to | 40 | 0 |
| Oatmeal, per 240 lb. | | | | |
| English | 30 | 0 to | 32 | 0 |
| Scotch . . | 26 | 0 to | 30 | 0 |
| Irish . . . | 24 | 0 to | 28 | 0 |
| Bran, p. 24 lb. | 1 | 0 to | 1 | |

*Butter, Beef, &c.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Butter, p. cwt. | s. | d. | s. | d. |
| Belfast, new | 87 | 0 to | 90 | |
| Newry . . | 86 | 0 to | 87 | 0 |
| Waterford . | 79 | 0 to | 80 | 0 |
| Cork, pic. 2d, | 77 | 0 to | 78 | 0 |
| 3d dry | 70 | 0 to | — | |
| Beef, p. tierce. | | | | |
| — Mess | 90 | 0 to | 95 | 0 |
| — Middl. | — | 0 to | — | |
| Pork, p. brl. | | | | |
| — Mess. . | 52 | 0 to | 54 | 0 |
| — Middl. . | 50 | 0 to | 52 | 0 |
| Bacon, p. cwt. | | | | |
| Short mids. | 30 | 0 to | 32 | 0 |
| Sides . . | 28 | 0 to | — | |
| Hams, dry, | 50 | 0 to | 56 | 0 |
| Green . . | 30 | 0 to | 36 | 0 |
| Lard, rd. p. c. | 46 | 0 to | 52 | 0 |
| Tongue, p. fir. | — | 0 to | — | |

*Course of Exchange, Oct. 9.*—Amsterdam, 12 : 14. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 11. Rotterdam, 12 : 15. Antwerp, 12 : 7. Hamburgh, 37. 10. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 60. Ditto 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3 *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 18 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 18 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 35¾. Barcelona, 35¼. Seville, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 39½. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 50. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 8¼ per cent. Cork, 9 per cent.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d½. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11d.

## PRICES CURRENT, *November 6.*

| | LEITH. | GLASGOW. | LIVERPOOL. | LONDON. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| SUGAR, Muse. | | | | |
| R. P. Dry Brown, . cwt. | 57 to 60 | 54 58 | 51 55 | 52 57 |
| Mid. good, and fine mid. | 70 80 | 58 71 | 56 67 | 58 70 |
| Fine and very fine, . . | 80 80 | — — | 74 81 | 71 78 |
| Refined Doub. Loaves, . | 130 145 | — — | — — | 80 100 |
| Powder ditto, . . | 106 110 | — — | — — | 86 100 |
| Single ditto, . . | 100 104 | — — | — — | — — |
| Small Lumps, . . . | 90 94 | — — | — — | — — |
| Large ditto, . . . . | 88 92 | — — | — — | — — |
| Crushed Lumps, . . | 44 56 | — — | — — | — — |
| MOLASSES, British, cwt. | 25 6 — | 25 26 | 26 6 27 | — — |
| COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt. | | | | |
| Ord. good, and fine ord. | 90 95 | 88 102 | 93 103 | 86 103 |
| Mid. good, and fine mid. | 95 100 | 104 122 | 106 118 | 109 128 |
| Dutch Triage and very ord. | — — | — — | 84 96 | — — |
| Ord. good, and fine ord. | 120 135 | — — | 98 106 | — — |
| Mid. good, and fine mid. | 135 140 | — — | 110 120 | — — |
| St Domingo, . . . . | 122 126 | — — | 95 100 | — — |
| Pimento (in Bond,) . . . | 7 8 | 7½ 7¾ | 8 8¼ | — — |
| SPIRITS, | | | | |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall. | 2s 2d 2s 4d | 1s 8d 1s 10d | 1s 9d 1s 11d | 1s 6d 2s 10d |
| Brandy, . . . . . | 4 3 4 6 | — — | — — | 4 2 4 6 |
| Geneva, . . . . | 1 10 2 0 | — — | — — | 1 4 1 6 |
| Grain Whisky, . . . | 6 10 7 3 | — — | — — | — — |
| WINES, | | | | |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd. | 45 55 | — — | — — | £20 £60 |
| Portugal Red, pipe. | 30 42 | — — | — — | 30 34 |
| Spanish White, butt. | 34 55 | — — | — — | — — |
| Teneriffe, pipe. | 30 32 | — — | — — | — — |
| Madeira, . . . . . | 55 65 | — — | — — | — — |
| LOGWOOD, Jam. ton. | £7 7 7 | 8 0 0 0 | 8 0 9 0 | £7 10 8 5 |
| Honduras, . . . . | 8 — | — — | 9 0 9 10 | 7 15 8 5 |
| Campeachy, . . . . | 8 — | — — | 9 0 9 10 | 8 10 10 0 |
| FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . | 7 8 | 6 10 7 0 | 6 6 6 10 | 6 10 7 10 |
| Cuba, . . . . . | 9 11 | 8 5 8 10 | 7 15 8 5 | 8 10 0 |
| INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb. | 7s 6d 10s 6d | — — | — — | 9 11 6 |
| TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot. | 1 6 1 8 | — — | — — | — — |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . | 3 0 3 4 | — — | — — | — — |
| Christianssand (duf. paid.) | 2 — | — — | — — | — — |
| Honduras Mahogany, . | 1 4 1 8 | 1 2 1 8 | 0 11 1 1 | 0 10 0 12 |
| St Domingo, ditto, . . | — — | 1 6 3 0 | 1 5 2 0 | 1 6 1 10 |
| TAR, American, brl. | 20 21 | — — | 14 6 15 | 13 15 |
| Archangel, . . . . | 16 17 | — — | — — | 17 6 — |
| PITCH, Foreign, . cwt. | 10 11 | — — | — — | 8 6 — |
| TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand. | 45 46 | 48 49 | 47 48 | — — |
| Home melted, . . . . | 48 49 | — — | — — | — — |
| HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton. | 45 47 | — — | — — | £44 — |
| Petersburgh, Clean, . . | 41 42 | — — | — — | 41 — |
| FLAX, | | | | |
| Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak. | 53 54 | — — | — — | £54 — |
| Dutch, . . . . . | 50 90 | — — | — — | 48 — |
| Irish, . . . . . | 41 46 | — — | — — | — — |
| MATS, Archangel, 100. | 75 80 | — — | — — | — — |
| BRISTLES, | | | | |
| Petersburgh Firsts, cwt. | 13 10 14 | — — | — — | 12 — |
| ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . | 40 42 | — — | — — | 40 41 |
| Montreal, ditto, . . | 38 40 | 40 41 | 37 37 6 | 41 — |
| Pot, . . | 34 35 | 33 34 | 32 34 | 32 — |
| OIL, Whale, . tun. | £22 | 22 23 | — — | 21 — |
| Cod, . . . . . | — — | 20 — | — — | 21 — |
| TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb. | 7½ 8 | 7½ 8 | 0 5½ 0 8 | 0 6d 7 |
| Middling, . . . | 6 6½ | 5½ 6½ | 0 4½ 0 5 | 4½ 5½ |
| Inferior, . . . . | 5 5½ | 5¼ 4 | 0 2½ 0 3 | 0 3 0 4 |
| COTTONS, Bowed Georg. | — — | 0 9½ 11½ | 0 7 0 10½ | 0 9½ 0 11 |
| Sea Island, fine, . | — — | 1 8 1 10 | 1 4 1 7 | 1 2½ 2 4 |
| Good, . . | — — | 1 4 1 6 | 1 1 1 3 | — — |
| Middling, . . | — — | 1 2 1 4 | 1 1 1 3 | — — |
| Demerara and Berbice, . | — — | 1 0 1 1 | 0 10 1 0½ | 0 11½ 1 1½ |
| West India, . . . | — — | 0 9 0 11 | 0 8½ 0 9½ | — — |
| Pernambuco, . . . | — — | 1 0½ 1 1½ | 1 0 1 0½ | 1 0½ 1 1½ |
| Maranham, . . . | — — | 1 0 1 1 | 0 11 1 0½ | 1 0 1 1 |

*Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d October 1821.*

| | 1st. | 8th. | 15th. | 22d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bank stock, | — | — | — | 240½ |
| 3 per cent. reduced, | — | — | 77¼ ⅛ | 77⅛ ⅛ |
| 3 per cent. consols, | 76⅛ ¼ ⅛ ⅛ | 77⅛ ⅛ ⅜ ⅛ | 78 77⅞ 78 | 78⅛ ⅛ ⅛ |
| 3½ per cent. consols, | — | — | 87½ ⅝ | — |
| 4 per cent. consols, | — | — | 95⅝ | 96⅜ ⅛ |
| 5 per cent. navy ann. | 109⅝ ⅜ | 110¼ ⅜ ⅛ | 110⅜ ⅛ | 111¼ ⅛ |
| India stock, | — | 235½ | 239 | — |
| —— bonds, | 62 pr. | 65 pr. | 70 72 pr. | 73 pr. |
| Exchequer bills, | 1 pr. | 3 1 2 pr. | 5 4 pr. | 6 4 5 pr. |
| Consols for acc. | 76¾ ⅛ | 77⅜ ¼ ⅜ | 77⅛ 78 | 79 8¼ |
| Long Annuities | — | — | 19 7-16 | 19⅛ |
| French 5 per cents. | 88 90 | 89 90 | 89 65 | 89 60 |
| Amer. 7 per cent. | 102 | — | — | — |

## Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 20th of Sept. and the 20th of Oct. 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Arnold, J. H. Lanblethian, near Cowbridge, cattle-jobber.
Barnby, I. New Malton, dealer.
Barton, J. Blackburn, upholsterer.
Beeston, J. Drayton in Hales, Salop, mercer.
Belcher, I. Enfield, stone-mason.
Bower, J. Tothill-street, Westminster, grocer.
Bursey, I. jun. Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, stationer.
Butt, I. Tewkesbury, miller.
Clayton, J. Bury, Lancaster, undertaker.
Colyer, W. Broad-street, St Giles's boot-maker.
Dubois, J. and E. Copthall-street, merchants.
Dunderdale, N. Holbeck, Leeds, clothier.
Evans, T. B. Strand, wine-merchant.
Gardiner, B. Leigh, Worcester, maltster.
Gibson, T. jun. Liverpool, ship-bread-baker.
Gilbert, R. T. Stockbridge, Hants, coal-merchant.
Gird, H. Park-lane, saddler.
Green, T. Alfreton, Derby, grocer.
Hailstone, W. Mildenhall, Suffolk, grocer.
Hamelin, Peter, Belmont-place, near Vauxhall, plasterer.
Hancock, S. Judd Place, St Pancras, hardwareman.
Hole, W. M. Kingskerwell, Devon, tanner.
Harrox, W. Liverpool, dealer in corn.
Jackson, J. Lusted Farm, Kent, farmer.
Jones, T. St John-street, West Smithfield, rag-merchant.
Inman, I. K. Blackman-street, brazier.
Knowles, J. and Co. Salford, machine-makers.
Lavender, J. Leominster, mercer.
Llewellyn, J. and Co. Old Jewry, insurance-brokers.
Lownd, W. Sloane-street, Chelsea, linen-draper.
Mead, T. Sandwich, victualler.
Mercer, H. Liverpool, merchant.
Moody, S. Frome Selwood, mealman.
Richardson, I. Manchester, dealer in cotton.
Rose, R. N. Holborn, bookseller.
Rowbotham, W. Oldham, Lancashire, machine-maker.
Rowley, M. Bear-street, Leicester-square, dealer.
Spear, J. Sheffield, merchant.
Steel, W. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, baker.
Stuart, H. Worcester, wine-merchant.
Surrey, I. and J. Mark-lane, mealmen.
Tate, R. Market Weighton, shopkeeper.
Thompson, T. I. Long Acre, coach-joiner.
Thompson, P. and C. A. Cornhill, wine-merchants.
Travis, J. Oldham, Lancaster, grocer.
Walker, F. Rippon, money-scrivener.
Ward, T. Seamer, York, maltster.
Wells, S. Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, green-grocer.
Whitehead, R. Withnell, Lancashire, corn-merchant.
Williams, H. Lombard-street, merchant.

## Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 30th October, 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, M'Culloch, and Co. merchants and dealers in Glasgow.
Atkinson, John, currier and leather merchant, Glasgow.
Balfour, Ebenezer, merchant in Stirling.
Black, John, grazier and cattle-dealer, at Waltown of Crochies, Perth.
Caverhill, Walter, merchant, Galashiels.
Crawford, Wm. and James, coal-masters, Lochwinnoch.
Graham, Thomas, of Eastwood Park, writer, merchant, and builder, in Glasgow.
Ouller, James, grazier and cattledealer, at Memus, county of Forfar.
Rankin, Robert, merchant and grocer in Edinburgh.
Skinner, Thomas, merchant in Collinsburgh, now residing in Edinburgh.
Stenhouse, Andrew and George, merchants, agents, wharfingers, and ship-owners, Leith.

DIVIDENDS.

Adams, Alex. tanner, Falkirk; a final dividend 1st December.
Anderson and Brown, tanners, Glasgow; a final dividend 14th December.
Barr, Peter Allan, and Co. merchants and grocers, Edinburgh; a final dividend 19th November.
Clink, Robert, merchant, Perth; a dividend 6th November.
Galbraith, Wm. and Co. merchants, Greenock; 3d dividend 19th November.
Laird, John, and Co. merchants in Greenock, and Laird, Wm. and Co. merchants in Liverpool; an equalizing dividend to those creditors who have not received payment of the first.
Laird, James, jun. and Co. mill-spinners at Munhill; a final dividend 16th November.
Moodie, James, merchant, Dunfermline; a dividend of 6s. 6d. per pound on 10th December, if no objections are offered before that day.
Rae, John, merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend 6th December.
Robertson, James, merchant, Anstruther; a 1st dividend 9th November.
Scott, Hugh, haberdasher, Greenock; a 2d dividend 6th December.
Scott and Balmanno, merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 16th November.
Smith, Ishmael, some time merchant, Aberdeen; a dividend 26th December.
Young, and Co. merchants and general agents in Edinburgh; a 2d dividend on 12th November, and an equalizing dividend to those who have received no share.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

| | Ther. | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. 1 | M. 43½ | 28.913 | M. 56 | Cble. | Rain morn, |
| | A. 55 | 29.506 | A. 54 | | fair day. |
| 2 | M. 42½ | .834 | M. 52 | W. | Dull and |
| | A. 50 | .721 | A. 52 | | cold. |
| 3 | M. 41 | .740 | M. 53 | Cble. | Rain. |
| | A. 51 | .331 | A. 59 | | |
| 4 | M. 41½ | .351 | M. 54 | Cble. | Fair, but |
| | A. 50 | .211 | A. 52 | | dull. |
| 5 | M. 40½ | .270 | M. 52 | W. | Dull and |
| | A. 47 | .366 | A. 50 | | cold. |
| 6 | M. 42 | .441 | M. 53 | W. | Dull, with |
| | A. 53 | ·415 | A. 54 | | showers. |
| 7 | M. 43 | .442 | M. 56 | Cble. | Dull, with |
| | A. 54 | .401 | A. 58 | | showers. |
| 8 | M. 45 | .444 | M. 55 | W. | Sunshine |
| | A. 51 | .884 | A. 52 | | and showers. |
| 9 | M. 42 | .865 | M. 53 | W. | Fair, with sn. |
| | A. 52 | .798 | A. 53 | | and warm. |
| 10 | M. 40 | .755 | M. 54 | S. | Ditto. |
| | A. 50 | .691 | A. 54 | | |
| 11 | M. 40½ | .629 | M. 52 | SE. | Dull, with |
| | A. 50 | .590 | A. 53 | | showers. |
| 12 | M. 41 | .562 | M. 52 | NW. | Fair, with |
| | A. 48 | .852 | A. 54 | | sunshine. |
| 13 | M. 48 | .999 | M. 51 | W. | Dull, but |
| | A. 49 | .711 | A. 52 | | fair. |
| 14 | M. 40 | .895 | M. 54 | W. | Dull day, |
| | A. 51 | .976 | A. 50 | | rain night. |
| 15 | M. 41½ | .925 | M. 53 | W. | Dull and cld. |
| | A. 49 | .994 | A. 49 | | rain night. |
| 16 | M. 35 | .975 | M. 17 | W. | Sunshine |
| | A. 44 | .999 | A. 50 | | and mild. |
| 17 | M. 38½ | 29.728 | M. 50 | W. | Dull and cld. |
| | A. 50 | .638 | A. 51 | | with rain. |
| 18 | M. 39 | .555 | M. 44 | NW. | Fair sunsh. |
| | A. 45 | .633 | A. 49 | | but cold. |
| 19 | M. 39 | .431 | M. 49 | NW. | Fair, with |
| | M. 45 | .101 | A. 49 | | sunshine. |
| 20 | A. 41 | 28.466 | M. 50 | SW. | Rain morn. |
| | M. 49 | .468 | A. 48 | | fair day. |
| 21 | A. 34 | .618 | M. 45 | SW. | Fair foren. |
| | M. 40 | .695 | A. 45 | | rain aftern. |
| 22 | A. 34 | 29.687 | M. 44 | S. | Dull foren. |
| | M. 41 | 28.755 | A. 46 | | rain aftern. |
| 23 | A. 38 | .908 | M. 46 | S. | Rain morn. |
| | M. 45 | .998 | A. 45 | | fair day. |
| 24 | A. 35 | ·999 | M. 44 | SW. | Frost morn. |
| | A. 42 | 29.530 | A. 46 | | dull day. |
| 25 | M. 35 | .426 | M. 46 | Cble. | Dull, with |
| | A. 44 | ·471 | A. 49 | | showers. |
| 26 | M. 0 | .652 | M. 47 | W. | Frost morn. |
| | A. 47 | .603 | A. 52 | | dull day. |
| 27 | M. 50 | .603 | M. 58 | W. | Very mild, |
| | A. 58 | .603 | A. 51 | | with sunsh. |
| 28 | M. 48 | .905 | M. 51 | W. | Dull, but |
| | A. 48 | ·905 | A. 56 | | fair. |
| 29 | M. 48 | .950 | M. 56 | SW. | Fair, sunsh. |
| | A. 53 | .962 | A. 54 | | very mild. |
| 30 | M. 46 | .676 | M. 53 | SW. | Ditto. |
| | A. 51 | .559 | A. 52 | | |
| 31 | M. 40 | .372 | M. 53 | SW. | Foren. shrs. |
| | A. 51 | .415 | A. 52 | | fair aftern. |

Average of Rain, 1.432 inches.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

2 Life G. Assist. Surg. Broughton, to be Surg. vice Moore, ret. July 25, 1821
E. Cutler, Assist. Surg. do.

9 Dr. W. C. Smith, Cornet by purch. vice *Lord* G. Bentinck, prom. Sept. 12.

10 *Hon.* J. Coventry, do. do. vice *Lord* J. Bentinck, prom. do. 13.

14 Lieut. Trevillian, from 1 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Townsend, prom. do.

19 E. W. Sewell, Cornet by purch. vice De Lisle, ret. do. 20.

33 Lieut. Forlong, Capt. do. vice Rist, ret. do.
Ensign Halford, from 45 F. Lieut. by purch. do.

45 J. Hare, Ensign by purch. vice Halford, 33 F. do.

### *Ordnance Department.*

Royal Ar. 2d Lieut. Mathias, from h. p. 2d Lieut vice Jellis, res. July, 1, 1821.
Capt. Cobbe, from h. p. Capt. vice Major Holeroft, h. p. do. 21.
1st Lt. Lethbridge, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Boghurst, h. p. Aug. 1.
2d Lt. Wynne, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice Homfray, dead July 2.
Gent. Cadet J. Deschamps, 2d Lieut. Aug. 1.
Lt. Gen. and Col. *Sir* Edw. Howorth, *K.C.B.* Col. Com. do. 6.
Bt. Col. and Lt. Col. Pritchard, Col. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. and Maj. Tobin, Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Maj. and Capt. Brome, Maj. do.
Capt. Gordon, from h. p. Capt. do.
1st Lt. Durnford, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Elliot, 1st Lt. do.
—— Welsh, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.
1st Lt. Somerville, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Earle, h. p. do. 10.
2d Capt. Chesney, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Robertson, h. p. Oct. 10.
2d Lt. Warren, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice C. P. Jones, h. p. do.

Royal En. 1st Lieut. Lewis, h. p. 1st Lieut. April 13, 1821.
2d Lt. Randolph, do. do.
—— Trevelyan, from h. p. 2d Lt. June 19.
Capt. Hustler, from h. p. Capt. do.
1st Lt. Victor, 2d Capt. do.
—— Blackiston, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.

### *Miscellaneous.*

2d Lieut. Kennedy, 1st Lieut. June 19, 1821.
—— Dixon, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.
Bt. Maj. Moody, from h. p. Capt. July 1.
1st Lt. Grierson, 2d Capt. do.
—— Beague, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lt. Hope, 1st Lt. do.
—— Larcom, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.

### *Exchanges.*

Qua. Mast. Stewart, from 91 F. with Qua. Mast. Manley, h. p. 36 F.
—— Bryce, from 92 F. with —— Callagy, h. p. 15 F.

### *Resignations and Retirements.*

Colonel O. *E. of* Bradford, Shropshire Militia.
Capt. Rist, 33. F.
Cornet De Lisle, 19 Dr.
Ensign Burney, 87 F.
Surgeon Moore, 2 Life Gds.

### *Deaths.*

General Cowell, late Coldst. Gds. London, Sept. 29, 1821.
Colonel M'Leod, 59 F. Dinapore, March 29.
—— Sankey, R. Dublin (City) Militia.
Major Giles, 53 F. Cannanore, Madras, May 2.
—— Biggs, ret. R. Mar. March 9.
—— Gordon, do.
—— Horlock, h. p. R. Mar.
Captain Mansfield, ret. Invalids, Bath.
—— Roche, h. p. 14 F. near Calcutta, Apr. 3.

Captain Carter, h. p. 22 F. Chester.
——— Saunderson, h. p. 89 F. on passage from India.
——— M'Pherson, h. p. Delaney's Cor. Oct. 1, 1820.
——— *Sir* Armstrong, h. p. Portug. Service.
Lieut. Mayer, 8 Dr. East Indies.
——— Lynam, 3 Vet. Bn. (formerly of Rifle Brig.)
——— Seates, late West Ind. Gar. Co. Curacoa, May 27, 1821.
——— Strangeways, 65 F. Surat, Bombay, Jan. 11.
——— Atkinson, R. Mar, killed in an attack on the Forts of Mocha, East Indies, Dec. 4, 1820.
——— Buchanan, h. p. 4 F. Newtown Butter, Ireland, Aug. 25, 1821.
——— Kelly, h. p. 39 F. Sept. 5.
Lieut. Hutchinson, h. p. 54 F. in Ireland, Sept. 8.
——— Whiteford, h. p. 84 F. Oct. 7.
——— Attwood, h. p. R. Eng. assassinated at Seville, Spain, July 8.
Ensign F. P. Grieve, 61 F. Maroon Town, Jamaica, Aug. 7.
——— Borhier, ret. Invalids, Cavigny, France, July 23.
Quarter-Master Reardon, h. p. 8 Dr. Limerick, Aug. 23.
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. C. S. Browne, Canada, July 5.
Staff Surgeon Roche, h. p. Ballriggan, Ireland. July 28.
Assistant Surgeon Bolton, 1 F. Trichinopoly, Madras, Mar. 22.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

*March* 30. At Bombay, Mrs Henry Oakes, of a son.

*July* 20. At Malta, the lady of George Ward, Esq. Deputy Paymaster-General to the Forces, of a daughter.

*Sept.* 16. At London, the lady of William Davidson, Esq. of Muirhouse, of a daughter.

9. At Tours, in France, the lady of William Downe Gillon, younger of Wellhouse, Esq. of a daughter.

*Oct.* 2. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Torphichen, of a son.

— At Portswood-house, Hants, the lady of William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq. of a daughter.

3. In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, London, the lady of Henry Brougham, Esq. of Brougham, M.P. of a daughter.

— At the Manse of Lauder, Mrs Cosens, of a daughter.

4. The lady of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill, of a daughter.

5. At Pitrichie-house, Mrs Mackenzie, of a son.

7. Mrs Robert Thomson, late of 44, Gilmore-Place, of a daughter.

8. In York-Place, the lady of the Hon. H. T. Liddell of Ravenworth Castle, Durham, of a son and heir.

— At the Government-house, Jersey, the lady of his Excellency Sir Colin Halket, K. C. B. and G. C. H. of a daughter.

9. In York-Place, the lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, Commander-in-Chief, of a daughter.

10. In Great Cumberland-street, London, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Glammis, of a son and heir, who died the same day.

— At Hillhousefield, Mrs James Borthwick, of a daughter.

— At Drummond-Place, Edinburgh, the lady of Major Nickle, of the 88th regiment, of a daughter.

— Mrs Orr, 26, Albany-street, of a daughter.

12. At Boulogne-sur-Seine, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Lindsay Carnegie, of a son.

— At 51, Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Greig of Hallgreig, of a daughter.

— At No. 11, Gilmore-Place, Mrs Robertson, of a son.

13. At Selkirk, Mrs R. Henderson, of a daughter.

14. Mrs Tod, Charlotte-square, of a daughter.

— At Lathrisk, Mrs Johnston, of a son.

— At St Andrews, the lady of Captain William Playfair, of a son.

15. At Aberdeen, the lady of Major Henderson, royal engineers, of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, of a daughter.

— Mrs Stoddart, Albany-street, of a daughter.

— At Loudam Hall, Suffolk, Lady Sophia Macdonald, of a son.

— At the house of Mrs Grant, sen. of Kilgraston, Mrs Fraser Tytler of Burdsyards, of a son.

18. At Arbuthnott-house, the Viscountess of Arbuthnott, of a son.

— At Harcourt-street, Dublin, the Countess of Errol, of a daughter.

19. At Campbeltown, Argyleshire, the lady of the late Dr Alexander M'Larty, physician, Kingston, Jamaica, of a posthumous daughter.

25. At 16, James' Square, Mrs M. Pattison, of a daughter.

26. At Orchardhead, Stirlingshire, Mrs Walker, of a son.

27. In Grosvenor-Place, London, Lady Emily Drummond, of a daughter.

29. At New Garden, Mrs Ramage Liston, of a son.

— At Paris, the lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, of a son.

— At her house in Park Place, St James's, London, the Viscountess Cranborne, of a son and heir.

30. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir William Jardine, Bart. of Applegarth, of a daughter.

— In St Andrew's-square, Mrs Graham, of a son.

31. At No. 42, North Hanover-street, Mrs Espinasse, of a daughter.

— Mrs James Simpson, Northumberland-street, of a daughter.

*Lately.* At Durham, the lady of Samuel Sproul, Esq. M. D. Member of the Medical Board, Bombay, of a son.

— At Agra, in the East Indies, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Leod, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr William MacDiarmid, printer, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

*Sept.* 10. At Leghorn, the Hon. Arthur Hill Trevor, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Dungannon, to Sophia, daughter of George D'Arcy Irvine, Esq. of Castle Irvine, county of Fermanagh, Ireland.

*Oct.* 2. At Inver Dunning, Mr Alexander R. Anderson, writer, Nelson-street, Edinburgh, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Inver Dunning.

3. At Edinburgh, Henry Sibbald, Esq. writer to the signet, to Agnes, only child of the late James Edmond, Esq. Glasgow.

4. At George's-square, Edinburgh, Dr Robert Renton, physician, Edinburgh, to Miss Christina Adam, daughter of the late Dr Adam.

6. At Valleyfield, John Hay, Esq. younger of Smithfield and Hayston, to Miss Anne Preston, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel George Preston, of the Royal Marines, and niece of Sir Robert Preston, Valleyfield, Bart.

8. At the Manse of Urray, Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of Kinnahard, to Margaret, only daughter of the Rev. Donald Macdonald of Urray.

— At Fountainhall, near Aberdeen, Alexander Murchison, Esq. M. D. of Jamaica, to Mary, only daughter of Dr Patrick Copland, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen.

9. At Kinning-house, Archibald Graham, Esq. writer in Glasgow, to Miss Barbara Lorimer, daughter of the late John Dixon, Esq. of Knightswood.

10. At Barnes Church, Surrey, Charles Stuart, Esq. of Rothsay, to Miss Leake, of Barnes.

11. At Elister, Island of Islay, Duncan Campbell, Esq. Kilchomen, to Anne, eldest daughter of Niel M'Niel, Esq.

— At Newington, Mr James Scott, *Jeriss*, merchant in Leith, to Miss Marion Smart, daughter of the late Captain Robert Smart.

18. At St Andrews, Mr John Anderson, merchant there, to Miss Jean, second daughter of Mr James Clark, Balrymounth.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Wilson, plumber, Liverpool, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr William Bathgate, merchant, St James's Square.

— At Dumfries, at the house of Thomas Goldie, Esq. of Craigmuie, John Hyndman, Esq. advocate, to Maria Le Maitre, daughter of the late James Macrae, Esq. of Holmains.

17. At the Church of Overton, the Rev. Dr Dewar, minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, to Susan, youngest daughter of Edward Place, Esq. of Skelton Grange, Yorkshire.

18. At 42, Maeviear Place, Mr James Dowell, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, East Thistle-street, to Isabella, only daughter of Mr James Browning, merchant.

— At Greenock, George Noble, Esq. to Gells, only daughter of the late Andrew Donald, Esq. of Virginia, North America.

20. At Cairnsmore, the Rev. David Wilson, minister of Stranraer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Peter Stewart, Esq. of Cairnsmore.

23. At Paisley, William Mercer, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Maxwell, Esq. Paisley.

— At St George's Chapel, Edinburgh, Captain J. Thornton, H. P. 78th regiment, son of J. Thornton, Esq. of Kensington, to Miss Helen Small, daughter of the late John Small, Esq. of Overmains, Berwickshire.

24. In the British Chapel of Leghorn, John Christie, Esq. of Hodderdon, in the county of Hertford, to Caroline, eldest daughter of John Falconer, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for Tuscany.

25. At Edinburgh, William Johnstone, Esq. 30, Northumberland-street, to Mrs Reidie, widow of Dr Reidie, physician, Brechin,

— At Edinburgh, William Herries Ker, Esq. to Magdaline, only daughter of the late Colonel William Riccart Hepburne of Riccarton.

30. At St James's Church, Sir William Johnstone Hope, M. P. one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to the Right Honourable Maria, Countess of Athlone, sister to Sir Robert Eden, Bart. of Windlestone, in the county of Durham.

— At Edinburgh, Mr R. Scott Thompson, druggist, Prince's Street, to Isabella M. Cowan, eldest daughter of Mr William Cowan, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Dover, James Walker, Esq. of Dover, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Major James Murray Grant, of the Barrack Department.

*Lately.* In Maitland Street, William Fraser, Esq. of Madras, to Mrs Mary Turner, daughter of the late Captain William Bruce, of the Honourable East India Company's service, Madras.

— At Windsor, Nova Scotia, John M'Kay, of Berry Hill, Sutherlandshire, Esq. Captain 27th regiment of foot, to Amelia Isabella, third daughter of the late Benjamin De Wolf, Esq. of that place.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Rait, merchant, there, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Watt, Esq. merchant, Montego Bay, Jamaica.

## DEATHS.

*March* 11. At Madras, of the cholera morbus, Mr Robert Stevenson, a native of Kilmarnock.

19. At Dinapore, in India, Colonel Alexander M'Leod, C. B. commanding his Majesty's 59th regiment.

*April.* In Elchipore, in India, Mrs Ogilvie, wife of Captain Duncan Ogilvie, 2d regiment Madras native infantry, and daughter of the Rev. Dr Duncan, Ratho.

10. At Cochin, East Indies, George Browne, son of the late Rev. John Browne, Falkirk.

*May* 8. Near Calcutta, aged 68 years, Colonel Colin Mackenzie, C. B. of the Madras Engineers, Surveyor-General of India.

12. At Madras, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Dalrymple, C. B. of the Madras Artillery.

*July* 15. At his house in Stromness, John Loutit, Esq. of Banks, merchant in Stromness.

*Aug.* 12. At Demerary, universally regretted, Patrick Macintyre, Esq.

23. At Demerara, of the yellow fever, Lieutenant-Colonel Nooth, C. B. of the 21st Royal Scots Fuzileers, eldest son of Dr Nooth of Bath.

*Sept.* 23. Robert, and on the 5th Oct. Janet, infant children of Mr H. P. Macleod, teacher of music, Caltonhill.

27. At Peebles, greatly regretted, the Rev. Thomas Leckie, 27 years minister of the associate congregation there.

28. At Sloan-street, London, Mrs Sherringham, youngest daughter of the late Captain Gamage, of the East India Company's service.

— At Cray, Catherine Anabella, eldest daughter of Major James Robertson, of Cray.

29. At her house, 22, Society, Miss Margaret Aikman, daughter of the late Mr James Aikman, House of Muir.

30. At Frankfort, Lady Charlotte Hill, eldest daughter of the Marchioness of Downshire.

*Oct* 1. At East Dalry, Richard Shirreff, Esq.

— At Bellaberta, in the county of Berwick, Miss Veronica Hogg, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Hogg, minister of Roxburgh, aged 63.

— At Leith Walk, after a severe illness of three days, Mr James Allison, sen. gardener there, in his 102d year.

— At Noranside, John Mill, Esq. of Noranside.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Vallance, merchant.

2. Mr William Currie Lawrie, surgeon.

— In the south of France, after a painful illness, George Maxwell, Esq. younger of Cutruchan, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Galloway militia.

— At the manse of Morebattle, Alexander, son of the Rev. Walter Morrison.

— At Greenlaw House, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Lady Gordon, much and justly regretted by all who knew her.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Robertson, relict of the late William Smellie, Esq. printer, secretary to the Royal Society of Scottish Antiquaries, author of the Philosophy of Natural History, translator of the works of M. de Buffon, &c.

— At Dublin, Mrs Anna Maria Ivers, wife of Mr James M. Graham, surgeon of the Fifeshire militia.

— At Thornhill (Perthshire), William M'Ewan, Esq. writer to the signet.

4. At her house, No. 45, North Frederick-street, Mrs Charles Mackenzie, widow of the late Charles Mackenzie, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Dunkeld, Mrs D. Landale, of Kirkaldy.

6. At Cunninghamhead, Niel Snodgrass, Esq. of Cunninghamhead, in the 82d year of his age.

9. At Glasgow, in the 19th year of his age, David, and on the 11th, in the 25th year of his age, William, sons of Mr David Hamilton, architect, Glasgow.

10. At Gillespie's Hospital, Mrs Margaret Miller, aged 95, one of the persons who were first admitted into that hospital.

— At her son-in-law's house, Myles, Mrs Hislop.

11. Of an enlargement of the heart, Horatio Nelson Matcham, second son of General Matcham, Esq. and nephew to Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson of the Nile, and of the present Earl, aged 18.

— At Perth, Mr David Marshall, of Manchester, youngest son of William Marshall, Esq. Perth.

— At her father's house, James's Square, Joanna Craig, aged 17.

12. In Doctors Commons, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr Richard Hope, of Luxted, near Down, in Kent, in the 75d year of her age.

13. At Ormly, Caithness, Captain Donald Sinclair, late of the 30th regiment of foot.

— Maria Matilda, wife of S. F. T. Wilde, Esq. of Sergeant's Inn, barrister at law.

— At Belfast, Major Andrew Pattison, late of the 29th regiment of foot and 8th royal veteran battalion.

14. At Cult Manse, Elizabeth Hunter, wife of the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, minister of Cult.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Esther Yellowlees, wife of Mr John Yellowlees, coach-maker, Mound-Place.

15. At the Manse of Killearn, the Rev. James Graham, minister of that parish, in the 86th year of his age, and 54th of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Gall, wife of Mr John Moffat, engraver.

— At her house, in George-street, Edinburgh, Miss Grace Suttie, eldest daughter of the late Sir George Suttie, Bart. of Balgone.

— At Edinburgh, James Hay, Esq. W. S.

16. In Tralee, (Ireland,) aged 73, after a protracted illness, Jerry Sullivan, leaving property to the amount of L.20,000, which he bequeathed to the inhabitants of Tralee, to be added to the sums already subscribed by them, for the purpose of making a fund to defray the expences of a lawsuit, about to be carried on in the ensuing term, against the Denny family, to open the borough of that town; and the overplus, if any, to form the commencement of a sinking fund, to secure the future independence of the borough, by defraying the expenses of the popular candidate at any future contested election, and thereby encouraging talents and independence in the country; and in case the inhabitants should decline prosecuting such suit, then the said sum to be applied in support of the different public institutions of the town, to be distributed as the grand jury shall think fit. The history of this man's life is as extraordinary as his bequest:—In the early part of his career he was for many years an attorney's clerk, in which situation, by persevering industry and rigid economy, he amassed a considerable sum of money, and, considering himself independent, he resolved to become a man of business; he did not hesitate long in making a choice—he commenced the trade of a stock-broker, or "advantageous money-lender," and in a few years his success outran his most sanguine expectations. At his death he had *liens* on the estates of several of the grandees in his neighbourhood. For the last twenty years he was the "Collective wisdom," of the "western empire;" his house was, at nights, the resort of all the *knowing ones*; and, as he had no family, their nocturnal orgies were not interupted by any apprehensions of a curtain lecture, or any anxiety for an offspring, whose provisions those revels might lessen.

— At Wakefield, Mrs Cleghorn of Stravithy.

17. At Saint Madoes, Perthshire, Mrs John Smith.

— At Graysmill, Slateford, Mr William Belfrage, aged 72.

18. Dr David Mackie, of Huntingdon, aged 67. His death was occasioned by a fall from his chaise a few days previously.

— At Uppat House, Sutherland, Margaret Lacom, third daughter of Mr John Shaw, of the Customs, aged 16.

19. At Paris, John Astley, Esq. proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, London, aged 54 years.

— At Borrowstounness, Courtenay P. Shairp, youngest son of William Shairp, Esq. collector of customs.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Marion Steele, eldest daughter of Mr John Steele, confectioner, justly and deeply regretted.

20. At Naples, the lady of James Dupre, of Wilton Park, Esq. and second daughter of the late Sir William Maxwell of Monteith, Bart.

— At Kelhead, John, son of the late Mr John Irving, aged 77. His death was caused by a slight contusion on the shin-bone, which, being neglected, caused a mortification, and terminated his existence in a few days.

— In his 85th year, Henry Burt, Esq. of Barns, Kinross-shire.

— At Paris, aged 85, the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord. His Eminence was created Cardinal and Archbishop of Paris in 1817. Born of an ancient family, he is said to have united the dignity of rank with Christian humility, and the gravity of the Prelate with the purity of the priestly character.

20. At George's Square, Miss Eleanor Rutherfurd, daughter of the late John Rutherfurd, Esq. of Edgerston.

— At Drylaw, Mrs Ramsay, widow of the late William Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton.

21. Miss Isabella Helen Sangster, only daughter of the late Mr John Sangster, Widewall, Orkney.

— At Edinburgh, Nathaniel Isbister, nephew of Mr Thomas Isbister, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Craigrothie, in Fife, Mr David Martin, road-surveyor.

21. At Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, John Ewen, Esq. With the exception of various sums left to the public charities of Aberdeen, he has bequeathed the bulk of his property, (perhaps £15,000 or £16,000,) to the magistrates and clergy of Montrose, for the purpose of founding an hospital, similar to Gordon's Hospital of Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of boys.

23. At Edinburgh, aged 60 years, Miss Margaret Clephane, relict of Mr Thomas Ker, late of Burntisland.

24. At Knowhead, Mrs Whittet, relict of John Whittet, Esq. of Paterhill.

25. At Bridge Road, Lambeth, Sophia, wife of David Allan, Esq. Deputy-Commissariat-General to his Majesty's forces, and of Portobello, near Edinburgh.

— In Queen Ann-street, London, Admiral Sir William Young, G. C. B. and Vice-Admiral of Great Britain.

26. At her mother's house, Dalry Mills, in the 22d year of her age, Mrs Torrance, widow of Mr Torrance, Hanover-street, and second daughter of the late Andrew Veitch, Esq.

27. Mary, daughter of Mr William Dunlop, Merchant-street.

— At Dalguise-house, Perthshire, Charles Steuart, of Dalguise, Esq.

28. At Millbank, Edinburgh, James Neilson, Esq. of Millbank, in the 69th year of his age.

29. Miss Colquhoun of Camstraddan.

— At Perth, Robert, youngest son of Mr R. H. Moncrieff, writer.

— At London, Cassander Agnes, Lady Hamilton, widow of Sir J. Hamilton, Bart.

31. At Croom's Hill, Blackheath, Mrs Campbell, wife of Colonel Campbell.

*Lately*. On his voyage home from India, Captain Robert Sanderson, of his Majesty's 98th regiment.

— At Nancy, in Lorraine, aged 87, Miss Jean Rollo, daughter of the deceased James Rollo, Esq. of Pow-house.

— At Dublin, Alderman Warner. He had been out taking the air in his jaunting car, when, finding a sudden numbness coming over him, he returned home, and shortly afterwards expired of a paralytic stroke.

— At Newport, Isle of Wight, aged 92, Samuel Bailey. This individual by excessive parsimony, amassed upwards of L.10,000, yet his appearance was always that of a beggar; and his manner of living was equally wretched. He has left a widow and four sons, between whom he has divided his property.

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